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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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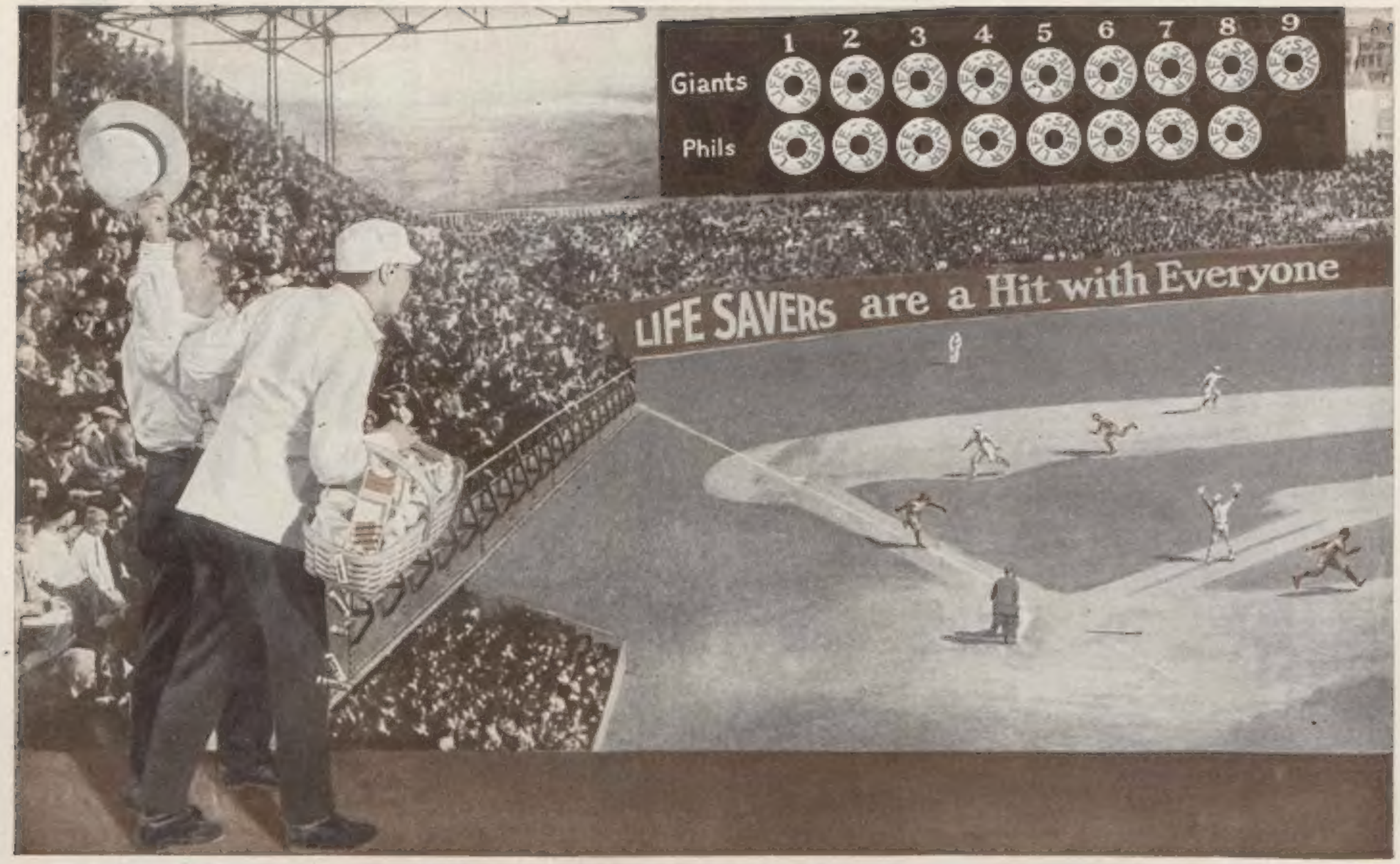
Beginning

SALVAGE: A Tish Story—By Mary Roberts Rinehart



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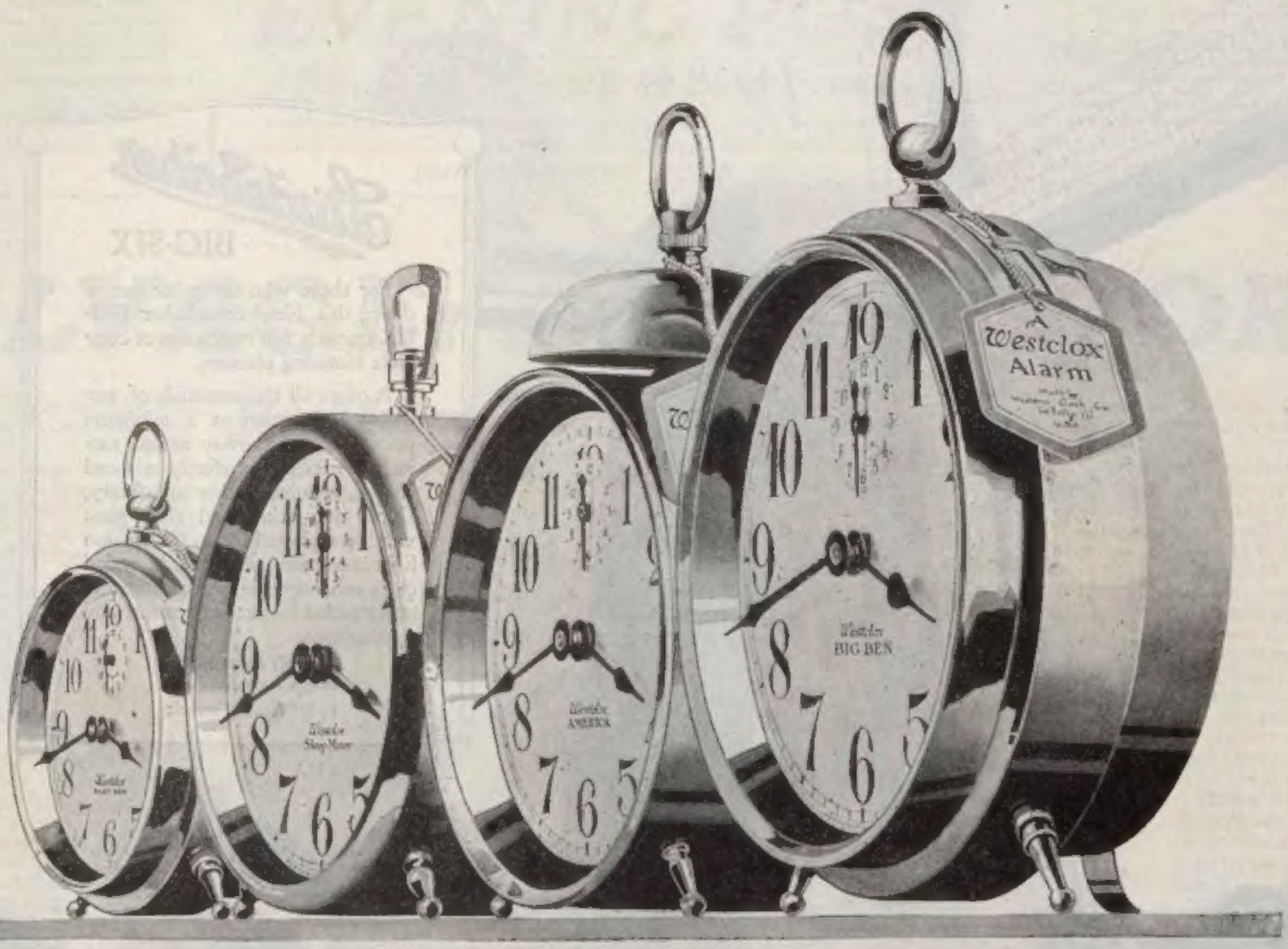

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SALVAGE: A TISH STORY

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

I Was Obliged to Stand on a Chair to Feed Aggie Her Beef Tea

AFTER Charlie Sands had gone to a training camp in Ohio there was a great change in Tish. She seemed for the first time to regret that she was a woman, and there were times when that wonderful poise and dignity that had always distinguished her, even under the most trying circumstances, almost deserted her. She wrote, I remember, a number of letters to the President, offering to go into the Secret Service, and sending a photograph of the bandits she had caught in Glacier Park. But she only received a letter from Mr. Tumulty in reply, commencing "May I not thank you," but saying that the Intelligence Department had recently been increased by practically the entire population of the country, and suggesting that she could best use her energies for the national welfare by working for the return of the Democratic Party in 1920.

However, as Tish is a Republican she was not interested in this, and for a time she worked valiantly for the Red Cross and spent her evenings learning the national anthem. But she recited it, since, as the well-known writer, Mr. Irvin Cobb, has observed, it can only be properly sung by a boy whose voice is changing. It was evident, however, that she was increasingly restive, and as I look back I wonder that we did not realize that there was danger in her very repression.

As Aggie has said, Tish is volcanic in her temperament; she remains inactive for certain preparatory periods, but when she overflows she does so thoroughly.

The most ominous sign was when, in July of 1917, she stopped knitting and took up French.

Only the other day, while house cleaning, she came across the aëroplane photograph of the French village of V——, where our extraordinary experience befell us, and she turned on us both with that satiric yet kindly gaze which we both knew so well.

"If you two idiots had had your way," she observed, "I should have been knitting so many socks for Charlie Sands that he'd have had to be a centipede to wear 'em all, instead of ——"

"Tish," Aggie said in a shivering voice, "I wish you wouldn't talk about it. I can't bear it, that's all. It sets me shivering."

Tish eyed her coldly. "The body is entirely controlled by the mind, Aggie," she reminded her. "And when I remember how nearly your lack of control cost us our lives, when you insisted on sneezing ——"

"Insisted! If you had been in a shell hole full of water up to your neck, Tish Carberry ——"

"The difference between you and me, Aggie," Tish replied calmly, "is that I should not have been in a shell hole full of water up to my neck." The war was over then, of course, but there was still a disturbed condition in certain countries, and Tish's eyes grew reflective.

"I see they are thinking of sending a real army into Russia," she said thoughtfully. "I suppose that Russian laundress of the Ostermaiers' could teach a body to talk enough to get about with."

Shortly after that Aggie disappeared, and I found her later on in Tish's bathroom crying into a Turkish towel.

"I won't go, Lizzie," she said, "and that's flat! I've done my share, and if Tish Carberry thinks I am going to go through the rest of my life falling into shell holes and being potted at by all sorts of strange men she can just think again. Besides that, I have been true to the memory of one man for a good many years, and I simply refuse to be kissed by any more of those immoral foreigners."

Aggie had in her youth been betrothed to a gentleman in the roofing business, who had met with an unfortunate accident, owing to having slipped on a tin gutter, without overshoes, one rainy day; and it is quite true that we had all been kissed by two French generals and a man in civilian clothes who had not even been introduced to us. But up to that time we had kept the osculatory incident a profound secret

"Aggie," I said with sudden suspicion, "you haven't told Mrs. Ostermaier about that affair, have you?"

Aggie put down the towel and looked at me defiantly.

"I have, Lizzie," she said. "Not all of it, but some. She said she had gone to the moving pictures with the youngest girl, but that she had been obliged to take her away before it was over, owing to a picture from France of Tish's being kissed by a French general. She said that as soon as he had kissed her on one cheek she turned the other, and that she thinks the effect on Dolores was extremely bad."

It was a great shock to us all to learn that the incident of the town of V—— had thus been made public, and that there was a moving picture of our being decorated, et cetera, going about the country. It is, I believe, quite usual to kiss the persons receiving the Croix de Guerre, even when of the masculine sex, and I know positively that Tish never saw that French general again.

However, in view of the unfortunate publicity I have decided to make this record of the actual incident of the French town of V——. For the story has got in the papers, and only yesterday Tish discovered that the pleasant young man who had been trying to sell her a washing machine was really a newspaper reporter in disguise.

Certain things are not true. We did not see or have any conversation with the former Emperor of the Germans; nor were any of us wounded, though Aggie got a piece of plaster in her right eye when a shell hit the church roof, and I was badly scratched by barbed wire. It is not true, either, that Aggie had her teeth knocked out by a German sentry. She unfortunately fell in the darkness and lost her upper set, and it was impossible to light a match in order to search for them.

It was, as I have said, in July of the first year of the war that both Aggie and I noticed the change in Tish. She grew moody and abstracted, and on two Sundays in succession she turned over her Sunday-school class to me and went for long walks into the country. Also, going to her apartment for Sunday dinner on, I believe, the second Sunday of the month we were startled to see the Andersons, very nice people who occupy the lower floor of the building, running out wildly into the street. They said that the janitor had been quarreling with someone in the furnace cellar, and that from high words, which they could plainly hear, they had got to shooting, and a bullet had come up through the floor and hit the phonograph.

I had a strange feeling at once, and I caught Aggie's agonized eyes on me. We remained for some time in the street, and then, everything seeming to be quiet, we ventured in, with two policemen leading the way, and the Anderson baby left outside in its perambulator for fear of accident. All was quiet, however, and we made our way upstairs to Tish's apartment. She was waiting for us, and reading the Presbyterian Banner, but I thought she was almost too calm when we told her of the Andersons' terrible experience.

"It's a good riddance," she said, referring to the phonograph. "Besides, what right have people over here to fuss about one bullet? Think of our boys in the trenches."

After a time she looked up suddenly and said: "It didn't go anywhere near the baby, I suppose?"

We said it had not, and she then observed that the building was a mere shell, and that people with small children should raise them in the country anyhow.

It was during dinner—Tish had been reading Horace Fletcher for some time, and meals lasted almost from one to the next—that Hannah came in and said the janitor wanted to see Tish. She went out and came back somewhat later, looking as irritated as our dear Tish ever looks, and got her pocketbook from behind the china closet and went out again.

"I expected as much," Hannah said. Hannah is Tish's maid. "She's paying blackmail. Like as not that janitor will collect a hundred dollars from her, and that phonograph never cost more than thirty-five. They're paying for it on the installment plan, and the man only gets a dollar a week."

"Hannah," I said sharply, "if you mean to insinuate ——"

"Me?" Hannah replied in a hurt tone. "I don't insinuate anything. If I was called to-morrow before a judge and jury I'd say that for all I know Miss Tish was reading the Banner all morning. But I'd pray they wouldn't take a trip here and look in the upper right-hand sideboard drawer."

She then went out and slammed the door.

Aggie and I make it a point of honor never to pry into Tish's secrets, so we did not, of course, look into the drawer. However, a moment later I happened to upset my glass of water and naturally went to the sideboard drawer in question for a fresh napkin. And Tish's revolver was lying underneath her best monogrammed tray cover.

"It's there, Aggie," I said. "Her revolver. She's practicing again; and you know what that means—war."

Aggie gave a low moan.

"I wish we'd let her get that aëroplane. She might have been satisfied, Lizzie," she said in a shaken voice.

"She might have been dead too," I replied witheringly.

And then Tish came back. She said nothing about the Andersons; but later on when the baby started to cry she observed rather bitterly that she didn't see why people had to have a phonograph when they had that, and that personally she felt that whoever destroyed that phonograph should have a vote of thanks instead of —— She did not complete the sentence.

It was soon after that that we went to visit Charlie Sands, Tish's nephew, at the camp where he was learning to be an officer. We called to see the colonel in command first, and Aggie gave him two extra blankets for Charlie Sands' bed and a pair of knitted bedroom slippers. He was very nice to us and promised to see personally that they went on the proper bed.

"I'm always delighted to attend to these little things," he said. "Fine to feel that our boys are comfortable. You haven't by any chance brought an eiderdown pillow?"

He seemed very regretful when he found we had not thought of one.

"That's too bad," he said. "I've discovered that there is nothing so comforting as a down pillow after a day of strenuous labor."

It was rather disappointing to find that the duties of his position kept him closely confined to the office, and that therefore he had not yet had the pleasure of meeting Tish's nephew, but he said he had no doubt they would meet before long.

"They're all brought in here sooner or later, for one thing or another," he said pleasantly.

As Tish observed going out, it was pleasant to think of Charlie Sands' being in such good hands.

It was, however, rather a shock to find him, when we did find him, lying on his stomach in a mud puddle with a rifle in front of him. We did not recognize him at once, as a lot of men were yelling, and indeed just at first he did not seem particularly glad to see us.

"Suffering cats!" he shouted. "Don't you see we're shooting? You'll be killed. Get behind the line!"

"I guess it won't defeat the Allies if you stop shooting for two minutes," Tish observed with her splendid poise. "But if you will take charge of this homemade apple butter, which I didn't trust your colonel with, we will go to your sitting room, or wherever it is you receive visitors."

There was quite a crowd of young officers round us by that time and we waited to be introduced. But Charlie Sands did not seem to think of it, so Tish put down the apple butter on the ground and said to one of them:

"Now, young man, since we seem to be in your way, perhaps you will take us to some place to wait for my nephew." Then seeing that he looked rather strange she added: "But perhaps you have never met. This is my nephew, Mr. Sands. If you will tell me who you are ——"

"Williams is my name," he said. "I—Major Williams. I—I've met your nephew—that is —— Private Sands, take these ladies to the Y. M. C. A. hut, and report back here in an hour."

Tish did not like this; nor did I. As Tish observed later he might have been speaking to the butler.

"He might at least have said 'Mister,' and a 'please' hurts no one," she said. As for giving him only an hour when we had come a hundred miles—it was absurd. But war does queer things.

It had indeed strangely altered Tish's nephew. We were all worried about him that day. It was his manner that was odd. He seemed, as Tish said later, suppressed. When for instance we wished to take him back to headquarters and present him to the colonel he said at once: "Who? Me? The colonel! Say, you'd better get this and get it right: I'm nothing here. I'm less than nothing. Why, the colonel could walk right over me on the parade ground and never even know he'd stepped on anything. If I was a louse and he was a can of insect powder ——"

"Now see here, Charlie Sands," Tish said firmly, "I'll trouble you to remember that there are certain words not in my vocabulary; and louse is one of them."

"Still, a vocabulary is a better place than some others I can think of," he observed.

"What is more," Tish added, "you are misjudging that charming colonel. He told us himself that he tried to be a mother to you all."

She then told him how interested the colonel had been in the blankets, and so on, but I must say Charlie Sands was very queer about it. He stopped and looked at us all in turn, and then he got out the dirtiest handkerchief I have ever seen and wiped his forehead with it.

"Perhaps you'd better say it again," he said; "I don't seem to get it altogether. You are sure it was the colonel?"

So Tish repeated it, but when she came to the eiderdown pillow he held up his hand.

"All right," he said in a strange tone. "I believe you. I—you don't mind if I go and get a drink of water, do you? My mouth is dry."

Dear Tish watched him as he went away, and shook her head.

"He is changed already," she observed sadly. "That is one of the deadliest effects of war. It takes the bright young spirit of youth and feeds it on stuff cooked by men, with not even time enough to chew properly, and puts it on its stomach in the mud, while its head is in the clouds of idealism. I think that a letter to the Secretary of War might be effective."

I must admit that we had a series of disappointments that day. The first was in finding that they had put Tish's nephew, a grandson of a former Justice of the Supreme Court, into a building with a number of other men. Not only that but without so much as a screen, or a closet in which to hang up his clothing.

"What do you mean, hang up my clothes?" he said when we protested. "They're hung up all right—on me."

"It seems rather terrible," Aggie objected gently. "No privacy or anything."

"Privacy! I haven't got anything to hide."

We found some little comfort, however, in the fact that beneath the pitiful cot that he called his bed he had a small tin trunk. Even that was destroyed, however, by the entrance of a thin young man called Smithers, who reached under the cot and dragging out the trunk proceeded to take out one of the pairs of socks that Aggie had knitted.

One Morning While Tish and Mr. Burton Were Walking by Her Chair She Dropped a Book

"But," He Said, and Stared at All of Us, "You are —— Do You Know That Our Trenches are Just Beyond This Hill?"

Charlie Sands paid no attention, but Tish fixed this person with a cold eye.

"Haven't you made a mistake?" she inquired. The young man was changing his socks, with his back to us, and he looked back over his shoulder.

"Sorry!" he said. "Didn't like to ask you to go out. Haven't any place else to go, you know."

"Aren't you putting on my nephew's socks?"

"Extraordinary!" he said. "Did you notice that?"

"I'll trouble you to take them off, young man."

"Well," he said reflectively, "I'll tell you what we'll do: I'll take off these socks if he'll return what he's got on that belongs to me. I don't remember exactly, but I'm darn sure of his underwear and his breeches. You see, while you good people at home are talking democracy we're practicing it, and Sands' idea is the best yet. He swaps an entire outfit for a pair of socks. Even the Democratic Party can't improve on that."

Tish was very thoughtful during the remainder of the afternoon, but she brightened somewhat when, later on, we sat on the steps of a building watching Charlie Sands and a number of others going through what Major Williams called setting-up exercises. She was greatly interested and made notes in her memorandum book. I have a copy of the book before me now. The letters T, S, A and B stand respectively for Toes, Stomach, Arms and Back. I shall not quote all Tish's notes, but this one, for instance, is illustrative of her thorough methods:

"Lying on B. in mud, H. flat on ground, L. rigidly extended: Raise L. in air six times. Retaining prone position rise to sitting position without aid of A., but using S. muscles. Repeat six times. [Note: Director uses language unfitting a soldier and a gentleman. Report to the Secretary of War.]"

She recorded the other movements with similar care, and after one is the thoughtful observation: "Excellent to make Lizzie look less like a bolster."

I find all of Tish's notes taken that day as very indicative of the thoroughness with which she does everything. For instance she made the following recommendations to be sent to the War Department:

"That the camp cooks be instructed to use hemmed tea towels instead of sacking, and to boil the dish towels after each meal, preferably with soap powder and soda.

"That screens be provided between cots, to give that measure of privacy necessary to a man's self-respect.

"Large, commodious clothes closets in the barracks. A bag of camphor in each one would serve to keep away moths. Also, that wearing apparel should not be borrowed.

"All army blankets should be marked as to the end to go to the top of the cot. Sheets should also be provided, as blankets scratch and have a tendency to keep the soldier awake.

"Soda fountains here and there through the camp would do a great deal to prevent the men in training from going to neighboring towns after certain deleterious liquids. [Should, however, be served by male attendants.]

"Pyjamas should be included in every soldier's equipment. [Charlie Sands had told us a startling thing. On inquiring what had become of the raw-silk pyjamas we had made him as a part of his army equipment he confessed that he did not use them, and in fact had torn them into rags to clean his gun. He went even further, and stated that it was not the custom of the men to use pyjamas at all, and that in fact on cold nights some of them merely removed their hats and shoes, and then retired.]

"Table linen, even if coarse, should be provided. Are our men to come back to us savages?"

It may have been purely coincidence, but soon after Tish's recommendations had been received at the War Department the Foedick Commission was appointed.

Yet we carried away a conviction that though certain things had been sadly neglected Charlie Sands was in good hands. The colonel came up to speak to us when, seeing the men standing in rows on the parade ground about sunset while the band played, we stood watching.

He was very pleasant, and said that they were about to bring in the flag. Some such conversation then ensued:

TISH: Do you bring in the flag every night?

THE COLONEL: Every night, madam.

TISH: Then you are a better housekeeper than I thought you were.

THE COLONEL: I beg your pardon?

TISH (magnanimously): You may not know much about dishcloths, but you are right about flags. They do fade, and I dare say dew is about as bad as rain for them.

He seemed very much gratified by her approval, and said in twenty-five years in the Army he had never failed to have the flag brought in at night. "I may fail in other things," he said wistfully. "To err is human, you know. But the flag proposition is one I stand pat on."

It was after our return visit to the camp that the real change in Tish began. We had gone to our cottage in Lake Penzance for the summer, and Tish suggested that we study French there. She had an excellent French book, with photographs in it showing where to place the tongue and how to pucker the lips for certain sounds. At first she did not allow us to do anything but practice these facial expressions, and I remember finding Hannah in the kitchen one night crying into her bread sponge and asking her what the trouble was.

"I just can't bear it, Miss Lizzie," she said; "when I look in and see the three of you sitting there making faces I nearly go crazy. I've got so I do it myself, and the milkman won't leave the bottles no nearer than the gate."

After some days of silent practice Tish considered that we could advance a lesson, and we began with syllable sounds, thus:

Ba—Said with tip of tongue against lower teeth.

Be—Show two upper middle teeth.

Bi—Broad smile.

Bu—Whistle.

Bon—Pout.

It was an excellent method, though we all found difficulty in showing only two upper middle teeth.

There were also syllables which called for hollow cheeks, and I remember Tish's irritation at my failure.

"If you would eat less whipped cream, Lizzie," she said scathingly, "you might learn the French language. Otherwise you might as well give it up."

(Continued on Page 103)

HEALTH AND INDUSTRY

By Floyd W. Parsons

IN THE United States there are 36,000,000 workers who lose 323,000,000 working days a year from preventable illness. Assuming that the average wage is $3.25 a day, the annual loss to the workers and to the nation is more than a billion dollars, without including the loss to employers through a decrease in the potential productive capacity. Such waste is appalling and only furnishes proof that peace has its battles as well as war.

Throughout the world is industrial discontent. Here in the United States the days following the war have revealed a lukewarm loyalty among some of our industrial workers. Clever agents of disorder are spreading the gospel of violence and revolution.

It is unwise to assume that wages and hours are the only causes of labor unrest. Good health is a fundamental of individual and corporation success as well as an essential to the rapid development of a nation. Our sedate lawmakers go on year after year in their partisan discussions of the same old themes, while the live fires of human misery—most of which could be extinguished—continue to rage. In war or disaster the nation jumps to arms, but we are slow in rousing the same spirit to combat dangers where the knowledge must be conveyed through the intellect and not by stimulation of the emotions. The man of wealth can live on the interest from his capital, and therefore does not require health in order to exist. The health of the workman is his only important asset and without it he loses the power to earn a living. Even a slight betterment in the health of a country's population increases the total working power of the whole nation, with the result that there is an accompanying increase in the level of wages.

A Cooking Class at Calumet Welfare House, of the H. C. Frick Coke Company

Waste That Follows Sickness

OF COURSE higher wages likewise produce better health through affording the workman opportunity to improve his living conditions; but increased wages are no more a solution of the health problem than they are of the labor problem. An investigation in New York showed conclusively that more poverty is caused by sickness than there is sickness caused by poverty. Money is not the solution—the remedy lies in education. We must get a firm hold on the idea that prevention is better than cure; and this truth will avail us nothing so long as ninety-nine per cent of the nation's doctors devote themselves not to prevention but to curing the ills of mankind.

No condition to-day is more amazing than the apathy with which the average individual regards the body he lives in. As an example of this peculiar attitude of mind let me cite the case of a great insurance company that started an investigation along lines of health extension. This concern figured that if it could extend the life of each of its 600,000 policyholders for one year the saving in interest on death payments, added to the additional premiums that would be received, would amount to more than eighty million dollars. The company accordingly made arrangements with a life-extension corporation and offered a free examination to each of its policyholders. Out of the 600,000 insured persons only ten per cent accepted the company's offer, which though made as a purely business proposition was intended for no other purpose than to lengthen the number of days on earth of the insurance company's clients.

Up until recently there has been a general disposition to classify people into three groups—the well, the sick and the dead. This idea is one of the many that were changed by the war. The military machine that was established included in its work a tremendous physical try-out of the cream of the nation's manhood. Not all the figures are yet available, but those at hand show a rejection rate for physical reasons of about thirty-three per cent. When we recall that this test was made on the most virile part of our population the result carries added importance and reveals what a high degree of impairment exists among groups of supposedly healthy persons.

Eyes and teeth alone caused the rejection of eleven men in every hundred. Such a degenerative tendency reflects serious faults in our social system. So high a percentage of unfitness for general life is not a necessary by-product of our civilization. An analysis showed that sixty per cent of the men rejected owed their impairments either to ignorance or to neglect. Now that we can no longer assume that all persons who are busy at their work are sound and fit, the way is open for effective work along lines of prevention.

Turnover Costs

THE question rises: Are we going to wait another generation for a world catastrophe again to bring about a physical examination of the nation's young men? Or shall we see the immediate need for child hygiene and realize the great importance of universal physical training and of standardized periodic physical examinations. It is perhaps too much to expect that we can soon treat the common citizen like the enlisted soldier and subject him to criminal trial if he refuses an operation that would make him fit for active industrial service; however, we can move swiftly to correct the evils the war has revealed and push aside the standpatters who assume to believe that everything is as it should be.

What is there in all this for the industries of America? How can the fruits of our knowledge be utilized in a practical way? A number of large companies in various industries have already discerned the trend of events. They realize that compulsory accident insurance is but a forerunner to sickness insurance. They recognize that ill health is one of the great causes of labor turnover, and since it costs twenty-five dollars to three hundred dollars to break in a new man the saving that results from having permanent workmen is an item of much importance. Then in addition to stability there is a marked increase in the working efficiency of a force when physical defects and faulty living habits have been largely corrected.

Let me take for example the case of one corporation whose directors decided that as a purely business proposition

Community Gardens of Employees at Mingo Junction, Ohio

the concern would defray the costs of a careful physical examination of one hundred of its principal employees. A company doing this kind of work and organized on a semiphilanthropic basis, charging ten dollars a person for examinations, was asked to undertake the work. Following is the report that was made:

EXAMINATION OF EMPLOYEES—APRIL, 1918

SUMMARY OF FINDINGS

Employees	100
Men	89
Women	11
Average age of men	36
Average age of women	26
Advice needed regarding physical condition or living habits (100%)	100

Those found showing impairment or defects, either in physical condition or manner of living, were classified as follows:

SLIGHTLY IMPAIRED

	MEN PER CENT	WOMEN PER CENT
Slight physical impairment or defect, requiring observation or hygienic guidance	0	0

MODERATELY IMPAIRED

	MEN PER CENT	WOMEN PER CENT
Moderate physical impairment or defect, requiring some form of hygienic guidance or minor medical or dental attention	49	55
Moderate physical impairment or defect, medical supervision or treatment advised, in addition to hygienic guidance	43	27

ADVANCED IMPAIRMENT

Advanced physical impairment or defect, requiring systematic medical supervision or treatment	3	9

SERIOUSLY IMPAIRED

Serious physical impairment or defect, urgently demanding immediate attention	5	9

Of the fifty people—forty-five men and five women—who were referred to a physician forty-nine of them were unaware of any bodily impairment whatever. And here are the details of the ailments of these employees:

ANALYSIS OF IMPAIRMENTS

MODERATE TO SERIOUS	MEN PER CENT	WOMEN PER CENT
Organic heart (advanced)	0	0
Organic heart (moderate)	17	18
Moderately to seriously thickened arteries	38	9
Markedly increased or diminished blood pressure	0	0
Moderately increased or diminished blood pressure	18	27
Marked urinary (albumin, sugar, casts, etc.)	4	18
Slight urinary (albumin, sugar, casts, etc.)	30	36
Combined urinary and other important impairments	12	9
Nervous	0	0
Lungs (positive signs)	0	0
Lungs (doubtful signs)	17	0
Blood infection	1	0
Specific infection (genito-urinary)	1	0

MINOR TO MODERATE

Arteries slightly thickened (chiefly radials)	48	55
Functional circulatory (rapid, slow, irregular pulse)	24	18
Minor urinary (indican, bile, crystals, etc.)	34	45
Digestive disturbances	24	9
Constipation	38	36
Nose, throat, respiratory	92	82
Ears	29	9
Teeth and gums	66	73
Anaemia	21	55
Skin	45	45
Errors in diet	78	55
Errors in personal hygiene	46	45

PHYSICAL DEFECTS

Faulty vision (not fully corrected)	43	64
Flat foot	45	36
Faulty posture	65	55
Rupture (with truss)	2	0
Rupture (no truss)	1	0
Weak inguinal rings (tendency to hernia)	2	0
Overweight	9	0
Underweight	3	9
Unclassified	26	9

Children Enjoying Playground Maintained and Operated by the Carnegie Steel Company

As is customary in such a plan for health improvement this examination was followed by further investigations at five-month intervals. Here are the results:

CHECK UP—SEPTEMBER, 1918

Number checked up	49
Number showing improvement (59%)	29

ITEMS OF IMPROVEMENT

	NUMBER	PER CENT
Blood pressure	7	14
Lungs	1	2
Pulse	1	2
Urinalysis	2	4
Teeth	12	24
Eyes	3	6
Ears	2	4
Weight	11	22
Constipation	2	4
Personal hygiene	2	4

CHECK UP—FEBRUARY, 1919

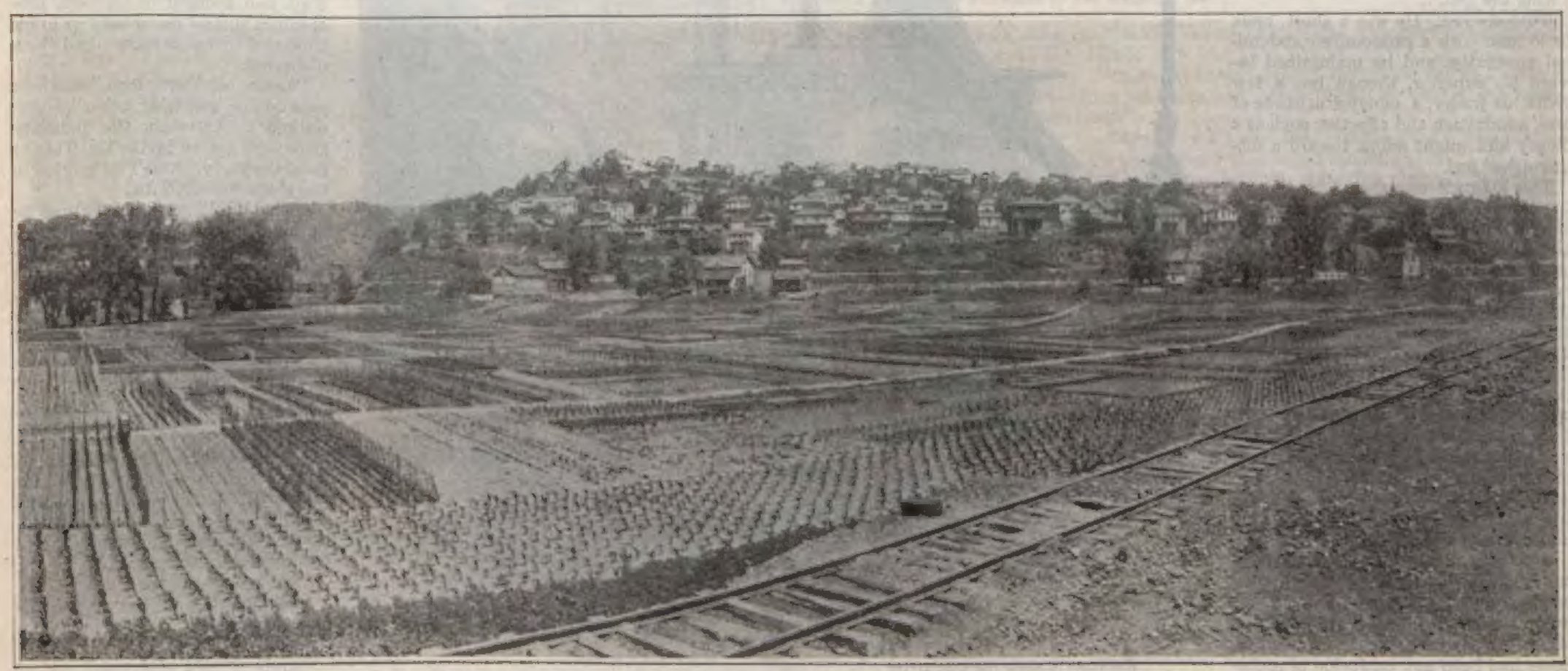
Number checked up	31
Number showing improvement (61%)	19

ITEMS OF IMPROVEMENT	NUMBER	PER CENT
Blood pressure	10	32
Teeth	5	16
Skin	1	3
Weight	2	6
Diet	1	3

The foregoing health test is typical of what will be found in any case of an average industrial group. It represents the carrying out of a plan that will eventually overcome the conservatism and ignorance of employers and the pride and suspicion of employees. The day is near when as a matter of self-preservation industries will be obliged to take effective action to keep their workers well, in order to reduce the cost to business of men absent through preventable causes, and of men on the job but operating at low efficiency because they are physically below par.

It is a fact that most people, and especially our foreign classes, do not consult a doctor except in extreme emergency. The average individual waits until a minor malady has grown into a serious disease, when far more attention is needed to effect a cure than would have been the case had the trouble been remedied promptly. The man operating a motor car or having care of a machine in a factory does not wait until the mechanism finally stops, but on hearing the first unusual sound immediately goes after the trouble. Why this discrimination favoring the device of steel over the human engine, which is much more

(Continued on Page 61)



These Plots, 50 x 90 Feet, Were Furnished to Workmen by the Carnegie Steel Company

TUTT AND MR. TUTT

Case Number One: "The People vs. Angelo Seraphino"

Although men flatter themselves with their great actions, they are not so often the result of great design as of chance.
LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

By ARTHUR TRAIN

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"HE SAYS he killed him, and that's all there is about it!" said Tutt to Mr. Tutt. "What are you going to do with a fellow like that?" The junior partner of the celebrated firm of Tutt & Tutt, attorneys and counselors at law, thrust his hands deep into the pockets of his yellow checked breeches and, balancing himself upon the heels of his patent-leather boots, gazed in a distressed, respectfully inquiring manner at his distinguished associate.

"Yes," he repeated plaintively. "He don't make any bones about it at all. 'Sure, I killed him!' says he. 'And I'd kill him again, the ——!' I prefer not to quote his exact language. I've just come from the Tombs and had quite a talk with Seraphino in the counsel room, with a gum-chewing keeper sitting in the corner watching me for fear I'd slip his prisoner a saw file or a shotgun or a barrel of poison. I'm all in! These murder cases drive me to drink, Mr. Tutt. I don't mind grand larceny, forgery, assault or even manslaughter—but murder gets my goat! And when you have a crazy Italian for a client who says he's glad he did it and would like to do it again—please excuse me! It isn't law; it's suicide!"

He drew out a silk handkerchief ornamented with the colors of the Allies and wiped his forehead despairingly.

"Oh," remarked Mr. Tutt with entire good nature. "He's glad he did it and he's quite willing to be hanged!"

"That's it in a nutshell!" replied Tutt.

The senior partner of Tutt & Tutt ran his bony fingers through the lank gray locks over his left eye and tilted ceilingward the stogy between his thin lips. Then he leaned back in his antique swivel chair, locked his hands behind his head, elevated his long legs luxuriously, and crossed his feet upon the fourth volume of the American and English Encyclopedia of Law, which lay open upon the desk at Champerty and Maintenance. Even in this inelegant and relaxed posture he somehow managed to maintain the air of picturesque dignity which always made his tall, ungainly figure noticeable in any courtroom. Indubitably Mr. Ephraim Tutt suggested a past generation, the suggestion being accentuated by a slight pedantry of diction a trifle out of character with the rushing age in which he saw fit to practice his time-honored profession. "Cheer up, Tutt," said he, pushing a box of stogies toward his partner with the toe of his congress boot. "Have a weed?"

Since in the office of Tutt & Tutt such an invitation, like those of royalty, was equivalent to a command Tutt acquiesced.

"Thank you, Mr. Tutt," said Tutt, looking about vaguely for a match.

"That conscienceless brat of a Willie steals 'em all," growled Mr. Tutt. "Ring the bell."

Tutt obeyed. He was a short, brisk little man with a pronounced abdominal convexity, and he maintained toward his superior, though but a few years his junior, a mingled attitude of awe, admiration and affection such as a dickey bird might adopt toward a distinguished owl.

This attitude was shared by the entire office force. Inside the ground glass of the outer door Ephraim Tutt was king. To Tutt the opinion of Mr. Tutt upon any subject whatsoever was law, even if the courts might have held to the contrary. To Tutt he was the eternal fount of wisdom, culture and morality. Yet until Mr. Tutt had finally elucidated his views Tutt did not hesitate to hold conditional if temporary opinions of his own. Briefly their relations were symbolized by the circumstance that while Tutt always addressed his senior partner as "Mr. Tutt," the latter accosted him simply as "Tutt." In a world there was only one Mr. Tutt in the firm of Tutt & Tutt.

But so far as that went there was only one Tutt. On the theory that a lily cannot be painted, the estate of one seemingly was as dignified as that of the other. At any rate there never was and never had been any confusion or ambiguity arising out of the matter since the day, twenty years before, when Tutt had visited Mr. Tutt's law office in search of employment. Mr. Tutt was just rising into fame as a police-court lawyer. Tutt had only recently been admitted to the bar, having abandoned his native city of Bangor, Maine, for the metropolis.

"And may I ask why you should come to me?" Mr. Tutt had demanded severely from behind the stogy, which even at that early date had been as much a part of his facial anatomy as his long ruminative nose. "Why the devil should you come to me? I am nobody, sir—nobody! In this great city certainly there are thousands far more qualified than I to further your professional and financial advancement."

"Because," answered the inspired Tutt with modesty, "I feel that with you I should be associated with a good name."

That had settled the matter. They bore no relationship to one another, but they were the only Tutts in the city and there seemed to be a certain propriety in their hanging together. Neither had regretted it for a moment, and as the years passed they became indispensable to each other. They were the necessary component parts of a harmonious legal whole. Mr. Tutt was the brains and the voice, while Tutt was the eyes and legs of a combination that at intervals—rare ones, it must be confessed—made the law tremble, sometimes in fear and more often with joy.

At first, speaking figuratively, Tutt merely carried Mr. Tutt's bag—rode on his coat tails, as it were; but as time went on his activity, ingenuity and industry made him indispensable and led to a junior partnership. Tutt prepared the cases for Mr. Tutt to try. Both were well versed in the law if they were not profound lawyers, but as the origin of the firm was humble, their practice was of a miscellaneous character.

"Never turn down a case," was Tutt's motto.

"Our duty as sworn officers of the judicial branch of the Government renders it incumbent upon us to perform whatever services our clients' exigencies demand," was Mr. Tutt's way of putting it.

In the end it amounted to exactly the same thing. As a result, in addition to their own clientele, other members of the bar who found themselves encumbered with matters which for one reason or another they preferred not to handle formed the habit of turning them over to Tutt & Tutt. A never-ending stream of peculiar cases flowed through the office, each leaving behind it some residuum of golden dust, however small. The stately or, as an unkind observer might have put it, the ramshackly form of the senior partner was a constant figure in all the courts, from that of the coroner on the one hand to the appellate tribunals upon the other. It was immaterial to him what the case was about—whether it dealt with the "next eventual estate" or the damages for a dog bite—so long as he was paid and Tutt prepared it. Hence Tutt & Tutt prospered. And as the law, like any other profession, requires jacks-of-all-trades, the firm acquired a certain peculiar professional standing of its own, and enjoyed the good will of the bar as a whole.

They had the reputation of being sound lawyers if not overafflicted with a sense of professional dignity, whose word was better than their bond, yet who, faithful to their clients' interests, knew no mercy and gave no quarter. They took and pressed cases which other lawyers dared not touch lest they should be defiled—and nobody seemed to think any the less of them for so doing. They raised points that made the refinements of the ancient schoolmen seem blunt in comparison. No respecters of persons, they harried the rich and taunted the powerful, and would have as soon jailed a bishop or a judge as a pickpocket if he deserved it. Between them they knew more kinds of law than most of their professional brethren, and as Mr. Tutt was a bookworm and a seeker after legal and other lore their dusty old library was full of hidden treasures, which on frequent occasions were unearthed to entertain the jury or delight the bench. They were loyal friends, fearsome enemies, high chargers, and maintained their unique position in spite of the fact that at one time or another they had run close to the shadowy line which divides the ethical from that which is not. Yet Mr. Tutt had brought disbarment proceedings against many lawyers in his time and—what is more—had them disbarred.

"Leave old Tutt alone," was held sage advice, and when other lawyers desired to entertain the judiciary they were apt to invite Mr. Tutt to be of the party. And Tutt gloried in the glories of Mr. Tutt.

"That's it!" repeated Tutt as he lit his stogy, which flared up like a burning bush, the cub of a Willie having foraged successfully in the outer office for a match. "He's willing to be hanged or damned or anything else just for the sake of putting a bullet through the other fellow!"

"What was the name of the unfortunate deceased?"

"Tomasso Crocedoro—a barber."

"That is almost a defense in itself," mused Mr. Tutt. "Anyhow, if I've got to defend Angelo for shooting Tomasso you might as well give me a short scenario of the melodrama. By the way, are we retained or assigned by the court?"

"Assigned," chirped Tutt.

"So that all we'll get out of it is about enough to keep me in stogies for a couple of months!"

"And—if he's convicted, as of course he will be—a good chance of

Rosalina Caused for One Brief Instant Upon the Twelve Men in the Jury Box With Those Great Black Eyes of Hers

losing our reputation as successful trial counsel. Why not beg off?"

"Let me hear the story first," answered Mr. Tutt. "Angelo sounds like a good sport. I have a mild affection for him already."

He reached into a lower compartment of his desk and lifted out a tumbler and a bottle of malt extract, which he placed carefully at his elbow. Then he leaned back again expectantly.

"It is a simple and naïve story," began Tutt, seating himself in the chair reserved for paying clients—that is to say, one which did not have the two front legs sawed off an inch or so in order to make lingering uncomfortable. "A plain, unvarnished tale. Our client is one who makes an honest living by blacking shoes near the entrance to the Brooklyn Bridge. He is one of several hundred original Tonys who conduct shoe-shining emporiums."

"Emporia," corrected his partner, pouring out a tumbler of malt extract.

"He formed an attachment for a certain young lady," went on Tutt, undisturbed, "who had previously had some sort of love affair with Crocedoro, as a result of which her social standing had become slightly impaired. In a word Tomasso jilted her. Angelo saw, pitied and loved her, took her for better or for worse, and married her."

"For which," interjected Mr. Tutt, "he is entitled to everyone's respect."

"Quite so!" agreed Tutt. "Now Tomasso though not willing to marry the girl himself seems to have resented the idea of having anyone else do so, and accordingly seized every opportunity which presented itself to twit Angelo about the matter."

"Dog in the manger, so to speak," nodded Mr. Tutt.

"He not only jeered at Angelo for marrying Rosalina but he began to hang about his discarded mistress again and scoff at her choice of a husband. But Rosalina gave him the cold shoulder, with the result that he became more and more insulting to Angelo. Finally one day our client made up his mind not to stand it any longer, secured a revolver, sought out Tomasso in his barber shop and put a bullet through his head. Now however much you may sympathize with Angelo as a man and a husband, there isn't the slightest doubt that he killed Tomasso with every kind of deliberation and premeditation."

"If the case is as you say," replied Mr. Tutt, replacing the bottle and tumbler within the lower drawer and flicking a stogy ash from his waistcoat, "the honorable justice who handed it to us is no friend of ours."

"He isn't," assented his partner. "It was Babson, and he hates Italians. Moreover, he stated in open court that he proposed to try the case himself next Monday and that we must be ready without fail."

"So Babson did that to us!" growled Mr. Tutt. "Just like him. He'll pack the jury and charge our innocent Angelo into the middle of hades."

"And O'Brien is the assistant district attorney in charge of the prosecution," mildly added Tutt. "But what can we do? We're assigned, we've got a guilty client, and we've got to defend him."

"Have you set Bonnie Doon looking up witnesses?" asked Mr. Tutt. "I thought I saw him outside during the forenoon."

"Yes," replied Tutt. "But Bonnie says it's the toughest case he ever had to handle in which to find any witnesses for the defense. There aren't any. Besides, the girl bought the gun and gave it to Angelo the same day."

"How do you know that?" demanded Mr. Tutt, frowning.

"Because she told me so herself," said Tutt. "She's outside if you want to see her."

"I might as well give her what you call 'the once over,'" replied the senior partner.

Tutt retired and presently returned half leading, half pushing a shrinking young Italian woman, shabbily dressed but with the features of one of Raphael's madonnas. She wore no hat and her hands and finger nails were far from clean, but from the folds of her black shawl her neck rose like a column of slightly discolored Carrara marble, upon which her head with its coils of heavy hair was poised with the grace of a sulky empress.

"Come in, my child, and sit down," said Mr. Tutt kindly. "No, not in that one; in that one." He indicated the chair previously occupied by his junior. "You can leave us, Tutt. I want to talk to this young lady alone."

The girl sat sullenly with averted face, showing in her attitude her instinctive feeling that all officers of the law, no matter upon which side they were supposed to be, were one and all engaged in a mysterious conspiracy of which she and her unfortunate Angelo were the victims. A few words from the old lawyer and she began to feel more confidence, however. No one, in fact, could help but realize at first glance Mr. Tutt's warmth of heart. The lines of his sunken cheeks if left to themselves automatically tended to draw together into a whimsical smile, and it required a positive act of will upon his part to adopt the stern and relentless look with which he was wont to glower down upon some unfortunate witness in cross-examination.

Inside Mr. Tutt was a benign and rather mellow old fellow, with a dry sense of humor and a very keen knowledge of his fellow men. He made a good deal of money, but not having any wife or child upon which to lavish it he spent it all either on books or surreptitiously in quixotic gifts to friends or strangers whom he either secretly admired or whom he believed to be in need of money. There were vague traditions in the office of presents of bizarre and quite impossible clothes made to office boys and stenographers; of ex-convicts reoutfitted and sent rejoicing to foreign parts; of tramps gorged to repletion and then pumped dry of their adventures in Mr. Tutt's comfortable dingy old library; of a fur coat suddenly clapped upon the rounded shoulders of old Scraggs, the antiquated scrivener in the accountant's cage in the outer office, whose alcoholic career, his employer alleged, was marked by a trail of empty rum kegs, each one flying the white flag of surrender.

And yet old Ephraim Tutt could on occasion be cold as chiseled steel, and as hard. Any appeal from a child, a woman or an outcast always met with his ready response; but for the rich, successful, and those in power he seemed to entertain a deep and enduring grudge. He would burn the midnight oil with equal zest to block a crooked deal on the part of a wealthy corporation or to devise a means to extricate some no less crooked rascal from the clutches of the law, provided that the rascal seemed the victim of hard luck, inheritance or environment. His weather-beaten conscience was as elastic as his heart. Indeed when under the expansive influence of a sufficient quantity of malt extract or ancient brandy from the cellaret on his library desk he had sometimes been heard to enunciate the theory that there was very little difference between the people in jail and those who were not.

He would work weeks without compensation to argue the case of some guilty rogue before the Court of Appeals, in order, as he said, to "settle the law," when his only real object was to get the miserable fellow out of jail and send him back to his wife and children. He went through life with a twinkling eye and a quizzical smile, and when he did wrong he did it—if such a thing be possible—in a way to make people better. He was a dangerous adversary and judges were afraid of him, not because he ever tricked or deceived them but because of the audacity and novelty of his arguments, which left them speechless. He had the assurance that usually comes with age and with a lifelong knowledge of human nature, yet apparently he had always been possessed of it.

Once a judge having assigned him to look out for the interests of a lawyerless prisoner suggested that he take his new client into the adjoining jury room and give him the best advice he could. Mr. Tutt was gone so long that the judge became weary, and to find out what had become of him sent an officer, who found the lawyer reading a newspaper beside an open window, but no sign of the prisoner. In great excitement the officer reported the situation to the judge, who ordered Mr. Tutt to the bar.

"What has become of the prisoner?" demanded His Honor.

"I do not know," replied the lawyer calmly. "The window was open and I suspect that he used it as a means of exit."

"Are you not aware that you are a party to an escape—a crime?" hotly challenged the judge.

"I most respectfully deny the charge," returned Mr. Tutt.

"I told you to take the prisoner into that room and give him the best advice you could."

"I did!" interjected the lawyer.

"Ah!" exclaimed the judge. "You admit it! What advice did you give him?"

"The law does not permit me to state that," answered Mr. Tutt in his most dignified tones. "That is a privileged communication from the inviolate obligation to preserve which only my client can release me—I cannot betray a sacred trust. Yet I might quote Cervantes and remind Your Honor that 'Fortune leaves always some door open to come at a remedy!'"

Now as he gazed at the tear-stained cheeks of the girl-wife whose husband had committed murder in defense of her self-respect he vowed that so far as he was able he would fight to save him. The more desperate the case the more desperate her need of him—the greater the duty and the greater his honor if successful.

"Believe that I am your friend, my dear!" he assured her. "You and I must work together to set Angelo free."

"It's no use," she returned less defiantly. "He done it. He won't deny it."

"But he is entitled to his defense," urged Mr. Tutt quietly.

"Believe That I am Your Friend, My Dear! You and I Must Work Together to Set Angelo Free"

"He won't make no defense."

"We must make one for him."

"There ain't none. He just went and killed him."

Mr. Tutt shrugged his shoulders.

"There is always a defense," he answered with conviction. "Anyhow we can't let him be convicted without making an effort. Will they be able to prove where he got the pistol?"

"He didn't get the pistol," retorted the girl with a glint in her black eyes. "I got it. I'd ha' shot him myself if he hadn't. I said I was goin' to but he wouldn't let me."

"Dear, dear!" sighed Mr. Tutt. "What a case! Both of you trying to see which could get hanged first!"

The inevitable day of Angelo's trial came. Upon the bench the Honorable Mr. Justice Babson glowered down upon the cowering defendant flanked by his distinguished counsel, Tutt & Tutt, and upon the two hundred good and true talesmen who, "all other business laid aside," had been dragged from the comfort of their homes and the important affairs of their various livelihoods to pass upon the merits of the issue duly joined between The People of the State of New York and Angelo Seraphino, charged with murder.

One by one as his name was called each took his seat in the witness chair upon the *voir dire* and perjured himself like a gentleman in order to escape from service, shyly confessing to an ineradicable prejudice against the entire Italian race and this defendant in particular, and to an antipathy against capital punishment which, so each unhesitatingly averred, would render him utterly incapable of satisfactorily performing his functions if selected as a juryman. Hardly one, however, but was routed by the Machiavellian Babson. Hardly one, however ingenious his excuse—whether about to be married or immediately to become a father, whether engaged in a business deal involving millions which required his instant and personal attention, whether in the last stages of illness or obligated to be present at the bedside of a dying wife—but was browbeaten into helplessness and ordered back to take his place amidst the waiting throng of recalcitrant citizens so disinclined to do their part in elevating that system of trial by jury the failure of which at other times they so loudly condemned.

This trifling preliminary having been concluded the few jurymen who had managed to wriggle through the judicial sieve were allowed to withdraw, the balance of the calendar was adjourned, those spectators who were standing up were ordered to sit down and those already sitting down were ordered to sit somewhere else, the prisoners in the rear of the room were sent back to the Tombs to await their fate upon some later day, the reporters gathered rapaciously about the table just behind the defendant, a corpulent Ganymede in the person of an aged court officer bore tremblingly an opaque glass of yellow drinking water to the bench, O'Brien the prosecutor blew his nose with a fanfare of trumpets, Mr. Tutt smiled an ingratiating smile which seemed to clasp the whole world to his bosom—and the real battle commenced; a game in which every card in the pack had been stacked against the prisoner by an unscrupulous pair of officials whose only aim was to maintain their record of convictions of "murder in the first" and who laid their plans with ingenuity and carried them out with skill and enthusiasm to habitual success.

They were a grand little pair of convicters, were Babson and O'Brien, and woe unto that man who was brought before them. It was even alleged by the impious that when Babson was in doubt what to do or what O'Brien wanted him to do the latter communicated the information to his conspirator upon the bench by a system of preconcerted signals. But indeed no such system was necessary, for the judge's part in the drama was merely to sustain his colleague's objections and overrule those of his opponent, after which he himself delivered the *coup de grâce* with unerring insight and accuracy. When Babson got through charging a jury the latter had always in fact been instructed in brutal and sneering tones to convict the defendant or forever after to regard themselves as disloyal citizens, oath violators and outcasts; though the stenographic record of his remarks would have led the reader thereof to suppose that this same judge was a conscientious, tender-hearted, merciful lover of humanity, whose sensitive soul quivered at the mere thought of a prison cell, and who meticulously sought to surround the defendant with every protection the law could interpose against the imputation of guilt.

He was, as Tutt put it, "a dangerous old cuss." O'Brien was even worse. He was a bull-necked, bullet-headed, pugnosed young ruffian with beery eyes, who had an insatiable ambition and a still greater conceit, but who had devised a blundering, innocent, helpless way of conducting himself before a jury that deceived them into believing that his inexperience required their help and his disinterestedness their loyal support. Both of them were apparently fair-minded, honest public servants; both in reality were subtly disingenuous to a degree beyond ordinary comprehension, for years of practice had made them sensitive to every whimsy of emotion and taught them how to play upon the psychology of the jury as the careless zephyr softly draws its melody from the æolian harp. In a word they were a precious pair of crooks, who for their own petty selfish ends played fast and loose with liberty, life and death.

Both of them hated Mr. Tutt, who had more than once made them ridiculous before the jury and shown them up before the Court of Appeals, and the old lawyer recognized well the fact that these two legal wolves were in revenge planning to tear him and his helpless client to pieces, having first deliberately selected him as a victim and assigned him to officiate at a ceremony which, however just so far as its consummation might be concerned, was nothing less in its conduct than judicial murder. Now they were laughing at him in their sleeves, for Mr. Tutt enjoyed the reputation of never having defended a client who had been convicted of murder, and that spotless reputation was about to be annihilated forever.

Though the defense had thirty peremptory challenges Mr. Tutt well knew that Babson would sustain the prosecution's objections for bias until the jury box would contain the twelve automata personally selected by O'Brien in advance from what Tutt called "the army of the gibbet." Yet the old war horse outwardly maintained a calm and genial exterior, betraying none of the apprehension which in fact existed beneath his mask of professional composure. The court officer rapped sharply for silence.

"Are you quite ready to proceed with the case?" inquired the judge with a courtesy in which was ill concealed a leer of triumph.

"Yes, Your Honor," responded Mr. Tutt in velvet tones.

"Call the first talesman!"

The fight was on, the professional duel between traditional enemies, in which the stake—a human life—was in truth the thing of least concern, had begun. Yet no casual observer would have suspected the actual significance of what was going on or the part that envy, malice, uncharitableness, greed, selfishness and ambition were playing in it. He would have seen merely a partially filled courtroom flooded with sunshine from high windows, an attentive and dignified judge in a black silk robe sitting upon a dais below which a white-haired clerk drew little slips of paper from a wheel and summoned jurymen to a service which outwardly bore no suggestion of a tragedy.

He would have seen a somewhat unprepossessing assistant district attorney lounging in front of the jury box, taking apparently no great interest in the proceedings, and a worried-looking young Italian sitting at the prisoner's table between a rubicund little man with a round red face and a tall, grave, longish-haired lawyer with a frame not unlike that of Abraham Lincoln, over whose wrinkled face played from time to time the suggestion of a smile. Behind a balustrade were the reporters, scribbling on rough sheets of yellow paper.

"I Kills That Man!" He Cried Wildly. "He No Good! He Bad Egg! I Kills Him Once—I Kills Him Again!"

Then came the rows of benches, upon the first of which, as near the jury box as possible, sat Rosalina in a new bombazine dress and wearing a large imitation gold cross furnished for the occasion out of the legal property room of Tutt & Tutt. Occasionally she sobbed softly. The bulk of the spectators consisted of rejected talesmen, witnesses, law clerks, professional court loafers and women seeking emotional sensations which they had not the courage or the means to satisfy otherwise. The courtroom was comparatively quiet, the silence broken only by the droning voice of the clerk and the lazy interplay of question and answer between talesman and lawyer.

Yet beneath the humdrum, casual, almost indifferent manner in which the proceedings seemed to be conducted each side was watching every move made by the other with the tension of a tiger ready to spring upon its prey. Babson and O'Brien were engaged in forcing upon the defense a jury composed entirely of case-hardened convicters, while Tutt & Tutt were fighting desperately to secure one so heterogeneous in character that they could hope for a disagreement.

By recess thirty-seven talesmen had been examined without a foreman having been selected, and Mr. Tutt had exhausted twenty-nine of his thirty challenges, as against three for the prosecution. The court reconvened and a new talesman was called, resembling in appearance a professional hangman who for relaxation leaned toward the execution of Italians. Mr. Tutt examined him for bias and every known form of incompetency, but in vain—then challenged peremptorily. Thirty challenges! He looked on Tutt with slightly raised eyebrows.

"Patrick Henry Walsh—to the witness chair, please, Mr. Walsh!" called the clerk, drawing another slip from the box.

Mr. Walsh rose and came forward heavily, while Tutt & Tutt trembled. He was the one man they were afraid of—an old-timer celebrated as a bulwark of the prosecution, who could always be safely counted upon to uphold the arms of the law, who regarded with reverence all officials connected with the administration of justice, and from whose composition all human emotions had been carefully excluded by the Creator. He was a square-jawed, severe, heavily built person, with a long relentless upper lip, cheeks ruddy from the open air; engaged in the contracting business; and he had a brogue that would have charmed a mavis off a tree. Mr. Tutt looked hopelessly at Tutt.

Babson and O'Brien had won.

Once more Mr. Tutt struggled against his fate. Was Mr. Walsh sure he had no prejudices against Italians or foreigners generally? Quite. Did he know anybody connected with the case? No. Had he any objection to the infliction of capital punishment? None whatever. The defense had exhausted all its challenges. Mr. Tutt turned to the prospective foreman with an endearing smile.

"Mr. Walsh," said he in caressing tones, "you are precisely the type of man in whom I feel the utmost confidence in submitting the fate of my client. I believe that you will make an ideal foreman. I hardly need to ask you whether you will accord the defendant the benefit of every reasonable doubt, and if you have such a doubt will acquit him."

Mr. Walsh gazed suspiciously at Mr. Tutt.

"Sure," he responded dryly, "Oi'll give him the benefit o' the doubt, but if Oi think he's guilty Oi'll convict him."

Mr. Tutt shivered.

"Of course! Of course! That would be your duty! You are entirely satisfactory, Mr. Walsh!"

"Mr. Walsh is more than satisfactory to the prosecution!" intoned O'Brien.

"Be sworn, Mr. Walsh," directed the clerk; and the filling of the jury box in the memorable case of People versus Seraphino was begun.

"That chap doesn't like us," whispered Mr. Tutt to Tutt. "I laid it on a bit too thick."

In fact, Mr. Walsh had already entered upon friendly relations with Mr. O'Brien, and as the latter helped him arrange a place for his hat and coat the foreman cast a look tinged with malevolence at the defendant and his counsel, as if to say: "You can't fool me. I know the kind of tricks you fellows are all up to."

O'Brien could not repress a grin. The clerk drew forth another name.

"Mr. Tompkins—will you take the chair?"

Swiftly the jury was impaneled. O'Brien challenged everybody who did not suit his fancy, while Tutt & Tutt sat helpless.

Ten minutes and the clerk called the roll, beginning with Mr. Walsh, and they were solemnly sworn a true verdict to find, and settled themselves to the task.

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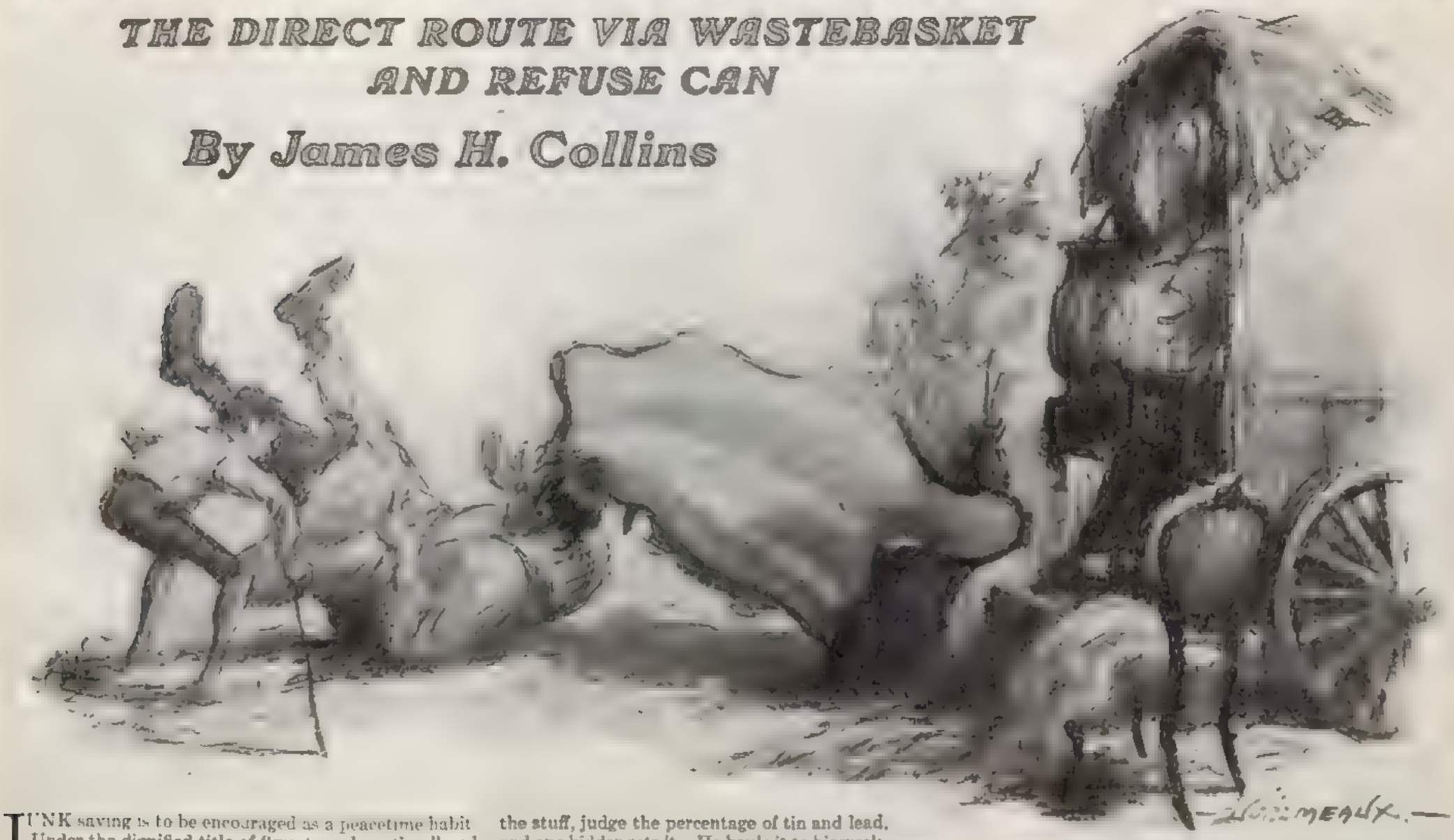
Let's Save Junk—But at a Profit

THE DIRECT ROUTE VIA WASTEBASKET AND REFUSE CAN

By James H. Collins



JUNK saving is to be encouraged as a peacetime habit. Under the dignified title of "waste reclamation," and with organized guidance from Washington, it is estimated that each 1000 persons in cities will produce forty tons of scrap iron, rags, rubber, tin foil, paper, and the like, yearly, of which about 13.1 tons are salable at an average price of two dollars a ton, and that ——

The sales manager took a ball of tin foil out of his desk drawer the other day intending to drop it in a tobacco-fund box at the club. It weighed fully a pound, and contained the savings of weeks—tobacco foil, collapsible tubes, bottle caps, and what not. That ball represented a lot of work. For more than a year now the sales manager had been afraid to throw away tin foil—it had exerted over him the influence of gold over the miser.

Instead of dropping it into the tobacco-fund box, however, he took it to an expert friend—the editor of a waste trade publication. The latter held it in his hand and delivered a lecture that has cured the sales manager of the tin-foil habit:

"Three years ago it would have been three-quarters pure tin, worth maybe thirty cents. To-day your ball is probably ninety per cent lead, worth three or four cents a pound. Tin became very scarce during the war. Tin-foil saving showed at least a psychological profit when the foil was fairly pure. But tin was withheld for foil purposes, and now we have mostly lead foil plated with tin. Aluminum and zinc foil and other substitutes are also being used. In normal times only 6000 tons are used for tin foil and collapsible tubes. Three times as much is used for solder and five times as much for tin plate."

When Saving Costs Too Much

"WOULD it be better to drop a dollar in the tobacco-fund box and throw tin foil away?" asked the sales manager.

"That depends on the value you place on your time," was the expert's answer. "This ball must represent at least one hour's work. If your time is worth less than five cents an hour, then go on saving tin foil."

The other threw the ball into the wastebasket.

"Even if you throw such stuff away it is not lost," said the waste trade journalist. "You are a New York office man. Everything thrown into your wastebasket finds its way to the city dumps sooner or later—and this is true of city household wastes. At the dump everything is sorted to the last scrap and made available for re-use—metal, paper, rags, bones, rubber, leather.

"Suppose you put your ball of tin foil in the tobacco fund. When a ton or two accumulates several scrap-metal dealers will be called in to bid for the lot. They appraise the stuff, judge the percentage of tin and lead, and one bidder gets it. He hauls it to his workrooms. Your contribution is torn open and the pure tin separated from the lead, the collapsible tubes put aside, and every scrap sorted by trained workers. The buyer makes his profit chiefly by sorting so a given purchaser can secure pure tin foil, or plated lead foil, or collapsible tubes. If you threw these things into the wastebasket day by day they would be sorted and saved just the same at the city dump."

Going further into this mechanism he told of a certain city—it might have been your own—where enthusiastic volunteers conducted a junk campaign during the war. Women's organizations came together for the work. Much newspaper space was devoted to educating the public to save its junk. "Save everything—throw nothing away!" became the slogan. Then motor trucks covered the town and brought the motley stuff to warerooms, where it was roughly sorted and sold. The actual cash received by the organization was about two thousand dollars.

From the standpoint of the organization which got that much real money—fine! But analyzed by a waste-material expert from the standpoint of community cost this campaign looks a little different. Everything being donated the organization figured no costs. Volunteers did the work freely and gladly. An empty wareroom was available without rent, and motor trucks were loaned by business houses. But a motor truck costs somebody about twenty-five dollars for every day it operates, and the cost of picking up ten dollars' worth of junk might easily be twenty-five dollars. Probably the real expense of gathering all this stuff was twice what the workers realized for it.

Had there been no campaign, practically all the rags, paper, metal, and so forth, would ultimately have reached the waste-material trade through its regular collecting organization—that is, household and office refuse would go to the city dump or be sold to the ragman.

No volunteer organization of amateurs can compete with the city when it comes to gathering junk wholesale. Nor can women's organizations collect junk in small lots more cheaply than the rag peddler, who in ordinary times is satisfied to make three dollars a day profit, and is invariably a foreigner—or, in the South, a negro.

Up in New England patriotic women worked for weeks to perfect their own organization for gathering junk. When they got it to the point where it actually produced stuff for sale they called in the waste-material dealers. And in a half-hour conference the latter taught them more about thrift than they had learned in all their own experience.

The waste-material industry of this country has a yearly output valued at $1,500,000,000. It is very highly specialized, and makes its profits by economy in collecting and ingenuity in sorting and reclaiming discarded stuff. The public knows chiefly the junkman, who toots his tin horn through the alleys, buys a few pounds of rags or iron, probably cheats a pound or two in his weights or his mental arithmetic, and follows a calling that is not very well paid, decidedly dirty, and which has absolutely no appeal to the native American or even the immigrant equipped for some more dignified and profitable job.

The Falling Rag Market

THE junk collector's daily pickings are sold to a wholesale dealer, who immediately begins sorting them to meet many different markets and requirements. Rags are sorted into woolen and cotton, and these into a hundred other classifications—by colors, sizes, quality, age, and so on, for making shoddy, roofing paper, cotton waste, paper stock, and the like. Even the wool dust is sold for making the flock that gives the velvety surface to certain kinds of wall paper. Metals are sorted for many purposes, and scrap of all kinds worked up in a thousand different ways. Each day brings something new in the way of possibilities, as, for example, when certain rare metals needed in making high-speed tool steel became scarce during the war, because not obtainable in the necessary quantities from other countries. Waste-material dealers found these in unsuspected places, and through their knowledge and sorting facilities got them out of the junk heap. There was a brisk little boom in old bells and bell metals during the war—these acquired new value because bells are made of bronze, and bronze is made of copper and tin, and tin was worth reclaiming wherever one found it.

The public sees the alley junk collector—and also reads of millionaire rag pickers. One rather liberal estimate is that four hundred millionaires were developed during the war in the wholesale rag business. It is true that waste of nearly every description went through a boom a year before we entered the war, and large concerns dealing in rags and metals accumulated big stocks, holding them for advancing prices. But there was a corresponding drop following the armistice, and many a big dealer who made money fast in 1916 has since seen it vanish overnight in the falling prices for scrap metal and rags. Great Britain, France and other Allied nations will probably be out of the market for our scrap metal and rags a year at least, because the end of the war found them with enormous quantities of military junk, to which they can turn for steel, iron, copper, lead, shoddy and paper stock. Just now the only silver lining to the black cloud over the waste-material market is

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THE SUPER-BOOBS

By Kenneth L. Roberts

BOSTON wasn't such a bad place in the old days. Once in a while it elected a mayor who gave it a bit of unpleasant notoriety; and occasionally an old inhabitant lost himself in the peculiar convolutions of the streets in the older sections of the city; and sometimes the street-car system suffered a nervous breakdown, so that people who rode on it reached home hours after they started, with breastbones and backbones heavily dented by other people's elbows. But its schools and its colleges and its libraries and its parks and its traditions and its enormous stock of famous ancestors more than made up for everything. That, though, was in the good old days.

Later the Bolsheviks in the neighborhood of Lawrence and Lowell, after organizing and seizing the mills and destroying property and looting banks and stores and homes, equipped themselves with arms and ammunition and captured Boston. They were led by a Russian named Markovitzkoff. He had served an eight-year sentence in Atlanta for arson. Outside of the fact that he wanted to become a millionaire in a few weeks he wasn't a bad chap. That is to say, he wasn't addicted to murdering people just for the pleasure of hearing his pistol go off. He was ignorant and dirty and an ass; still, as Bolsheviks go, he was an excellent fellow. So long as one was willing to let him think that he was as good as anyone, and possibly a trifle better, one could get along with him quite nicely. In other words, if you showed as much respect for him as you would show for a great statesman or a great author or a great soldier he wouldn't kill you. He was an unusually fine type of Bolshevik.

Boston Turned Upside Down

UNDER Bolshevik rule Boston offered remarkably few attractions to the discerning tourist. Markovitzkoff made himself mayor, and requisitioned Mrs. Jack Gardner's Italian palace for his home. His followers had a splendid time shooting the eyes out of Mrs. Gardner's Rembrandts and using her wonderful old tapestries for bayonet practice. The headquarters of Markovitzkoff's Red Guard was located under the golden dome of the State House. The city was full of self-appointed spies, who daily reported to the State House all persons who were known or suspected to be antagonistic to Bolshevism. In many cases these persons were executed at once without trial, though Markovitzkoff was averse to bloodshed when it was avoidable. It was impossible, however, for him to keep his men in hand; so they usually shot whomever they were pleased to shoot.

One of Markovitzkoff's first acts after taking Boston was to print $20,000,000 worth of Bolshevik money. He forced the city to accept this money at its face value and to give in exchange for it good Federal Reserve banknotes. Thus he became a millionaire overnight. When President Lowell, of Harvard University, refused to admit that Markovitzkoff was his equal socially, mentally and in every other way, Markovitzkoff had him thrown into the swimming pool of the Boston Athletic Association with several other Bostonians, and ordered hand grenades to be tossed among them.

He then appointed as the president of Harvard University a twenty-four-year-old Russian named Litzky, whose only qualification for the position was the fact that he had spent a year at Harvard and had been a waiter at Memorial Hall. Markovitzkoff further ruled that since educational advantages had been too long enjoyed by people with money and insure Harvard University should thereafter be open to any person over the age of fourteen, and that no previous schooling or entrance examination should be required.

At the head of the Boston and Maine Railroad he placed Fidelio Moranzoni, one of his followers who had been a section hand on the Western Division of the Boston and Maine for eleven years—and had never risen above section hand until Markovitzkoff came into his uneventful life. Moranzoni, finding that running all the divisions of the Boston and Maine was cutting into his days frightfully, abolished all trains on every division other than the Western; and on the Western he ran only one train a day in each direction. These trains were made up entirely of Pullmans, and nobody could ride on them except Bolsheviks.

Under Markovitzkoff the superintendent of schools was a sleepy individual with a rugged beard who, prior to the Bolshevik regime, had been employed as a janitor in a South Boston primary school. The librarian of the Boston Public Library was Vladimir Slavatsky, who qualified for his position because he had once been a glue mixer in a Boston bookbindery. The chairman of the board of health had been an expert with the currycomb in the city stables. The latter soon after his appointment discovered a large wine cellar in the Commonwealth Avenue mansion which he had seized for his residence; and his devotion to the wine cellar was far greater than his devotion to his official duties. Consequently Boston Common and the Public Gardens were littered with dead dogs, dead cats and refuse of every description; while dead horses were frequently encountered on the principal thoroughfares of the city. Pigs ran gayly round the streets, until the food supply ran low and the Bolsheviks cornered all the pigs in sight and kept them in the living rooms of their homes.

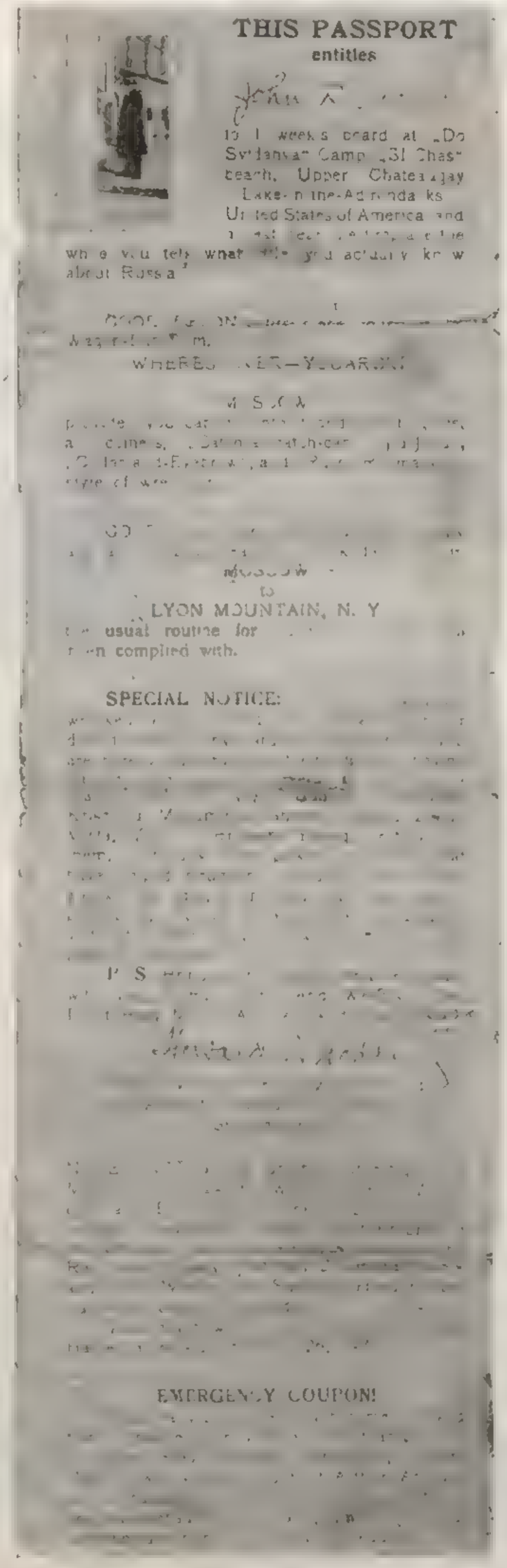
Stores and factories shut down. The telephone and the telegraph systems became even worse than under the Federal régime. The street railways and the Elevated went completely to pot. Most of the able citizens had fled inland or had been killed or were being forced by the Bolsheviks to perform the most menial and revolting tasks. The wives and children of the latter class of citizens were being held as hostages for their good behavior. Ex-Governor McCall was forced to wash dishes in the kitchen of the Parker House, which was used as a barracks by the Bolsheviks. Thomas W. Lawson was employed as a gravedigger. Cabots and Frothinghams were put to work cleaning the floors and making up beds in the Charles Street Jail. Hunnewells and Lowells and Searses were to be found blacking boots and cooking and running errands for the Bolsheviks. The finest and largest residences in the city had been seized by the foulest and most ignorant members of the Red Army. Boston was a city of filth, of disease, of incompetency, of ignorance, of squalor, of vice—a typical Bolshevik city.

An Insane and Barbarous Movement

A DREAM? Certainly! An idle dream? Well, maybe it is and maybe it isn't. People who rear up on their hind legs and make the welkin ring with loud shouts that Bolshevism can never obtain a foothold in this country would do well to be more circumspect about their welkin-ringing. Bolshevism is not a sane, well-ordered, logical movement whose course can be plotted and planned and foretold by anybody who is good at figures and has plenty of scratch pads and Number Two pencils at his command. Not by a jugful, it isn't; nor yet by a tubful or a tankful. Bolshevism is not only murderous and barbarous and rotten and insane and utterly unreasonable, but it is the most ridiculous and silly and stupid and asinine and absurd movement that ever made strong men froth at the mouth with hopeless rage. It spreads through a nation like some terrible disease, springing up where it is least expected and devastating communities that were peaceful, contented and prosperous before its appearance. No man can foretell how or where Bolshevism will spread. I have heard people argue that it can never obtain a foothold in this country because the bulk of our citizens are too well educated and because conditions are not such as to give rise to Bolshevism. Probably they're right. I hope with all my heart that they are. But from what I have seen of Bolshevism it sometimes comes into being where conditions do not warrant its existence in the slightest degree, and it frequently obtains converts from people whose educations have been excellent.

This appears to be especially true in the United States. Though, as this is written, it has been less than one month since I returned from Siberia I have encountered and heard of scores of educated Americans who not only uphold Bolshevism but who advocate treating with the Bolsheviks as though they were representatives of a decent honorable government, instead of perverted individuals whose basic beliefs necessitate the overthrow of the national state and its teachings of order, patriotism and obedience.

People—not many, it is true, but an appreciable number—have assured me that when I draw a picture of an American city reduced to such a condition as I have pictured Boston in the beginning of this article, I am an alarmist. Such things, they say, don't happen. Reports which have come out of Russia are



"Passport" Which Actually Carried the Bearer Through Bolshevik Lines From Petrograd to Vladivostok

greatly exaggerated, they say. Conditions can't be as bad as they're painted.

My answer to that is that conditions in Russia under Bolshevik rule are not only as bad as they're painted but a hundred times worse. No pen could in the space of one short article show the frightful, incomprehensible asininity of those super-boobs, the Bolsheviks.

In mid-January we received at American Headquarters in Vladivostok a condensed report on the conditions which existed in Moscow under Bolshevik rule. This report came from sources which we considered reliable. Under the old régime Moscow was a beautiful city—a wonder city. What the Bolsheviks have done to it is a shame, and that's putting it conservatively. Here are a few of the things that have happened in Moscow:

The city has been subdivided into districts, each under the supervision of a section of the Anti-Counter-Revolution Committee; for even Bolsheviks recognize that too many revolutions might easily spill the beans. A tremendous number of spies are operating. Some of the spies, most of whom held the most menial positions in the old days, make honest reports. Others report citizens whom they wish to have killed for purely personal reasons. Executions take place daily in the Hodinka. Most of those executed are shot without trial. Women are frequently shot. The magnificent monuments to emperors and statesmen have been destroyed.

The Law of Loot and Terror

MUSEUMS, libraries and picture galleries are being used for barracks, stables and various other purposes, the property which was originally in them having either been stolen by the Bolsheviks, destroyed or hidden away in unknown places. The best government and private buildings are occupied by the soviets.

All the kommissars—a kommissar is a sort of chairman of a board or the head of a district—have installed themselves in palaces and are living in luxury on their stealings. Bankers and generals under the old régime have become shoemakers and tailors and horseshoers. Many who were porters and shoemakers in the old days have been made generals and bankers and kommissars. Hospital orderlies and porters receive more salary than the surgeons and doctors in the same hospitals. There are dead horses and dogs and cats everywhere in the streets. Refuse is thrown on the sidewalks from the windows. The Red Guard Headquarters is located in the Kremlin. As early as October, 1918, the Bolsheviks had begun to take hostages from the bourgeoisie. The commander of troops was a private soldier before the revolution; the state prosecutor was a sailor.

Street cars are operating irregularly. Droshky drivers charge forty rubles for a short trip. There is no reserve food supply, and the city lives on the products brought in from the country. A pound of bread costs ten rubles; meat, eighteen rubles a pound; sugar, forty rubles a pound; potatoes, fifty rubles a pood—36 pounds. A ruble is worth approximately ten cents. The population is divided into four classes, which receive one-half to one pound of bread each two days. A bourgeois mother cannot procure milk or eggs for her baby. Infant mortality is very high. Disease is rampant, and bodies frequently go from one to two weeks without burial. Many high officers in the old army are working as gravediggers. The Russians are fleeing to the Ukraine. More than six hundred thousand have gone there. Houses that have been vacated are occupied by workingmen. One hundred and sixty-one factories have shut down. There is no coal, no coal oil, no raw materials, no machinery or parts of machinery. There are no engineers and few laborers. What laborers there are were occupants of seats of the mighty in the old days. To-day they are in the gutter; while those who occupied the gutters of old are now installed in the seats of the mighty.

Czecho-Slovaks in Front of the Building Occupied by the Soviet in Vladivostok

There are no newspapers except the soviet papers. The Moscow National Bank has been requisitioned by the Bolsheviks. Only insurance companies have been permitted to continue. All the factory warehouses have been emptied. The supplies accumulated during the summer, worth a billion rubles, have been exported to Germany as a part of the indemnity under the Brest-Litovsk treaty. Twenty thousand of the Red Army are defending Moscow.

Soldiers of the Allies Passing the Headquarters of the Czecho-Slovak Forces in Vladivostok

The sailors, who formed the backbone of the Bolshevik Army in the beginning, have become men of leisure. They wear fine clothes and many diamonds, and entertain the girls of the ballet. When they need money they go far afield, enter the homes of the bourgeoisie and demand it at the point of a pistol. The kommissar of instruction has closed the Academy of Arts because too many men were needed to sweep the floors.

A university has been opened for all. No high-school education is needed to enter it. The sale of valuables and gold has been prohibited. All valuables are registered and listed. Those of the bourgeoisie who withhold information are shot. Russian "Liberty Loan" bonds are being sold at six per cent of their face value. Graft is present on a huge scale. Men who used to give tips of twenty rubles to government officials now have to give tips of two, three and five thousand rubles to Bolshevik officials. A former employee of a fish cannery had earned sixty rubles a month. He became a Bolshevik kommissar, and in eight months acquired a nest egg of three and a half million rubles.

Misinformation From Russia

THAT is a very sketchy sketch of Bolshevism in Moscow. It is a true sketch, however, and one that holds good of practically every section where the Bolsheviks have obtained the upper hand. Remember always, when arguments are advanced for Bolshevism and the Bolsheviks, that they are super-boobs, one and all. If you fall into their power and wear decent clothes they will kill you if they can. A white collar inflames them to the point of madness.

I know that Mr. Raymond Robins declared, in effect, that Lenine and Trotzky have ideals which are lofty and pure, and that America should cooperate with the soviets, which according to him are representative and democratic institutions. I also know that I should very much dislike to be standing in Mr. Robins' shoes if he ever delivers himself of those statements in the presence of returned officers or men of the North Russia Expeditionary Forces or the Siberian Expeditionary Forces. What they will say to him will be a great plenty.

Years ago there was an expression which was applied to a person who was misinformed. He was said to be off his base. In the opinion of Americans who have returned from Siberia Mr. Robins is upward of 14,000 versts off his base—14,000 versts being the approximate distance from America to Petrograd by way of the Pacific Ocean.

Moscow is a bad city to talk about, because food in that section is rare and high priced. This gives certain persons a chance to leap to their feet with their eyes flashing and their arms waving, and to shout hysterically: "Aha! Don't you see that if the people of Moscow were to be fed they would at once lose their Bolshevist tendencies?"

Since I do not believe that Bolshevism can be eradicated by feeding Bolsheviks raw or cooked meat, vegetables rich in lime, salts, gruel, pap, beef tea or any other edible substance, I insist that my readers come away from Moscow at once, that they journey across the Urals and over to Eastern Siberia, and that they descend with me in the charming Siberian city of Blagoviestchensk for further researches into super-boobishness, otherwise known as Bolshevism.

Blagoviestchensk is the leading city of Amur Province—the only Siberian province that rid itself of Bolshevik rule without the assistance of the Allies. It is about one thousand miles from Vladivostok on the Amur Railroad, and it is no slouch of a city. It is located on the north bank of the Amur, which at that

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A WOMAN IS ONLY A WOMAN

By Pelham Grenville Wodehouse

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

ON A FINE day in the spring, summer or early autumn there are few spots more delightful than the terrace in front of the Manhooset Country Club. It is a vantage point peculiarly fitted to the man of philosophic mind, for from it may be seen that varied, never-ending pageant which men call golf in a number of its aspects. To your right, on the first tee, stand the cheery optimists who are about to make their opening drive, happily conscious that even a topped shot will trickle a measurable distance down the steep hill. Away in the valley, directly in front of you, is the lake hole, where these same optimists will be converted to pessimism by the wet splash of a new ball. At your side is the ninth green with its sinuous undulations which have so often wrecked the returning traveler in sight of home. And at various points within your line of vision are the third tee, the sixth tee, and the sinister traps about the eighth green, none of them lacking in food for the reflective mind.

It is on this terrace that the Oldest Member sits, watching the younger generation knocking at the divot. His eye is calm and dreamy, the eye of a man who, as the poet says, has seen golf steadily and seen it whole. He sips absently from the glass on the table beside him. His gaze wanders from Jimmy Fothergill's two-hundred-and-twenty-yard drive down the hill to the silver drops that flash up in the sun as young Freddy Woosley's mashie shot drops weakly into the waters of the lake. Returning, it rests upon Peter Willard, large and tall, and Elmer Todd, small and slender, as they struggle up the fairway of the ninth.

Love—says the Oldest Member—is an emotion which your true golfer should always treat with suspicion. Do not misunderstand me. I am not saying that love is a bad thing, only that it is an unknown quantity. I have known cases where marriage improved a man's game, and other cases where it seemed to put him right off his stroke. There seems to be no fixed rule. But what I do say is that a golfer should be cautious. He should not be led away by the first pretty face. I will tell you a story that illustrates the point. There have been, no doubt, a thousand others of exactly the same kind; but this one came under my immediate notice, and I can speak of it at first hand. It is the story of those two men who have just got onto the ninth green—Peter Willard and Elmer Todd.

There is about great friendships between man and man—said the Oldest Member—a certain inevitability that can only be compared with the age-old association of cabbage and corned beef. No one can say when it was that these two wholesome and palatable foodstuffs first came together nor what was the mutual magnetism that brought their deathless partnership about. One simply feels that it is one of the things that must be so. Similarly with men. Who can trace to its first beginnings the love of Damon for Pythias, of David for Jonathan, of Park for Tilford? Who can explain what it was about Acker and Merrill that first attracted Condit? We simply say "These men are friends," and leave it at that.

In the case of Peter Willard and Elmer Todd, one may hazard the guess that the first link in the chain that bound them together was the fact that they took up golf within a few days of each other, and contrived, as time went on, to develop such equal form at the game that the most expert critics are still baffled in their efforts to decide which is the worse player. I have heard the point argued a hundred times without any conclusion being reached. Supporters of Peter claim that his driving off the tee entitles him to an unchallenged preëminence among the world's most hopeless foozlers, only to be discomfited later when the advocates of Elmer show by means of diagrams that no one has ever surpassed their man in absolute incompetence with the spoon. It is one of those problems where debate is futile.

Few things draw two men together more surely than a mutual inability to master golf, coupled with an intense and ever-increasing love for the game. At the end of the first few months, when a series of costly experiments had convinced both Peter and Elmer that there was not a tottering graybeard or a toddling infant in the neighborhood whose downfall they could encompass, the two became inseparable. It was pleasanter, they found, to play together and go neck and neck round the eighteen holes than to take on some lissom youngster who could spatter them all over the course with one old ball and a cut-down cleek stolen from his father, or some spavined elder who not only soaked it to them good but was apt, between strokes, to bore them with personal reminiscences of the Seminole War. So they began to play together early and late. In the small hours before breakfast, long ere the first faint piping of the waking caddie made itself heard from the caddie shed, they were halfway through their opening round. And at close of day, when bats wheeled against the steely sky and the pro's had stolen home to rest, you might see them in the deepening dusk going through the concluding exercises of their final spasm. After dark they visited each other's houses and read golf books.

I Have Seen Her in the Distance Watering the Flowers in Her Garden

If you have gathered from what I have said that Peter Willard and Elmer Todd were fond of golf, I am satisfied. That is the impression I intended to convey. They were real golfers, for real golf is a thing of the spirit, not of mere mechanical excellence of stroke.

It must not be thought, however, that they devoted too much of their time and their thoughts to golf—assuming, indeed, that such a thing is possible. Each was connected with a business in the metropolis; and often, before he left for the links, Peter would go to the trouble and expense of calling up the office to say he would not be coming in that day, while I myself have heard Elmer—and this not once, but frequently—say, while lunching in the clubhouse, that he had half a mind to get New York on the phone and ask how things were making out. They were, in fact, the type of men of whom America is proudest, the backbone of a great country, toilers in the mart, untired business men, keen red-blooded men of affairs. If they played a little golf on the side, who shall blame them? So they went on, day by day, happy and contented. And then the woman came into their lives, like the serpent into the links of Eden; and perhaps for the first time they realized that they were not one entity, not one single indivisible something that made for topped drives and short putts, but two individuals in whose breasts Nature had implanted other desires than the simple ambition some day to do the dog-leg hole on the second nine in under double figures. My friends tell me that, when I am relating a story, my language is inclined at times a little to obscure my meaning; but if you understand from what I have been saying that Elmer Todd and Peter Willard both fell in love with the same woman, all right, let us carry on. That is precisely what I was driving at.

I have not the pleasure of an intimate acquaintance with Grace Forrester. I have seen her in the distance watering the flowers in her garden, and on these occasions her stance struck me as graceful. And once at a picnic I observed her killing wasps with a teaspoon and was impressed by the freedom of the wrist action of her back swing. Beyond this I can say little. But she must have been attractive, for there can be no doubt of the earnestness with which both Peter and Elmer fell in love with her. I doubt if either slept a wink the night of the dance at which it was their privilege first to meet her.

The next afternoon, happening to encounter Peter in the bunker near the eleventh green, Elmer said:

"That was a nice girl, that Miss What's-her-name."

And Peter, pausing for a moment from his trench digging, replied: "Yes."

And then Elmer, with a pang, knew that he had a rival, for he had not mentioned Miss Forrester's name, and yet Peter had divined that it was to her that he had referred.

Love is a fever which, so to speak, drives off without wasting time on the address. On the very next morning after the conversation which I have related, Elmer Todd called Peter Willard up on the phone and canceled their golf engagements for the day on the plea of a sprained wrist. Peter, acknowledging the cancellation, stated that he himself had been on the point of calling Elmer up to say that he would be unable to play owing to a slight headache. They met at tea time at Miss Forrester's house. Elmer asked how Peter's headache was, and Peter said it was a little better. Peter inquired after Elmer's sprained wrist, and was told it seemed on the mend. Miss Forrester dispensed tea and conversation to both impartially.

They walked home together. After an awkward silence of twenty minutes Elmer said:

"There is something about the atmosphere—the aura, shall I say?—that emanates from a good woman that makes a man feel that life has a new, a different meaning."

Peter replied: "Yes."

When they reached Elmer's door Elmer said: "I won't ask you in tonight, old man. You want to go home and rest and cure that headache."

"Yes," said Peter.

There was another silence. Peter was thinking that, only a couple of days before, Elmer had told him that he had a copy of Sandy MacBean's How to Become a Scratch Man Your First Season by Studying Photographs coming down by parcel post from town, and they had arranged to read it aloud together. By now, thought Peter, it must be lying on his friend's table. The thought saddened him. And Elmer, guessing what was in Peter's mind, was saddened too. But he did not waver. He was in no mood to read MacBean's masterpiece that night. In the twenty minutes of silence after leaving Miss Forrester, he had realized that

"Grace" rimes with "face," and he wanted to sit alone in his study and write poetry. The two men parted with a distant nod. I beg your pardon? Yes, you are right—two distant nods. It was always a failing of mine to count the score erroneously.

It is not my purpose to weary you by a minute recital of the happenings of each day that went by. On the surface the lives of these two men seemed unchanged. They still played golf together, and during the round achieved toward each other a manner that, superficially, retained all its ancient cheeriness and affection. If—I should say, when—Elmer topped his drive, Peter never failed to say "Hard luck!" And when—or, rather, if—Peter managed not to top his, Elmer invariably said "Great!" But things were not the same, and they knew it.

It so happened, as it sometimes will on these occasions, for Fate is a dramatist who gets his best effects with a small cast, that Peter Willard and Elmer Todd were the only visible aspirants for the hand of Miss Forrester. Right at the beginning young Freddy Woosley had seemed attracted by the girl and had called once or twice with flowers and chocolates, but Freddy's affections never centered themselves on one object for more than a few days, and he had dropped out after the first week. From that time on it became clear to the whole of Manhooset that if Grace Forrester intended to marry anyone in the place it would be either Elmer or Peter; and a good deal of interest was taken in the matter by the local sportsmen. So little was known of the form of the two men, neither having figured as principal in a love affair before, that even money was the best you could get, and the market was sluggish. I think my own flutter of twelve golf balls, taken up by Percival Brown, was the most substantial of any of the wagers. I selected Elmer as the winner. Why, I can hardly say, unless that he had an aunt who contributed occasional stories to the Woman's Sphere. These things sometimes weigh with a girl. On the other hand, George Lucas, who had half a dozen of ginger ale on Peter, based his calculations on the fact that Elmer wore knickerbockers on the links and that no girl could possibly love a man with calves like that. In short, you see we really had nothing to go on.

Nor had Elmer and Peter. The girl seemed to like them both equally. They never saw her except in each other's company. And it was not until one day it came out that Grace Forrester was knitting a sweater that there seemed a chance of getting a clue to her hidden feelings.

When the news began to spread through the place that Grace was knitting this sweater, there was a big sensation. Had it happened during the war there would of course have been nothing in it, for in those days all the Manhooset girls were knitting sweaters for our brave troops, who notoriously fear nothing. But in peacetime the thing seemed to us practically to amount to a declaration.

That was the view that Elmer Todd and Peter Willard took of it, and they used to call on Grace, watch her knitting, and come away with their heads full of complicated calculations. The whole thing hung on one point—to wit, what size the sweater was going to be. If it was large, then it must be for Peter: if small, then Elmer was the lucky man. Neither dared to make open inquiries, but it began to seem almost impossible to find out the truth without them. No masculine eye can reckon up purls and plains and estimate the size of chest which the garment is destined to cover. Moreover, with amateur knitters there must always be allowed a margin for involuntary error. There were many cases during the war where our girls sent sweaters to their sweethearts which would have induced strangulation in their young brothers. The amateur sweater of those days was, in fact, practically tantamount to German propaganda.

Peter and Elmer were accordingly baffled. One evening the sweater would look small, and Elmer would come away jubilant; the next it would have swollen over a vast area, and Peter would walk home singing. The suspense of the two men can readily be imagined. On the one hand, they wanted to know their fate; on the other, they fully realized that whoever the sweater was for would have to wear it. And, as it was vivid pink and would probably not fit by a mile, their hearts quailed at the prospect.

In all affairs of human tension there must come a breaking point. It came one night as the two men were walking home.

"Peter," said Elmer, stopping in midstride. He mopped his forehead. His manner had been feverish.

"Yes?" said Peter.

"I can't stand this any longer. I haven't had a good night's rest for weeks. We must find out definitely which of us is to have that sweater."

"Let's go back and ask her," said Peter.

So they turned back and rang the bell and went into the house and presented themselves before Miss Forrester.

"Lovely evening," said Elmer. "Superb," said Peter.

"Delightful," said Miss Forrester, looking a little surprised at finding the troupe playing a return date without having booked it in advance.

"To settle a bet," said Elmer, "will you please tell us who—I should say whom—you are knitting that sweater for?"

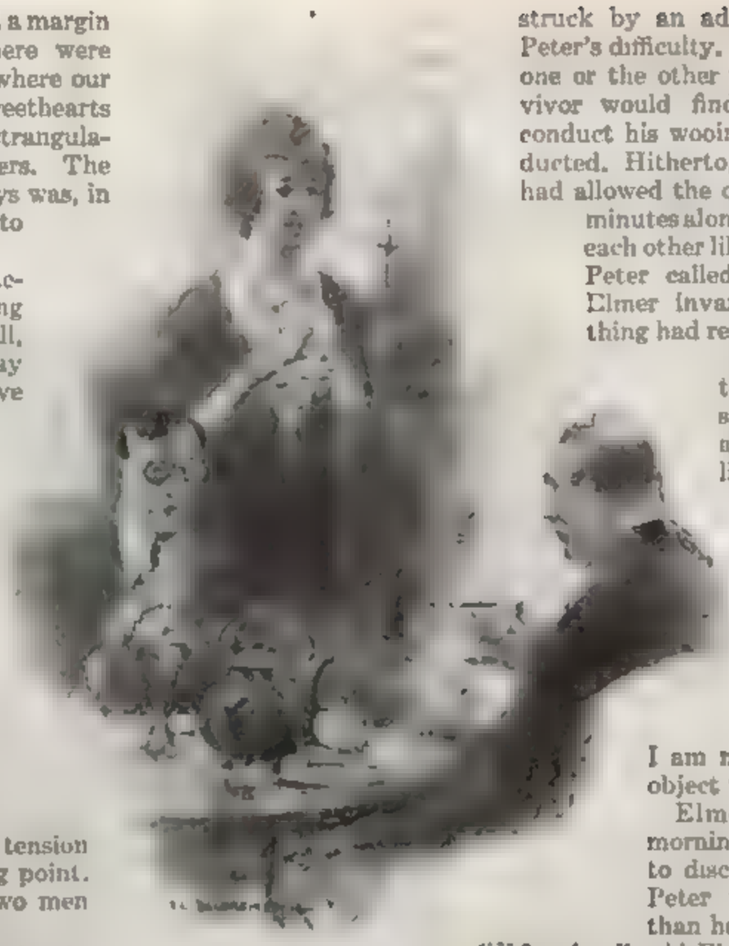
"It is not a sweater," replied Miss Forrester with a womanly candor that well became her; "it is a sock. And it is for my cousin Juliet's youngest son Willie."

"Good night," said Elmer.

"Good night," said Peter.

"Good night," said Grace Forrester.

It was during the long hours of the night, when ideas so often come to wakeful men, that Elmer was struck by an admirable solution of his and Peter's difficulty. It seemed to him that were one or the other to leave Manhooset the survivor would find himself in a position to conduct his wooing as wooing should be conducted. Hitherto, as I have indicated, neither had allowed the other to be more than a few minutes alone with the girl. They watched each other like hawks. When Elmer called Peter called. When Peter dropped in Elmer invariably popped round. The thing had resolved itself into a stalemate.



When Peter Dropped in Elmer Invariably Popped Round

The idea which now came to Elmer was that he and Peter should settle their rivalry by an eighteen-hole match on the links. He thought very highly of the idea before he finally went to sleep, and in the morning the scheme looked just as good to him as it had done overnight. And I am bound to say that I myself consider that it was a masterly solution. I am not one of those people who object to games of chance.

Elmer was breakfasting next morning, preparatory to going round to disclose his plan to Peter, when Peter walked in, looking happier than he had done for days.

"'Morning," said Elmer.

"'Morning," said Peter.

Peter sat down and toyed with a slice of bacon.

"I've got an idea," he said.

"One isn't many," said Elmer, bringing his knife down with a jerk shot on a fried egg. "What is your idea?"

"Got it last night as I was lying awake. It struck me that if either of us was to clear out of this place the other would have a fair chance. You know what I mean—with her. At present we've got each other stymied. Now how would it be," said Peter, abstractedly spreading marmalade on his bacon, "if we were to play an eighteen-hole match, the loser to leg it out of the neighborhood and stay away long enough to give the winner a chance to find out exactly how things stood?"

Elmer started so violently that he struck himself in the left eye with his fork.

"That's exactly the idea I got last night too."

"Then it's a go?"

"It's the only thing to do."

There was silence for a moment. Both men were thinking. Remember, they were friends. For years they had shared each other's sorrows, joys and golf balls and sliced into the same bunkers.

Presently Peter said: "I shall miss you."

"What do you mean, miss me?"

(Continued on Page 177)

The Next Afternoon, Happening to Encounter Peter in the Bunker Near the Eleventh Green, Elmer Said: "That Was a Nice Girl, That Miss What's-Her-Name"

Adventures in Interviewing Lord Northcliffe—By Isaac F. Marcosson

TO EMPLOY his precise title, the Viscount Northcliffe did not need a sensational break with Lloyd George to make him a world figure. So far as British affairs are concerned he was a vital factor long before Germany ran amuck. The war simply afforded a larger and more spectacular field for the play of his personality and the exercise of his powers. Curiously enough, peace has simply meant the beginning of another war for him.

The average reader need not be told at this late date that Northcliffe, the son of an Irish barrister, was an editor at seventeen, a newspaper owner at twenty-one, a magnate at thirty, a peer and an international personage at forty. All this belongs to formal biography. What concerns us is the intimate survey of his extraordinary war activities, the way he shaped events and galvanized journalism into a force that made and unmade governments.

This remarkable man made many of these adventures in interviewing possible. He himself, I might add, was the center of the most continuous and in many respects the most diverting adventure of them all.

I have been with him where the guns roared and also in the seclusion of the silent places. I have seen him at the throttle of his mighty engine of publicity. I have watched him in action with the statesmen he had helped to elevate. Everywhere and every time he disclosed some fresh facet of a character more many-sided even than that of the little Welshman whom he raised to high estate and with whom he is now engaged in bitter struggle.

In the preceding article I disclosed the real Lloyd George that I came to know during the war. The natural sequence is a revelation of the man who having been his good angel may yet develop into his Nemesis. Whatever happens the process is likely to make some stirring political history. In peace as in war it is almost impossible to speak of Northcliffe without touching Lloyd George at some phase of the performance. They are the two strongest personal influences in British life to-day. What follows is largely the story of the publisher's relations with the Premier—they bring in most of Britain's big war figures—together with side lights on the man and his methods.

The Life That He Loves Best in the World

Every great national crisis demands a practical person who can mold public opinion. England found him in Northcliffe. It was the first time in history that a newspaper proprietor filled the rôle. The authority wielded by Greeley and Dana was slight compared with the near-dictatorship exercised by the owner of The Times. There could be no stronger commentary on the power of printer's ink, which was as potent an aid in winning the war as the silver bullet of the investor or the gun of the fighting man. Northcliffe, it is true, battled through the medium of so-called "exposure." His muckraking, however—unlike some mud slinging for circulation purposes only—was constructive.

Men Who Cannot Afford Friendships

BEFORE we go into the inner narrative of what Northcliffe did in the war and how it was done it may be well to state the fundamental reason why he has been able to make his newspapers such effective agencies. I hinted at it in the previous article when I said that Northcliffe had kept himself aloof from entangling political alliances in order to be free and unhampered for independent criticism. It is the only way.

The late Joseph Pulitzer, who possibly had more of the Northcliffe quality than any other newspaper publisher, and for whom his British contemporary had a high admiration, once remarked:

"I am the loneliest man in the world. I cannot afford to have any friends. Men who dine at my table one night find themselves arraigned in my newspapers the next morning."

Without being lonely, for he has infinitely more resource than Pulitzer had, Northcliffe practically goes it alone. He sees and talks with many people, but he knows few. Many have thought they knew him. They soon discovered their mistake.

He once said to me: "If you know many people it is impossible to conduct a newspaper impersonally, and the only way to run a newspaper is to do it in the impersonal way.

"Friendships become costly luxuries to a publisher."

He has made it a rule for years to meet public men only at their offices or in his office. Thus they can never call him a social ingrate. Friendship has spoiled more business deals than anything else in the world. Northcliffe is determined that sentiment or the purely personal relation shall never interfere with a project of his. It explains his attacks on Kitchener, Lloyd George and Winston Spencer Churchill.

In the popular mind he was supposed to be the intimate friend of these men. He praised them highly in his publications. Not knowing the man they were perhaps lulled into security by the assumption that they were immune. Yet the moment Northcliffe believed that public service demanded that they should retire or change their methods he opened up his broadsides on them as if they had been the most absolute strangers. It explains the whole Northcliffe war procedure.

Northcliffe does not believe in much letter writing. In the years that I have known him I have received less than six letters from him. His favorite medium of communication is the telegram. It takes much less time and is safer. Besides, the publicity of the telegraph system does not inspire intimacy, and intimacy in turn is the real first aid to indiscreet speech.

You would naturally suppose that men who write or who deal in writing would be easy to interview. The contrary is often true. One of the most difficult tasks put up to me during the war was to make Sir James M. Barrie talk. Aloof, sensitive, taciturn, he is the type that must be stormed by speech into speech. My first experience with Barrie may serve to shed some light upon one method of approach. I had gone to England in 1915 mainly to interview Lloyd George and to get the English material for the Life of Charles Frohman which I was writing. Barrie was the center of the British end of the story. He and Lloyd George have two things in common: They are both short on stature and long on inaccessibility. By an odd coincidence I did not meet either of them until just before my departure. I have already told how I ran down Lloyd George. The conquest of Barrie was equally full of action.

When I reached London Barrie was up at Kirriemuir, which is the scene of all his Thrums stories. He knew that I was on the Frohman job, for I had written him from New York. Much as he wanted to help me—as he later admitted—he shied at being interviewed. He had never undergone the ordeal before. He developed into as admirable a side-stepper as Lloyd George. I went to France; returned to England; rounded up all the Frohman material except Barrie. Yet he was the Hamlet of the play. He had written me several times promising to show up. Suddenly he went off on a motor trip in Wales, thinking that he would escape.

I had only a week left, so I decided to force the issue. I sent him the following telegram:

> Cannot leave England without seeing you. No matter if you are in England, France, Ireland, Scotland or Wales I will come to you if only for an hour.

The next day I received a telegram from him saying that he would return to London and asking me to lunch with him at half past one on Monday at the Reform Club in Pall Mall. I was to sail on the Wednesday following.

Silent Barrie Speaks

AT ONE-THIRTY on the day he indicated I descended from a taxi in front of the old gray building in which Gladstone had so often eaten and where Thackeray had worked. Pacing up and down the sidewalk was a little man wearing a derby hat and with his hands clasped behind him. His back was turned, but I knew it was Barrie. I waited until he faced me and we met in this informal fashion.

His first words were: "Well, here I am."

In the dining room, a-clatter with the din of hungry people, I had my first interview with the shyest man in the world. With Barrie, as with other men of the same temperament, the approach is through congenial topic. In this particular case I had one in Charles Frohman, for whom the author of Peter Pan had a deep affection. Their relationship had been so intimate, however, that I knew he was averse to an immediate discussion of it. I followed the line of least resistance, which was an impersonal theme.

I felt instinctively that Barrie was absorbed in the war. He thought, ate and drank war. It had entered his soul. I was fresh from the Front. Into his ears I poured the story of what I had seen and heard—the tragic panorama of those early days. Whether he opened up in self-defense or not I cannot say. But before long this fascinating Scot began to talk with a frankness and a fluency that surprised me.

It seemed to me that only a moment had passed, so Barrie invited me to come to his flat the next evening. I spent the following day with Lloyd George. At ten o'clock at night I entered the book-lined study out of which the Little White Bird of Kensington Gardens had flown. We talked until three o'clock in the morning. I barely had time to pack and get the boat train for Liverpool.

Afterward, when an evening before the fire in this study was a feature of my London visits, Barrie told me that the reason why he had broken with me his invariable rule not to be interviewed was because I had forced him into speech by making it imperative for him to talk about something that vitally interested him. This experience emphasizes one of the cardinal principles of big interviewing.

Northcliffe is not a citadel of silence to be stormed into surrender. No grand strategy of approach or technic is required to make him loosen the flow of speech. Lloyd George craves exploitation, yet at the same time hedges himself about with all kinds of obstacles to make interviewing difficult. Northcliffe, on the other hand, who is

not precisely averse to publicity, is human, frank and accessible.

He is a great interviewer himself and he knows the job thoroughly. When he has anything to say for publication he writes it out. This is an unfailing custom. Thus he takes out insurance against inaccuracy. He once said to me: "If all public men would take the trouble to write out their views for publication the world would have an infinitely better opinion of them. There would be much less of what you Americans call side-stepping, and the whole profession of journalism would have a higher ethical standard."

Northcliffe interviews people much more effectively than the average person interviews him. Like a wise man he learns from everybody. He has an insatiate thirst for information. He started his first newspaper when he was a boy at school. His principal idea was to furnish information. It has been part of his publishing formula ever since.

I first met Northcliffe in 1915, when began the association which lasted throughout the war. It was just about the time that I had my first interview with Lloyd George. These two remarkable men were then lined up for a common cause. Northcliffe was good enough to be interested in my impressions of the extraordinary personality who was then making his way to international leadership.

I went to lunch with him in the Times Building in Printing House Square. Here Delane, who made The Times the Thunderer, labored in his great day. Here, before the imposing Georgian marble mantelpiece, British statesmanship has passed in critical review. Long before Lord Northcliffe took up his abode in this charming room The Times was an unofficial gazette—Britain's newspaper Bible.

When Northcliffe bought The Times British reaction—which is another word for her fogyism—shuddered. A great sacrilege had been committed against a public asset. As a matter of fact Northcliffe saved The Times from dry rot. Instead of giving it a yellow hue he maintained every one of its traditions. Moreover, it prints more news than ever before. He did, however, make one characteristic change: He fitted up a bedroom for himself in the building—on the theory that to run a newspaper successfully a man must be literally on the job day and night.

A Journalistic Rough Rider

LUNCHEON is usually served in Northcliffe's office at The Times. It was at this meeting in 1915 that he discussed the whole Kitchener matter with me very frankly. Though it has come up in conversation between us since that time it was then that I got the real reason for his historic arraignment of the hero of Khartum. He said:

"I was animated in this matter by two fundamental principles: One was the truth and the other was necessity."

Were I to write fifty thousand words about him I could not express the whole Northcliffe creed more emphatically or compactly than he stated it that day. The question "Is it true?" is the test applied to everything he prints. Nor does he ever wonder if what he publishes will hurt anyone. This applies to individuals as well as to political parties. He is a journalistic Rough Rider.

Northcliffe has been in America so often—I think he has made thirty-three trips during the last twenty years—that his features are familiar. His bulk of a body is surmounted by a smooth boyish face which alternately beams and gleams. Probe into the man's real self and you find a nature as whimsical as a woman's. He has something of that "immense and brooding spirit" that Kipling saw in Cecil Rhodes.

Such is the human mainspring behind the most powerful publicity machine ever created. Northcliffe owns sixty newspapers and periodicals, and their weekly circulation is well over twenty million copies. If only three people read one of his publications it means that he not only reaches the entire population of the United Kingdom every seven days, but could likewise supply Paris, Rome and New York with reading matter. His papers include The Times—which Abraham Lincoln called the most powerful thing in the world except the Mississippi River—The Daily Mail, The Evening News, The Weekly Dispatch, The Manchester Daily Mail and the Continental edition of The Daily Mail, which is published in Paris.

His Bulk of a Body is Surmounted by a Smooth Boyish Face Which Alternately Beams and Gleams

Northcliffe is field marshal of all these armies of print. They bend before his will, voice his views, project his antagonisms and are vitalized by his energy. At this point you may ask the natural question: "Why cannot a similar string of newspapers exercise a similar influence in the United States?"

The answer is easy. In the first place we have no Northcliffe. In the second place Northcliffe deals with a nation that has a common ancestry and that speaks and reads a common language. We, on the other hand, are a polyglot people, with conflicting racial heritages.

With this swift glimpse of his policy, personality and equipment we may now enter upon the historic part that Northcliffe played in the war drama.

When the war staggered civilization in August, 1914, Mr. Asquith was Prime Minister and also Secretary of State for War; Lloyd George was Chancellor of the Exchequer; Winston Spencer Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty. Lord Kitchener had started on his return journey to Egypt, where he was engaged on an important work, but was recalled by wireless and almost immediately took over the War portfolio. Such was the line-up in that particular domain of British statesmanship which was to know the Northcliffe thunderbolt before the great struggle had registered the first real epoch of its fateful progress.

The case of Kitchener—who first drew the lightning—and Northcliffe is rather striking when you know the facts and get a dispassionate perspective. Not only did Northcliffe help to invent Kitchener as a popular press hero—he sent the lamented G. W. Steevens as correspondent for The Daily Mail on the Khartum expedition—but The Times was perhaps the loudest proclaimer of Kitchener's eligibility as War Lord in 1914. I happen to know that Northcliffe never had the slightest animosity toward Kitchener, though many people still believe that they were deadly enemies. He arraigned the great soldier because he felt that emergency demanded it. Just as he prefers to know men through their work, so does he assail them through the same medium. He seldom deals in personalities.

In those early days of the war Northcliffe scarcely knew the present Prime Minister. Lloyd George had fastened upon Northcliffe long before Northcliffe saw in him the instrument of what he believed to be Britain's salvation. Lloyd George has always loved publicity and Northcliffe had it to give in torrents. Besides, Lloyd George felt that his hour had struck the moment the world saw red. His canny Welsh eye was already on the premiership. He realized that discreet personal exploitation would make the way easier. Likewise Lloyd George possessed the pep and punch that the publisher regarded as absolutely essential to the successful administration of state affairs.

Getting this whole situation down to what we would call the brass tacks you discover in the last analysis that these two men were useful to each other. This is the real basis of most human relationships.

The Case of K. of K.

NORTHCLIFFE'S first big journalistic explosion in the war was his demand for publicity in the conduct of the war. Here he had his initial clash with both Asquith and Kitchener, who, so far as this all-important matter was concerned, belonged to a departed generation. Lloyd George was wise enough to side with the publisher. From this moment Destiny decreed that they should supplement each other in the eye and councils of the nation.

It was an hour that demanded virile leadership and frank speech. England saw through the war glass darkly. The civilized world stood appalled at the Lusitania horror. What would be next? Still the Germans swept on. No small part of their advance was due to overwhelming preponderance of munitions and more especially high explosives. Up to this time the British Armies in the field had been suffering from a shortage of both shells and guns. In certain sectors British guns were rationed.

Down in that stately chamber in Whitehall sat Kitchener. He saw the conflict, certainly so far as ammunition was concerned, in terms of the Boer War. Shrapnel had been effective in South Africa, so he sent shrapnel to France. But the whole science of war had changed. German frightfulness combined with an amazing industrial resourcefulness had made human slaughter a fine art. The devil had to be fought with fire.

Northcliffe put his finger immediately upon the need of the moment. Unlike rocking-chair critics of the war, who wrote at safe and long range, he went to the Front himself and found out what was going on. His invariable policy is to see things himself. He knew that England's hope lay in the instant reform of her munitions output. He sent Colonel Repington, the military critic of The Times, to France. As the guest of Lord French at British General Headquarters he had exceptional facilities. In a dispatch referring to the British attacks at Fromelles and Richebourg he wrote: "The want of an unlimited supply of high explosives was a fatal bar to our success."

(Continued on Page 157)

Northcliffe Interviews People Much More Effectively Than the Average Person Interviews Him

THE NINTH PART OF A HAIR

In the Meantime Klox Tried to Cultivate Eileen. The Girl Obsessed Him. He Pursued Her

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

KLOX, the patrolman, was not a married man; nor had he any blood kin to offer him a home. Therefore he lived in a rooming house and put money into the bank every month. His room served him as a place to sleep and to keep his clothes. He ate his meals abroad.

The room was comfortable enough. It was what is called a square room, as opposed to a side room. There was a marble-fronted mock fireplace; there was a large closet with a yellow-oak door; there was a brass bed marked by a deep depression where Klox was accustomed to lay himself; there was a springless morris chair, and a straight chair of yellow oak; and by the windows there was a rickety little table covered with a face towel instead of a table cover.

The pictures on the walls, except for one brilliant group of oranges and apples and grapes, were of Klox's choosing; and they evinced a sumptuous taste in women, and a general uncleanness in this respect that was depressing.

Klox himself was a depressing man. He was still in his twenties; but he looked older. His eyes were small and, as the New Englanders say, they "came out of the same hole." His forehead slanted backward from bulging frontals in an apelike fashion. His nose was long and slightly curved; and his lips were wide and moist. This man, in his uniform pants, with his coat and collar laid aside, was sitting at the little table by the window writing on a pad of paper.

He had decided to kill a man that night; he counted on this note that he was writing to kill another, and perhaps two.

His pad of paper was of the cheapest variety. His pen scratched unsteadily. He was chewing his tongue as he worked. And that which he wrote was laboriously misspelled; the letters were misformed with care. Also, it was the fruit of a number of earlier experiments in composition; and these fragments were littered about him where he sat.

He did not intend that this note should ever be traced to him; and he had taken his precautions to that end. The paper on which he was writing he had borrowed from another room on the same floor. Klox was on night-patrol duty just now; so that he was in his room in the daytime when the other inhabitants of the house were away. He found it easy to stroll through their rooms and take what he needed.

He had fetched the pen and ink from a room on the floor above. He would return pen and ink and paper when he was done.

The note was not long; only a matter of half a dozen straggling lines. When it was finished he signed it "Jake." Jake was not his name. It was the name of a professional friend of Dapper Colley, for whom the note was intended. Jake and Dapper were both master burglars, far past the apprentice stage.

It was Dapper, and possibly Jake, whom this note was intended to destroy.

When the thing was done it read thus:

> Daper: Be at Hildebrand and Twentieth, oposit the fountain, too o'clock tonite. Summthing good on.
>
> [Signed] JAKE.

Klox read over this product of his pen; then he scrawled laboriously at the bottom:

> Burne thiss.

The result pleased him. He grinned, and his eyes half closed in contemplation of the thing which he meant to do.

Dane Warren was the man he meant to kill. Klox was going to kill him because he hated him. There were a great many people who hated Dane Warren; and most of them had reason. Warren was a broker of a rather unscrupulous mold. He had begun with a bucket shop somewhere in the Middle West; and he made enemies there. From the bucket shop he graduated into a business that was outwardly legitimate; actually it was otherwise. He made money, not wisely but too well. He had a way with men that made them want to knock him down; he had a way with women that made men want to shoot him. His death was overdue.

Klox, assigned to the district where Warren lived, had picked up a casual acquaintance with the broker. Klox was a saving man; he liked to put money into the bank, but he also liked to see it breed and multiply. He asked Warren one day for a suggestion, a tip. Warren gave it to him, and Klox lost seven hundred dollars thereby. He said nothing to Warren about the matter, but after that day Klox was a boiling vessel of hate where Warren was concerned.

He had begun almost at once to think how pleasant it would be to kill Warren. Now he had devised the method; he had planned to cover his tracks; and he was going to do it.

Brooding in his room upon the details of his project Patrolman Klox smiled with exultant anticipation; and he licked his wet lips as though at a sweet taste upon his tongue.

He was going to kill Warren; but Warren after all was only half the matter. Dapper Colley—Dapper and Eileen O'Rawn—they were the other half. He hated Dapper Colley a little more than he hated Warren, but for another reason. With Warren the reason was money; with Dapper the reason was—Eileen.

Eileen was the sort of girl men sing songs about. Take her as she stood, obliterate her surroundings, and she might have been Helen of Troy, or Cleopatra, or any other woman whose beauty was fit to ring adown the world. She was at this time just past her twentieth birthday; she had never been so lovely; she would never be lovelier. As for details, her hair was a brown that was almost black, and her eyes were as blue as the sea, and her skin was tawny and warm. Also, her lips were laughing.

and they were very red; and her voice was like the deep note of a harp's plucked string, thrumming the hearts of men. She was graceful, she was friendly, she was brave.

Among other things she was the cashier of a little restaurant away downtown where no one ever goes except the folk who live there. Klox had dropped in one day for his dinner; and Klox had never seen a girl like Eileen before. He talked with her over his dinner check as long as she would let him; and he came back once during the afternoon, and again for supper. Such girls as Eileen are like touchstones; they find the gold and the dross in men. Eileen brought to the surface the dross in Klox.

For that matter Klox was all dross. There was very little good in the man. Eileen did not like him.

But if Eileen found the dross in Klox it was different with Dapper Colley. She found the gold in Dapper; and there was fair measure of it, too, even though Dapper was a burglar. Dapper met her as Klox had met her; but she liked Dapper, and he used to go and see her on Sunday afternoons. He never told her the source of his livelihood. She understood that he was on the night shift at the electrical plant. He had never actually told her so, but Eileen thought he had, and believed what she thought he had said. This shows that Dapper was clever. As a matter of fact he knew more about electricity than most electricians.

Eileen and Dapper had decided to get married. The matter was being delayed till Dapper should have saved a little more money. They had told no one about it. It was their own business. Dapper meant to quit his burglarious profession for something more respectable when the time should come.

In the meantime Klox tried to cultivate Eileen. The girl obsessed him. He pursued her. One day he encountered her with Dapper at one of the beaches. Klox was not in uniform; nevertheless, he stopped the two and tried to get Eileen to leave Dapper. Eileen refused, and Dapper Colley knocked Klox down in a proficient fashion that discouraged Klox. Dapper told Eileen to wait for him elsewhere—he was afraid of an arrest for assault, and did not want her to be involved—and when Klox got to his feet he told the patrolman flatly to keep away from his girl.

"Your girl?" Klox sneered. "You crook! How long will she be your girl when I tell her what you are?"

Dapper's eyes blazed and he said huskily: "How long will you be alive after you tell her, you big stiff?"

Klox was brave enough in a crafty way; and in this game, where all the weapons were on his side, he had no intention of fighting it out with fists. So he grinned and said placatingly:

"Hell, you don't think I meant that. I'm not going to tell her."

"If I thought you was," said Dapper, "I'd kick you off where you stand."

"Can't you take a joke?"

Dapper's right hand flicked furtively beneath his coat; and Klox saw in the other man's palm a short-barreled revolver. "Is this a joke?" Dapper demanded.

Klox looked at the weapon. He would remember it if he ever saw it again. The front sight was gone, and there was a flake chipped off the black rubber handle. He looked at the revolver, and he looked round them, up and down the beach. "Stick that away," he said, "before some cop spots it. And—don't show it to me when I'm on duty or I'll have to run you in. I don't want to do that."

"You sure don't want to try it," said Dapper. "Now, hit the trail. Get out!"

Klox moved away. Later, when Dapper and Eileen went bathing in the surf, the patrolman came within eye range and watched them. Eileen was very beautiful as she and Dapper larked in the sea or danced afterward upon the sand.

Klox had decided not long after that that he had no particular chance with Eileen; certainly not so long as Dapper was about. That is to say, he had no fair chance with her. As to unfair methods—Dapper was a thoroughly effective guard. If it were not for Dapper, Klox thought he knew how the matter might be managed. The patrolman's acquaintance was wide and unsavory. If it were not for Dapper ——

It was quite natural and inevitable that in the end he should consider the feasibility of removing Dapper. The only question was, how should the thing be done?

The other day in one American city a patrolman on duty saw two men jump out of a window and run. He followed them, overhauled them steadily, till they turned up a narrow flight of stairs into a tenement house. When he started up the stairs after them the men stopped at the top and opened fire on him with their automatics.

In the face of that fire and without drawing his own gun the officer went up the stairs, clubbed one man into unconsciousness and overpowered the other. He was surprised at the publicity that came to him thereafter. The incident had been all in the day's work.

That sort of patrolman is typical of the force; Klox is not. No one can know the average policeman without respecting him for a husky, self-respecting, hard-working citizen who knows his job and does it. No one, on the other hand, could know Klox without despising and perhaps fearing him. He was as dangerous as a copperhead, and as treacherous as one.

One morning an uptown precinct reported a burglary to headquarters. Orders were sent out to round up the burglarious gentry and see which of them had done this thing. Klox went to tell Dapper Colley he was wanted at headquarters, but when he got to Dapper's room the burglar was not there.

Klox went into the room and looked round; he opened a bureau drawer or two, and he came upon Dapper's revolver, dropped carelessly among a litter of collars and ties. He recognized it at once. The broken handle and the missing front sight identified it. He stood there, looking down at it where it lay, for perhaps a minute. And in that minute the first germ of his idea was born.

At the end of the minute he took out his handkerchief, wrapped it round the muzzle of the weapon without touching the steel with his fingers, and dropped the revolver into his coat pocket. Then he went away. Dapper's lodging house catered to men whose goings and comings were hidden and discreet; and no one saw Klox come in or depart. He took the weapon home and hid it under his shirts. He thought he might have use for it some day.

It was three days before he had worked out the details of his plan; it was another week before, through a judicious cultivation of the cook in Dane Warren's house, he had acquired the necessary preliminary information. During this time the Fates that like to play with a man were working in his behalf. Dapper Colley had been out of town, not on professional business. He had left his revolver behind; and when he came home it happened that he did not notice it was missing. Klox could not have asked for better luck.

Dapper got back to town on the morning that saw Klox writing that note: he had been in his room only a few minutes. When he came down to go out—he was planning to go and see Eileen—he found the note waiting for him on the hat stand in the lower hall.

Klox had found a boy on the corner a block away to drop the note through the letter slot at Dapper's address. He had watched till he saw the errand completed; then he turned away and moved uptown.

He was pleased with himself; he was pleased with his plans for what was to come; he was pleased with the world.

At twelve o'clock that night Patrolman Klox went on duty. His beat ran along Twentieth Street, from Hildebrand north. Dane Warren's home was on Twentieth, in the block between Hildebrand and

The Well-Oiled Door Swung Open Without a Whisper of Noise. Klox Stepped Inside

(Continued on Page 54

The Business of Theatrical Management—By David Belasco

IN A PUBLISHED letter of Dion Boucicault's that past master of stage art writes: "If we are to found a native American drama it can only be done by the collusion of the dramatists and the press." In the closing years of his life, when I knew him well, Boucicault often expressed that opinion to me in various forms, and he coupled it with the declaration that only in the same way could "authentic management" of the theater be achieved. I do not entirely agree with those opinions of the old dramatist and manager; I see no sufficient reason, no excuse, for collusion. But I do most powerfully and potently believe that the native American drama and, even more, the management of the American theater, would greatly benefit if the majority of contemporary press writers on theatrical subjects would first carefully inform themselves as to the conditions which obtain and govern in the theatrical calling; and, secondly, cultivate and in their public commentaries manifest a spirit of sympathetic coöperation, appreciative interpretation and fraternal encouragement, rather than the far too frequently displayed spirit of captious fault-finding and harsh, ill-founded censure. It seems to me that the present general attitude of newspaper writers toward the producing manager resembles closely that of a war party of Indian braves toward a captive about to make a desperate effort to save himself by trying to run the gantlet.

I do not speak in any personal resentment or as a man with a grievance. Far from it, indeed! All the many ventures that I have scattered abroad are richly prosperous; the general approval of the current productions which it has been my privilege to place before the public is most gratifying, and materially I have abundant reason to be content. Nevertheless, I do feel in this time, when every man, woman and child who chooses to utter strictures on the theater is given a hearing, that a veteran manager, who has observed and carefully studied every aspect of theatrical management and theatrical life during the period of the last half century, may without impropriety also venture to speak, and without asperity or offense to contravene certain widely held, unreasonable and mischievous theories.

Lenore Ulric as Rose Bocion, in Tiger Rose

Different Days, Different Ways

WHEN the profession of theatrical management is under discussion I would urge contemporary writers for the press to pause, reflect, consider; to remember that, in Grover Cleveland's pithy words, we who manage theaters, equally with those who direct affairs of state,

"are confronted by a condition, not a theory." Writers, I opine, should exercise strict fairness if not charity of judgment in forming and expressing their views.

There are two complaints frequently made against the generality of theatrical managers; and—if I may venture to say so—made against me, in particular, which I wish here to examine and refute. Those two complaints—really the twin-barreled weapon of one unreasonable dissatisfaction—are first: Why do you not establish and maintain a permanent repertoire company, on the old-time stock model; and secondly: Why do you not produce Shakspere and the legitimate drama?

It does not require much space to make those formidable-sounding inquiries. Properly to answer them, however, and to dispose of them, does. Nevertheless, I propose to do so.

To the first of those complaining questions I reply: It is absolutely impossible to maintain in present conditions a repertoire company that even approximates the old-time organizations of that class, and the managers and directors of the best of those old companies—Betterton, Garrick, Kemble, Macready, Charles Kean, Phelps, Charles Calvert, Bancroft, Irving, Hallam, Dunlap, the elder Wallack, Gilfert, Ford, Lester Wallack, Davenport, Edwin Booth, McCullough, Barrett, Daly, Palmer, the revered progenitors of our managerial tribe—would not attempt to maintain such companies in present-day conditions; if they did attempt it they would fail. "Different days, different ways."

Consider: In the first place those old managers did not, as regards their gallery, pit or balcony audiences, have anything to compete with which is even remotely comparable with that literally hydra-headed industry of to-day, the motion-picture business. The theaters themselves in the olden times were, moreover, few. To-day they are many—far, far too many, I think, for the best interests of acting. But that is beside the question. "That that is, is!" and with it must we managers deal. The competition of the motion-picture business, moreover, has hindered the regular theater very many millions—and you do take away the life of the theater and of the drama when you do take away the means whereby they live.

It is an old adage and a good one that "Figures cannot lie." For that reason cold figures often tell a tale far more impressively than any other narrator could tell it. Let us, then, hearken a little to what cold figures say about the problems of establishing and maintaining in present conditions first-class representative repertoire companies, and of reviving the masterpieces of drama with such casts as our fathers used to enjoy. To take the essential matter of the players first.

The Scarcity of Good Actors

THE percentage of first-rate actors has not, according to my experience and observation, kept pace with the immense increase of our population. The circumstances of recent and contemporary life, say what you may about the superiority of the present over the past, are not the best, not the most conducive to creation and development of histrionic temperament—and I am a firm believer in the decisive effect of environment on the character and temperament of each succeeding generation born into this world. As there were not many theaters of any kind in the olden days, and as there were very few first-class theaters, the concentration of the best actors into those few theaters was then largely the result of the irresistible operation of natural law. But in modern conditions, which we face, the natural law works the other way—it is the scattering of the best actors that largely is inevitable. In other words, we have only a slight increase in the number of first-class actors, but an immense increase in the number of theaters and companies to be served by them.

Those facts—for facts they are—about the number of first-rate actors available to-day are even more important in a fair estimate of the actual obstacles to present establishment and maintenance of first-class, old-style repertoire companies than is the comparative difficulty encountered by all actors of recent times in obtaining widely varied histrionic experience. If we possessed the full requirement of raw material, so to speak, we could devise means to train it; but if the actors are not first born we cannot make them.

I would here illustrate and emphasize the opinion I have just expressed by a few comparative figures. First permit me, however, to say I think it would be most unfair to compare the repertoire of almost any actor, remote or recent, with any so phenomenal as that of Sir Henry Irving, whose grand total was 671 recorded parts. Let us, rather, take more normal repertoires—fair representatives of the average. Edwin Booth, in the years of his novitiate, when he was learning his business—1852–56—played about one hundred parts; from 1857 to his retirement in 1891—thirty-four years—he played not more than twenty-five parts and customarily only about fifteen. Edwin Forrest played altogether perhaps ninety parts; but from 1837 to his retirement, 1871, he played only about one dozen. John McCullough, first and last, played about 160 parts, but his regular repertoire comprised less than twenty. Joseph Jefferson, though he acted a total of more than one hundred parts, during the greater part of his career—1865 to his retirement in 1904—confined himself to eight parts; much of that time to four; and in some years to only one!

I trust I shall not be misunderstood in my setting forth of this

Working Out a New Lighting Effect in the Mysterious Studio of His Theater

matter. I do not agree with the great Salvini, who declared that an actor can gain all the professional training he requires, alone, in a room ten feet square. On the contrary I am a disciple of the old régime, an admirer of it and an advocate—and always have been so—of the widest possible experience for actors. The point I wish to emphasize is that many of the very best actors of earlier times possessed no wider, no more versatile professional experience than is possessed by many actors of to-day—who often in that respect are unjustly belittled by comparison with their predecessors.

Consider some of the principal players whom it is my good fortune to direct at the present time. For example, the delicate and brilliant actress, Miss Frances Starr—in my opinion one of the most accomplished women of our stage—has been under my management for thirteen years, during one of which she did not act at all, and in that time has personated nine different and sharply contrasted characters. She had previously, however, assumed more than 190 others, of all sorts. During nearly thirty-five years Edwin Booth, who previously had acted not more than one hundred parts, confined himself to about fifteen. If Miss Starr remains on the stage twenty-five years longer her active repertoire will, I am sure, much exceed fifteen characters. Mr. O. P. Heggie has played about one hundred parts. Mr. Lawrence Atwill, the same; Mr. Whitford Kane, 135; Mr. Fuller Mellish, about three hundred; Mr. Bruce McRae, about one hundred; and Mr. John Cope more than four hundred. That wonderful little artist, Miss Lenore Ulric, though she has been on the stage only eight years has played more than 125 parts.

Increased Costs

THESE records—and scores more like them could be cited—compare very favorably with those of many of the greatest artists of earlier periods—particularly in the case of younger players. No, valuable as the old-style repertoire training unquestionably was and would be to-day, the lack of it is not the main difficulty to be met in re-establishing resident stock companies. You give me the raw material—the actors by nature—and one way or another I will guarantee to see them properly and thoroughly trained.

The overhead and investment costs which a resident producing manager must meet to-day are so much greater than those of the old time that really a fair comparison is impossible. And it is in costs that understanding of the problem must be sought. Forty years ago you could take a disused armory or an old church and at comparatively trifling expense turn it into a theater. Daly, for example, did the latter when he opened his second theater, at 728 Broadway. You cannot do that or anything like it to-day. The erection of theaters is now so hedged about by building and fire department laws and regulations, increasing all costs so much, that it is hardly an exaggeration to say you could buy a theater in the good old times for the yearly rental of one to-day.

To look at the subject from a little different angle: Daly paid nine thousand dollars a year as rent for one of his New York theaters—and the running expenses of my Belasco Theater, independent of production investment, have sometimes amounted to almost that sum in a single week. In the palmy days of the old Union Square Theater that house was operated for, all told, about twenty-five hundred dollars a week. Rope, canvas, muslin, paint, hardware, electric lamps, illumination, paper, printing, labor—the ten thousand and one items of managerial expense—cost variously from fifty to five hundred per cent more to-day than they did in the times of Wallack and Booth and Daly and Palmer.

But as equipment and upkeep costs are after all investment charges they are not, burdensomely excessive as they have become, the crux of our problem; that crux is the demands of actors and dramatic authors—but chiefly, of course, those of the former, though the authors' royalties are formidable items too. Booth, for example, playing to $10,000 the week, in Richelieu, paid no royalty; and in his day when royalties were paid the usual rate on five-act tragedies was five dollars an act per night—say, $175 on a week's run. But Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, playing Caesar and Cleopatra to $10,000 a week, paid Mr. George Bernard Shaw a ten per cent royalty—$1000!

But what of the actors? Will not they, for whom so much is done, in turn do their part for their noble art? Well, if I may be pardoned for dropping into the vernacular to answer, "not so as you would notice it!" I will illustrate here the difference between to-day and yesterday in part from my personal experiences—cited because I can speak with absolute authority and with most effect on some points from my own history. For instance, thirty-odd years ago, here in New York, in a first-class theater of the old style, I gave the very best of my strength and heart and soul, working as a stage manager—and I took thirty-five dollars a week for doing so. Even as late as the last five years of Daly's life—1894–99—actors who played for him such parts as Duke Orsino, in Twelfth Night; Claudio, in Much Ado; Oliver, in As You Like It, and Lucentio, in The Shrew—and played them most admirably too—received forty to sixty dollars a week for doing so; and were glad to get it! In one instance known to me a young actor who played a vitally important part, opposite to Miss Ada Rehan, received thirty dollars a week. "Walking gentlemen," "utility men," in Daly's company received fifteen to forty dollars a week.

Let us now consider presentment of one of the great masterpieces in a time much earlier than 1894–99. Let us take, for illustration, a cast of the principal parts in Othello, as acted at Booth's Theater—not a special or all-star cast, but a regular one, in the second season at that house. We will simply compare what actually it cost Booth in salaries and what, approximately, the nearest possible approach to it to-day would cost me. The amounts in the first column of figures in the following table are the salaries paid by Booth; those figures have very courteously been furnished to me by J. Henry Magonigle, long Booth's business manager and personal friend. Those in the second column are approximately the salaries I should have to pay:

OTHELLO, WEEK OF MARCH 29, 1871, AT BOOTH'S

CHARACTERS.		BOOTH'S ACTUAL SALARIES	APPROXIMATE [illegible]
Othello	LAWRENCE BARRETT	$100	$[illegible]
Iago	EDWIN BOOTH	Mgr.-nominal	4000
Cassio	WILLIAM E. SHERIDAN	90	750
Duke of Venice	A. W. FENNO	75	175
Brabantio	D. C. ANDERSON	100	200
Lodovico	JOHN J. [illegible]	75	250
Roderigo	ROBERT PATEMAN	75	400
Desdemona	BLANCHE DE BAR .	75	400
Emilia	BELLA PATEMAN . . .	75	500
		$665 + say, $100	$8675

Mr. Belasco Directing a Rehearsal of Tiger Rose

Add to that $8675 the other salaries—a matter in my case of at least $1500, not including the business and mechanical staffs of my theater—and we have $10,175. Add to that the cost of production, at least $35,000, and then add the fixed costs of operating and carrying the theater. If anybody assumes that I have placed too high the salaries I would be required to pay for artists such as are mentioned in Booth's cast I beg to say this: Please tell me quickly, where can I hire an Edwin Booth for $4000 a week; a Barrett for $2000; or a Sheridan for $750? Barrett, after his success with Booth and even as early as 1875, received from Jarrett & Palmer $1000 a week. When the late Lewis Waller was brought to this country—October, 1911—to act the apostate monk, Boris Androvsky, in The Garden of Allah, a part which, alongside of Othello or Iago—in which parts, by the way, Booth and Barrett alternated, thus doing double labor—is mere child's play, he received $2500 a week for doing it. Now Mr. Waller was a fine actor, one of the best of his time, and I admired and respected him as much as anyone did; but I venture to assert that nobody competent to have an opinion would rank him on a parity with Booth, Barrett or Sheridan.

Then and Now

LET us turn from the field of Shaksperean revivals and listen to what the cold figures say about that of the resident stock companies, presenting miscellaneous drama—old comedy and new, melodrama, farce, and so on. The following members of Lester Wallack's company received as weekly salaries the amounts in the first column of figures at the right of their names. These figures, I would say, were courteously furnished to me by Wallack's son, Mr. Arthur Wallack. Many of the salaries cited elsewhere have been kindly provided by my old friend and colleague, Mr. William Seymour. I should have to pay as weekly salaries for actors approximately as competent, playing the "same lines of business," the amounts printed in the second column:

SALARY LISTS, PERMANENT REPERTOIRE COMPANIES—THEN—AND NOW

COMPANY	L. WALLACK	D. BELASCO
OSMOND TEARLE	$175	$[illegible]
WILLIAM [illegible]	150	450
JOHN GILBERT	145	500
HERBERT KELCEY	100	400
W. [illegible]	80	250
"HARRY" PITT	75	150
HENRY EDWARDS	75	300
ROSE COGHLAN	200	500
ANNIE ROBE	125	300
MME. PONISI	75	350
EFFIE GERMON	75	250
	$1,265	$3950

(Continued on Page 118)

FREE AIR

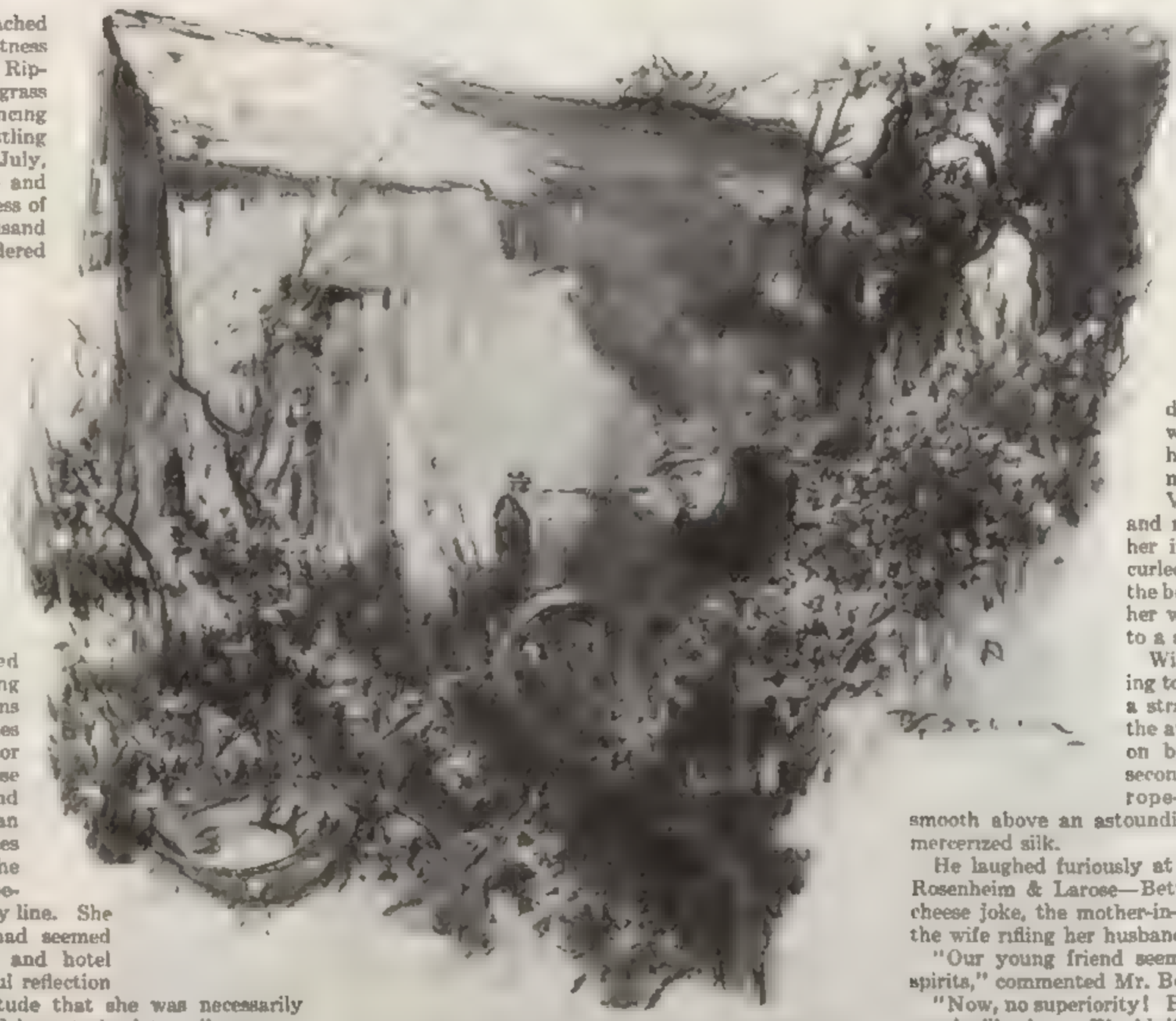
By SINCLAIR LEWIS

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

VI

NEVER a tawny-beached ocean has the sweetness of the prairie slew. Rippling and blue, with long grass up to its edge, a spot of dancing light set in the miles of rustling wheat, it retains even in July, on an afternoon of glare and brazen locusts, the freshness of a spring morning. A thousand slews, a hundred lakes bordered with rippling barley or tinkling bells of the flax, Claire Boltwood passed. She had left the occasional groves of oak and poplar and silver birch, and come out on the treeless Great Plains.

She had learned to call the slews "pugholes," and to watch for ducks at twilight. She had learned that about the pugholes flutter choirs of crimson-winged blackbirds; that the ugly brown birds squatting on fence rails were the divine-voiced meadow larks; that among the humble cowbird citizens of the pastures sometimes flaunted a scarlet tanager or an oriole; and that no rose garden has the quaint and hardy beauty of the Indian paintbrushes and rag babies and orange milkweed in the prickly burnt-over grass between roadside and railway line. She had learned that what had seemed rudeness in garage men and hotel clerks was often a resentful reflection of her own Eastern attitude that she was necessarily superior to a race she had been trained to call common people. If she spoke up frankly, they made her one of their own and gave her companionable aid.



It Was a Young Poet, Rimeless and Inarticulate, Who Huddled Behind the Bushes and Thought of the Girl He Would Never See Again

For two days of sunshine and drying mud she followed a road flung straight across flat wheatlands, then curving among low hills. Often there were no fences; she was so intimately in among the grain that the wheels of the car brushed wheat stalks, and she became no stranger, but a part of all this vast-horizoned land. She forgot that she was driving, as she let the car creep on, while she was transported by armadas of clouds—prairie clouds, wisps of vapor like a ribbed beach, or mounts of cumulus swelling to gold-washed snowy peaks.

The friendliness of the bearing earth gave her a calm that took no heed of passing hours. Even her father, the abstracted man of affairs, nodded to dusty people along the road; to a jolly old man whose bulk rolled and shook in a tiny rhythmically creaking buggy; to women in the small abrupt towns with their huge red elevators and their long flat-roofed stores.

Claire had discovered America, and she felt stronger, and all her days were colored with the sun.

She had discovered, too, that she could adventure. No longer was she haunted by the apprehension that had whispered to her as she had left Minneapolis. She knew a thrill when she hailed—as though it were a passing ship—an Illinois car across whose dust-caked back was a banner—Chicago to the Yellowstone. She experienced a new sensation of common humanness when on a railway paralleling the wagon road for miles the engineer of a freight waved his hand to her and tooted the whistle in greeting.

Her father was easily tired, but he drowsed through the early afternoons when a none-too-digestible small-town lunch was as lead within him. Despite the beauty of the land and the joy of pushing on they both had things to endure.

After lunch it was sometimes an agony to Claire to keep awake. Her eyes felt greasy from the food or smarted with the sun glare. In the still air after the morning breeze had been burnt out the heat from the engine was a torment about her feet; and if there was another car ahead the trail of dust sifted into her throat. Unless there was traffic to keep her awake she nodded at the wheel; she was merely a part of a machine that ran on without seeming to make any impression on the prairie's endlessness.

Over and over there were the same manipulations—slow for downhill, careful of sand at the bottom; letting her out on a smooth stretch; waving to a lonely farmwife in her small baked dooryard; slow to pass a haywagon; gas for up the next hill; and repeat the round all over again. But she was joyous till noon; and with midafternoon a new strength came, which, as rose crept above the golden haze of dust, deepened into serene meditation.

And she was finding the one secret of long-distance driving—namely, driving; keeping on, thinking by fifty-mile units, not by the ten-mile stretches of Long Island runs; and not fretting over anything whatever. She seemed charmed; if she had a puncture—why, she put on the spare. If she ran out of gas—why, any passing driver would lend her a gallon. Nothing, it seemed, could halt her level flight across the giant land.

She rarely lost her way. She was guided by the friendly trail signs—those big red R's and L's on fence post and telephone pole, magically telling the way from the Mississippi to the Pacific.

Her father's occasional musing talk kept her from loneliness. He was a good touring companion. Motoring is not the best occasion for epigrams, satire, and the Good One You Got Off at the Lambs Club last night. Such verbiage on motor trips invariably results in the mysterious finding of the corpse of a strange man, well dressed, hidden beside the road. Claire and her father mumbled "Good farmhouse—brick," or "Nice view," and smiled; and were for miles as silent as the companionable sky.

Claire thought of the people she knew, especially of Jeff Saxton. But she could not clearly remember his lean earnest face. Between her and Jeff were sweeping sunny leagues. But she was not lonely. Certainly she was not lonely for a young man with a raincoat, a cat and an interest in Japan.

No singer after a first concert has felt more triumphant than Claire when she crossed her first state line—rumbled over the bridge across the Red River into North Dakota. To see Dakota car licenses everywhere, instead of Minnesota, was like the sensation of street signs in a new language. And when she found a good hotel in Fargo and had a real bath she felt that by her own efforts she had earned the right to enjoy it.

Mr. Boltwood caught her enthusiasm. Dinner was a festival, and in iced tea the peaceful *conquistadores* drank the toast of the new Spanish Main; and afterward arm in arm went chattering to the movies.

In front of the Royal Palace—Pictures, 4 Great Acts Vaudeville 4—was browsing a small beetlelike tin-covered car.

"Dad! Look! I'm sure—yes, of course; there's his suitcase. That's the car of that nice boy—don't you remember?—the one that pulled us out of the mud at—I don't remember the name of the place. Apparently he's keeping going. I remember: he's headed for Seattle too. We'll look for him in the theater. Oh, the darling, there's his cat! What was the funny name he gave her—the Marchioness Montmorency or something?" Lady Vere de Vere, afraid of Fargo and movie crowds, but trusting in her itinerant castle, the bug, was curled in Milt Daggett's ulster in the bottom of the car. She twinkled her whiskers at Claire, and purred to a stroking hand.

With the excitement of one trying to find the address of a friend in a strange land Claire looked over the audience when the lights came on before the vaudeville. In the second row she saw Milt's stiffish rope-colored hair—surprisingly smooth above an astoundingly clean new tan shirt of mercerized silk.

He laughed furiously at the dialogue between Pete—Rosenheim & Larose—Bettina, though it contained the cheese joke, the mother-in-law joke, and the joke about the wife rifling her husband's pockets.

"Our young friend seems to have enviable youthful spirits," commented Mr. Boltwood.

"Now, no superiority! He's probably never seen a real vaudeville show. Wouldn't it be fun to take him to the Winter Garden or the Follies for the first time! . . . Instead of being taken by Jeff Saxton, and having the humor—oh, so articulately explained!"

The pictures were resumed; the film which, under ten or twelve different titles, Claire had already seen, even though Brooklyn Heights does not devote Saturday evening to the movies. The bad man; the sheriff—an aged party with whiskers and boots; the hold-up; the sad eyes of the sheriff's daughter—also an aged party, but with a sunbonnet and the most expensive rouge; the crook's reformation and his violent adherence to law and order; this libel upon the portions of these United States lying west of Longitude 101° Claire had seen too often.

She dragged her father back to the hotel, sent him to bed and entered her room—to find a telegram upon the bureau.

She had sent her friends a list of the places at which she would be likely to stop. The message was from Jeff Saxton, in Brooklyn. It brought to her mind the steady shine of his glasses—the most expensive glasses, with the very best curved lenses—as it demanded:

Received letter about trip. Surprised. Anxious. Will tire you out: fatigue prairie roads bad for your father. Mountain roads dangerous; strongly advise go only part way, then take train. GEOFFREY.

She held the telegram, flipping her fingers against one end of it as she debated. She remembered how the wide world had flowed toward her over the hood of the Gomez all day. She wrote in answer:

Awful perils of road, two punctures, split infinitive, eggs at lunch questionable, but struggle on.

Before she sent it she held counsel with her father. She sat on the foot of his bed and tried to sound dutiful: "I don't want to do anything that's bad for you, daddy. But isn't it taking your mind away from business?"

"Ye-es; I think it is. Anyway, we'll try it a few days more."

"I fancy we can stand up under the strain and perils. I think we can persuade some of these big farmers to come to the rescue if we encounter any walruses or crocodiles among the wheat. And I have a feeling that if we ever get stuck our friend of the Teal bug will help us."

"Probably never see him again. He'll skip on ahead of us."

"Of course. We haven't laid an eye on him along the road. He must have got into Fargo long before we did. Now to-morrow I think ——"

VII

IT WAS Claire's first bad day since the hole in the mud. She had started gallantly, scooting along the level road that flies straight west of Fargo. But at noon she encountered a restaurant that made eating seem an evil.

That they might have fair fame among motorists the commercial club of Reaper had set at the edge of town a sign—Welcome to Reaper, a Live Town—Speed Limit 8 Miles per hr. Being interpreted that sign meant that if you went much over twenty miles an hour on the main street people might glance at you; and that the real welcome—the only impression of Reaper that tourists were likely to carry away—was the welcome in the one restaurant. It was called the Eats Garden. As Claire and her father entered they were stifled by a belch of smoke from the frying pan in the kitchen. The room was blocked by a huge lunch counter; there was only one table, covered with oilcloth decorated with venerable spots of dried egg yolk.

The waiter-cook, whose apron was gravy-patterned, with a border and stomacher of plain gray dirt, grumbled "Whadyuhwant?"

Claire sufficiently recovered to pick out the type from the fly specks on the menu, and she ordered a small steak and coffee for her father; for herself tea, boiled eggs, toast.

"Toast? We ain't got any toast!"

"Well, can't you make it?"

"Oh, I suppose I could."

When they came the slices of toast were an inch thick, burnt on one side and raw on the other. The tea was bitter and the eggs watery. Her father reported that his steak was high-test rawhide, and his coffee—well, he wasn't sure just what substitute had been used for chicory, but he thought it was lukewarm quinine.

Claire raged: "You know, this town really has aspirations. They're beginning to build such nice little bungalows; and there's a fine clean bank. Then they permit this scoundrel to advertise the town among strangers—influential strangers, in motors—by serving food like this! I suppose they think they arrest criminals here, yet this restaurant man is a thief to charge real money for food like this. Yes, and he's a murderer!"

"Oh come now, Dolly!"

"Yes he is, literally. He must in his glorious career have given chronic indigestion to thousands of people—shortened their lives by years. That's wholesale murder. If I were the authorities here I'd be indulgent to the people who only murder one or two people, but imprison this cook for life. Really, I mean it!"

"Well, he probably does the best he ——"

"He does not! These eggs and this bread were perfectly good before he did black magic over them. And did you see the contemptuous look he gave me when I was so eccentric as to order toast? O Reaper, Reaper, you desire a modern town, yet I wonder if you know how many thousands of tourists go from coast to coast, cursing you? If I could only hang that restaurant man—and the others like him—in a rope of his own hempen griddle cakes! The Great American Frying Pan! I don't expect men building a new town to have time to read Hugh Walpole, but I do expect them to afford a cook who can fry eggs!"

As she paid the check Claire tried to think of some protest that would have an effect on the obese wits of the restaurant man. In face of his pink puffiness she gave it up. Her failure as a Citizeness Fixit sent her out of the place in a fury, carried her on in a dusty whirl till the engine spat, sounded tired and reflective, and said it guessed it wouldn't go any farther that day.

Now that she had something to do Claire became patient.

"Run out of gas. Isn't it lucky I got that can for an extra gallon?"

But there was plenty of gas. There was no discernible reason why the car should not go. She started the engine. It ran for half a minute and quit. All the plugs showed sparks. No wires were detached in the distributor. There was plenty of water, and the oil was not clogged. And that ended Claire's proud knowledge of the inside of a motor.

She stopped two several motorists. The first was sure that there was dirt on the point of the needle valve in the carburetor. While Claire shuddered lest he never get it back he took out the needle valve, wiped it, put it back—and the engine was again started; and again with great promptness it stopped.

The second Good Samaritan knew that one of the wires in the distributor must be detached, and though she assured him that she had inspected them he looked pityingly at her smart sports suit, said "Well, I'll just take a look," and removed the distributor cover. He also scratched his head, felt of the fuses under the cowl, scratched his cheek, poked a finger at the carburetor, rubbed his ear, said "Well, uh ——," looked to see if there was water and gas, sighed "Can't just seem to find out what's the trouble," shot at his own car, and escaped.

Claire had been highly grateful and laudatory to both of them—but she remained here, ten miles from nowhere. It was a beautiful place. Down a hill the wheat swam toward a village whose elevator was a glistening tower. Mud hens gabbled in a slew, alfalfa shone with unearthly green, and bees went junketing toward a field of red clover. But she had the motorist's fever to go on. The road behind and in front was very long, very white—and very empty.

Her father, out of much thought and a solid ignorance about all of motoring beyond the hiring of chauffeurs and the payment of bills, suggested, "Uh, Dolly, have you looked to see if these, uh —— Are the fuses all right?"

"Yes, dear; I've looked at 'em three times so far," she said, just a little too smoothly

On the hill five miles to eastward a line of dust, then a small car. As it approached, the driver must have sighted her and increased speed. He came up at thirty-five miles an hour.

"Now we'll get something done! Look! It's a bug—a flivver or a Teal or something. I believe it's the young man that got us out of the mud."

Milt Daggett stopped and casually greeted them: "Why, hello, Miss Boltwood. Thought you'd be way ahead of me some place!"

"Mrwr," said Vere de Vere. What this meant the historian does not know.

"No; I've been taking it easy. Mister—er—I can't quite remember your name."

"Milt Daggett."

"There's something the matter with my car. The engine will start, after it's left alone a while, but then it stalls. Do you suppose you could tell what it is?"

"I don't know. I'll see if I can find out."

"Then you probably will. The two other men knew everything. One of them was the inventor of wheels, and the other discovered skidding. So of course they couldn't help me."

Milt added nothing to her frivolity, but his smile was friendly. He lifted the round rubber cap of the distributor. Then Claire's faith tumbled in the dust. Twice had the wires been tested. Milt tested them again. She was too tired of botching to tell him he was wasting time.

"Got an oil can?" he hesitated.

Through a tiny hole in the plate of the distributor he dripped two drops of oil—only two drops.

"I guess maybe that's what it needed. You might try her now and see how she runs," he said mildly.

Dubiously Claire started the engine. It sang jubilantly, and it did not stop. Again was

"Good Night," She Whispered, "and Thank You—Oh, Thank You"

the road open to her. Again was the settlement over there, to which it would have taken her an hour to walk, only six minutes away.

She stopped the engine, beamed at him—there in the dust on the quiet hilltop. He said as apologetically as though he had been at fault, "Distributor got dry. Might give it a little oil about once in six months."

"We are so grateful to you! Twice now you've saved our lives."

"Oh, I guess you'd have gone on living! And if drivers can't help each other, who can?"

"That's a good start toward world fellowship, I suppose. I wish we could do—return your lunch or —— Mr. Daggett! Do you read books? I mean —"

"Yes, I do when I run across them."

"Mayn't I gi— lend you these two that I happen to have along? I've finished them; and so has father, I think."

From the folds of the strapped-down top she pulled out Compton Mackenzie's Youth's Encounter, and Vachel Lindsay's Congo. With a curious faint excitement she watched him turn the leaves. His blunt fingers flapped through them as though he was used to books.

As he looked at Congo he exclaimed, "Poetry! That's fine! Like it, but I don't hardly ever run across it. I—say—I'm terribly obliged!"

His clear face lifted, sun-brown and young and adoring. She had not often seen men look at her thus. Certainly Jeff Saxton's painless worship did not turn him into the likeness of a knight among banners. Yet the good Geoffrey loved her, while to Milt Daggett she could be nothing more than a strange young woman in a car with a New York license. If her tiny gift could so please him how poor he must be.

"He probably lives on some barren farm," she thought, "or he's a penniless mechanic hoping for a good job in Seattle. How white his forehead is!"

But aloud she was saying, "I hope you're enjoying your trip."

"Oh, yes. I like it fine. You having a good time? Well—well, thanks for the books."

She was off before him. Presently she exclaimed to Mr. Boltwood: "You know—just occurs to me—it's rather curious that our young friend should be so coincidental as to come along just when we needed him."

"Oh, he just happened to, I suppose," hemmed her father.

"I'm not so sure," she meditated, while she absently watched another member of the Poultry Suicide Club rush out of a safe ditch, prepare to take leave for immortality, change her fowlish mind, flutter up over the hood of the car, and come down squawking her indignities to the barnyard. "I'm not so sure about his happening —— No. I wonder if he could possibly —— Oh, no, I hope not. Flattering, but —— You don't suppose he could be deliberately following us?"

"Nonsense! He's a perfectly decent young chap."

"I know. Of course. He probably works hard in a garage and is terribly nice to his mother and sisters at home. I mean—I wouldn't want the dear lamb to be a devoted knight, though. Too thankless a job."

She slowed the car down to fifteen an hour. For the first time she began to watch the road behind her. In a few minutes a moving spot showed in the dust three miles back. Oh, naturally; he would still be behind her. Only —— If she stopped, just to look at the scenery, he would go on ahead of her. She stopped for a moment—for a time too brief to indicate that anything had gone wrong with her car. Staring back she saw that the bug stopped also, and she fancied that Milt was out standing beside it, peering with his palm over his eyes—a spy, unnatural and disturbing in the wide peace.

She drove on a mile and halted again; again halted her attendant. He was keeping a consistent two to four miles behind, she estimated.

"This won't do at all," she worried. "Flattering, but somehow —— Whatever sort of a cocoon-wrapped hussy I am, I don't collect scalps. I won't have young men serving me—graft on them—get amusement out of their struggles. Besides—suppose he became just a little more friendly each time he came up, all the way from here to Seattle? . . . Fresh. . . . No, it won't do."

She ran the car to the side of the road.

"More trouble?" groaned her father.

"No. Just want to see scenery."

"But—there's a good deal of scenery on all sides, without stopping, seems to me!"

"Yes, but ——"

She looked back. Milt had come into sight; had paused to take observations. Her father caught it.

"Oh, I see. Pardon me. Our squire still following? Let him go on ahead? Wise lass."

"Yes. I think perhaps it's better to avoid complications."

"Of course."

Mr. Boltwood's manner did not merely avoid Milt; it abolished him.

She saw Milt after five minutes of stationary watching start forward. He came dustily rattling up with a hail of "Distributor on strike again?" so cheerful that it hurt her to dismiss him. But she had managed a household.

She was able to say suavely: "No, everything is fine. I'm sure it will be now. I'm afraid we are holding you back. You mustn't worry about us."

"Oh, that's all right!"—breezily. "Something might go wrong. Say, is this poetry book ——"

"No, I'm sure nothing will go wrong now. You mustn't feel responsible for us. But—uh—you understand we're very grateful for what you have done; and—uh—perhaps we shall see each other in Seattle?"

She made it brightly interrogatory.

"Oh, I see."

His hands gripped the wheel. His cheeks had been too ruddily tinted by the Dakota sun to show a blush, but his teeth caught his lower lip. He had no starter on his bug; he had in his embarrassment to get out and crank. He did it quietly, not looking at her. She could see that his hand trembled on the crank. When he did glance at her as he drove off it was apologetically, miserably. His foot was shaking on the clutch pedal.

The dust behind his car concealed him. For twenty miles she was silent, save when she burst out to her father: "I do hope you're enjoying the trip. It's so easy to make people unhappy. I wonder —— No; had to be done."

VIII

ON THE morning when Milt Daggett had awakened to sunshine in the woods north of Gopher Prairie he had discovered the golden age. As mile on mile he jogged over new hills without having to worry about getting back to his garage in time to repair somebody's car, he realized that for the past two years he had forced himself to find contentment in building up a business that had no future.

Now he laughed and whooped; he drove with one foot inelegantly and enchantingly up on the edge of the cowl; he made Lady Vere de Vere bow to astounded farmers; he went to the movies every evening—twice in Fargo; and when the chariot of the young prince swept to the brow of a hill he murmured, not in the manner of a bug driver, but with a stinging awe, "All that big country! Ours to see, puss! We'll settle down some day and be solid citizens and raise families and wheeze when we walk, but—all those hills to sail over and —— Come on! Lez sail!"

He attended the motion pictures nightly. As recently as one week before, he had preferred those earnest depictions in which hard-working moral actors shoot one another or ride the most uncomfortable horses up mountain sides. But now, with a mental apology to that propagandist of lowbrowism, the absent Mac, he chose the films in which the leading men wore evening clothes, and no one ever did anything without being assisted by a "man." Aside from the pictures Milt's best tutors were traveling men. Though he measured every cent and for his campfire dinners bought modest chuck steaks he had at least one meal a day at a hotel—to watch the traveling men.

To Claire traveling men were merely commercial persons in hard-boiled suits. She identified them with the writing-up of order slips on long littered writing tables, and with hotels that reduced the delicate arts of dining and sleeping to gray greasiness. But Milt knew traveling men. He knew that not only were they the missionaries of business, supplementing the taking of orders by telling merchants how to build up trade, how to trim windows and treat customers like human beings; but also that they, more than the local ministers and doctors and teachers and newspaper men, were the agents in spreading

(Continued on Page 97)

"I Can Drive This Boat 's Well as You Can. You Make One Move to Stop and I Steer Her Over. Steele! Down the Bank!"

A DAMSEL IN DISTRESS

By Pelham Grenville Wodehouse

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

Maud's Heart Was as Light as the Breeze That Ruffled the Green Hedges

XIV

GEORGE'S idea was to get home quick. There was no possible chance of a second meeting with Maud that night. They had met and had been whirled asunder. No use to struggle with fate. Best to give in and hope that another time fate would be kinder. What George wanted now was to be away from all the gay glitter and the fairylike *tout ensemble* and the galaxy of fair women and brave men, safe in his own easy-chair, where nothing could happen to him. A nice sense of duty would no doubt have taken him back to his post in order fully to earn the sovereign which had been paid to him for his services as temporary waiter; but the voice of duty called to him in vain. If the British aristocracy desired refreshments, let them get them for themselves—and like it! He was through.

But if George had for the time being done with the British aristocracy, the British aristocracy had not done with him. Hardly had he reached the hall when he encountered the one member of the order whom he would most gladly have avoided.

Lord Belpher was not in genial mood. Late hours always made his head ache, and he was not a dancing man; so that he was by now fully as weary of the fairylike *tout ensemble* as was George. But, being the center and cause of the night's proceedings, he was compelled to be present to the finish. He was in the position of captains who must be the last to leave their ships and of boys who stand on burning decks whence all but them had fled. He had spent several hours shaking hands with total strangers and receiving with a frozen smile their felicitations on the attainment of his majority; and he could not have been called upon to meet a larger horde of relations than had surged round him that night if he had been a rabbit. The Belpher connection was wide, straggling over most of England; and first cousins, second cousins, and even third and fourth cousins had debouched from practically every county on the map and marched upon the home of their ancestors. The effort of having to be civil to all of these had told upon Percy. Like the heroine of his sister Maud's favorite poem he was "aweary, aweary," and he wanted a drink. He regarded George's appearance as exceedingly opportune.

"Get me a small bottle of champagne and bring it to the library."

"Yes, sir."

The two words sound innocent enough, but, wishing as he did to efface himself and avoid publicity, they were the most unfortunate which George could have chosen. If he had merely bowed acquiescence and departed, it is probable that Lord Belpher would not have taken a second look at him. Percy was in no condition to subject everyone he met to a minute scrutiny. But when you have been addressed for an entire lifetime as "your lordship," it startles you when a waiter calls you "sir." Lord Belpher gave George a glance in which reproof and pain were nicely mingled, emotions quickly supplanted by amazement. A gurgle escaped him.

"Stop!" he cried, as George turned away.

Percy was rattled. The crisis found him in two minds. On the one hand, he would have been prepared to take oath that this man before him was the man who had knocked off his hat in Piccadilly. The likeness had struck him like a blow the moment he had taken a good look at the fellow. On the other hand, there is nothing which is more likely to lead one astray than a resemblance. He had never forgotten the horror and humiliation of the occasion, which had happened in his fourteenth year, when a motherly woman at Paddington Station had called him "dearie" and publicly embraced him, on the erroneous supposition that he was her nephew Philip. He must proceed cautiously. A brawl with an innocent waiter, coming on the heels of that infernal episode with the policeman, would give people the impression that assailing the lower orders had become a hobby of his.

"Sir?" said George politely.

His brazen front shook Lord Belpher's confidence.

"I haven't seen you here before, have I?" was all he could find to say.

"No, sir," replied George smoothly. "I am only temporarily attached to the castle staff."

"Where do you come from?"

"America, sir."

Lord Belpher started.

"America!"

"Yes, sir. I am in England on a vacation. My cousin Albert is page boy at the castle, and he told me there were a few vacancies for extra help to-night, so I applied and was given the job."

Lord Belpher frowned perplexedly. It all sounded entirely plausible. And, what was satisfactory, the statement could be checked by application to Keggs, the butler. And yet there was a lingering doubt. However, there seemed nothing to be gained by continuing the conversation.

"I see," he said at last. "Well, bring that champagne to the library as quick as you can."

"Very good, sir."

Lord Belpher remained where he stood, brooding. Reason told him he ought to be satisfied, but he was not satisfied. It would have been different had he not known that this fellow with whom Maud had become entangled was in the neighborhood. And if that scoundrel had had the audacity to come and take a cottage at the castle gates, why not the audacity to invade the castle itself?

The appearance of one of the footmen, on his way through the hall with a tray, gave him the opportunity for further investigation.

"Send Keggs to me!"

"Very good, your lordship."

An interval and the butler arrived. Unlike Lord Belpher late hours were no hardship to Keggs. He was essentially a night-blooming flower. His brow was as free from wrinkles as his shirt front. He bore himself with the conscious dignity of one who, while he would have freely admitted he did not actually own the castle, was nevertheless aware that he was one of its most conspicuous ornaments.

"You wished to see me, your lordship?"

"Yes. Keggs, there are a number of outside men helping you to-night, aren't there?"

"Indubitably, your lordship. The unprecedented scale of the entertainment necessitated the engagement of a certain number of supernumeraries," replied Keggs, with an easy fluency which Reggie Byng, now cooling his head on the lower terrace, would have bitterly envied. "In the circumstances, such an arrangement was inevitable."

"You engaged all these men yourself?"

"In a manner of speaking, your lordship, and for all practical purposes, yes. Mrs. Digby, the 'ousekeeper, conducted the actual negotiations in many cases, but the arrangement was in no instance considered final till I had passed upon each applicant."

"Do you know anything of an American who says he is the cousin of the page boy?"

"The boy Albert did introduce a nominee whom he stated to be 'is cousin 'ome from New York on a visit and anxious to oblige. I trust 'e 'as given no dissatisfaction, your lordship? He seemed a respectable young man."

"No, no, not at all. I merely wished to know if you knew him. One can't be too careful."

"No, indeed, your lordship."

"That's all then."

"Thank you, your lordship."

Lord Belpher was satisfied. He was also relieved. He felt that prudence and a steady head had kept him from making himself ridiculous. When George presently returned with the life-saving fluid, he thanked him and turned his thoughts to other things.

But if the young master was satisfied, Keggs was not. Upon Keggs a bright light had shone. There were few men, he flattered himself, who could more readily put two and two together and bring the sum to a correct answer. Keggs knew of the strange American gentleman who had taken up his abode at the cottage down by Platt's farm. His looks, his habits, and his motives for coming there had formed food for discussion throughout one whole meal in the servants' hall; a stranger whose abstention from brush and palette showed him to be no artist being an object of interest. And while the solution put forward by a romantic lady's maid, a great reader of novelettes, that the young man had come there to cure himself of some unhappy passion by communing with Nature, had been scoffed at by the company, Keggs had not been so sure that there might not be something in it. Later events had deepened his suspicion, which now, after this interview with Lord Belpher, had become certainty.

The extreme fishiness of Albert's sudden production of a cousin from America was so manifest that only his preoccupation at the moment when he met the young man could

have prevented him seeing it before. His knowledge of Albert told him that, if one so versed as that youth in the art of swank had really possessed a cousin in America, he would long ago have been boring the servants' hall with fictions about the man's wealth and importance. For Albert not to lie about a thing practically proved that thing nonexistent. Such was the simple creed of Keggs.

He accosted a passing fellow servitor.

"Seen young blighted Albert anywhere, Freddy?"

It was in this shameful manner that that master-mind was habitually referred to belowstairs.

"Seen 'im going into the scullery not 'arf a minute ago," replied Freddy.

"Thanks."

"So long!" said Freddy.

"Be good!" returned Keggs, whose mode of speech among those of his own world differed substantially from that which he considered it became him to employ when conversing with the titled.

The fall of great men is but too often due to the failure of their miserable bodies to give the necessary support to their great brains. There are some, for example, who say that Napoleon would have won the battle of Waterloo if he had not had dyspepsia. Not otherwise was it with Albert on that present occasion. The arrival of Keggs found him at a disadvantage. He had been imprudent enough, on leaving George, to endeavor to smoke a cigar, purloined from the box which stood hospitably open on a table in the hall. But for this, who knows with what cunning counterattacks he might have foiled the butler's onslaught? As it was, the battle was a walk-over for the enemy.

"I've been looking for you, young blighted Albert!" said Keggs coldly.

Albert turned a green but defiant face to the foe.

"Go and boil yer 'ead!" he advised.

"Never mind about my 'ead. If I was to do my duty by you, I'd give you a clip side of your 'ead, that's what I'd do."

"And then bury it out in the woods," added Albert, wincing as the consequences of his rash act swept through his small form like some nauseous tidal wave. He shut his eyes. It upset him to see Keggs shimmering like that. A shimmering butler is an awful sight.

Keggs laughed a hard laugh.

"You and your cousins from America!"

"What about my cousins from America?"

"Yes, what about them? That's just what Lord Belpher and me have been asking ourselves."

"I don't know what you're talkin' about."

"You soon will, young blighted Albert! Who sneaked that American fellow into the 'ouse to meet Lady Maud?"

"I never!"

"Think I didn't see through your little game? Why, I knew from the first."

"Yes, you did! Then why did you let him into the place?"

Keggs snorted triumphantly.

"There! You admit it! It was that feller!"

Too late Albert saw his false move, a move which, in a normal state of health, he would have scorned to make. Just as Napoleon, minus a stomachache, would have scorned the blunder that sent his cuirassiers plunging to destruction in the sunken road.

"I don't know what you're torkin' about," he said weakly.

"Well," said Keggs, "I 'aven't time to stand 'ere chatting with you. I must be going back to 'is lordship, to tell 'im of the 'orrid trick you played on him."

A second spasm shook Albert to the core of his being. The double assault was too much for him. Betrayed by the body, the spirit yielded.

"You wouldn't do that, Mr. Keggs!"

There was a white flag in every syllable.

"I would, if I did my duty."

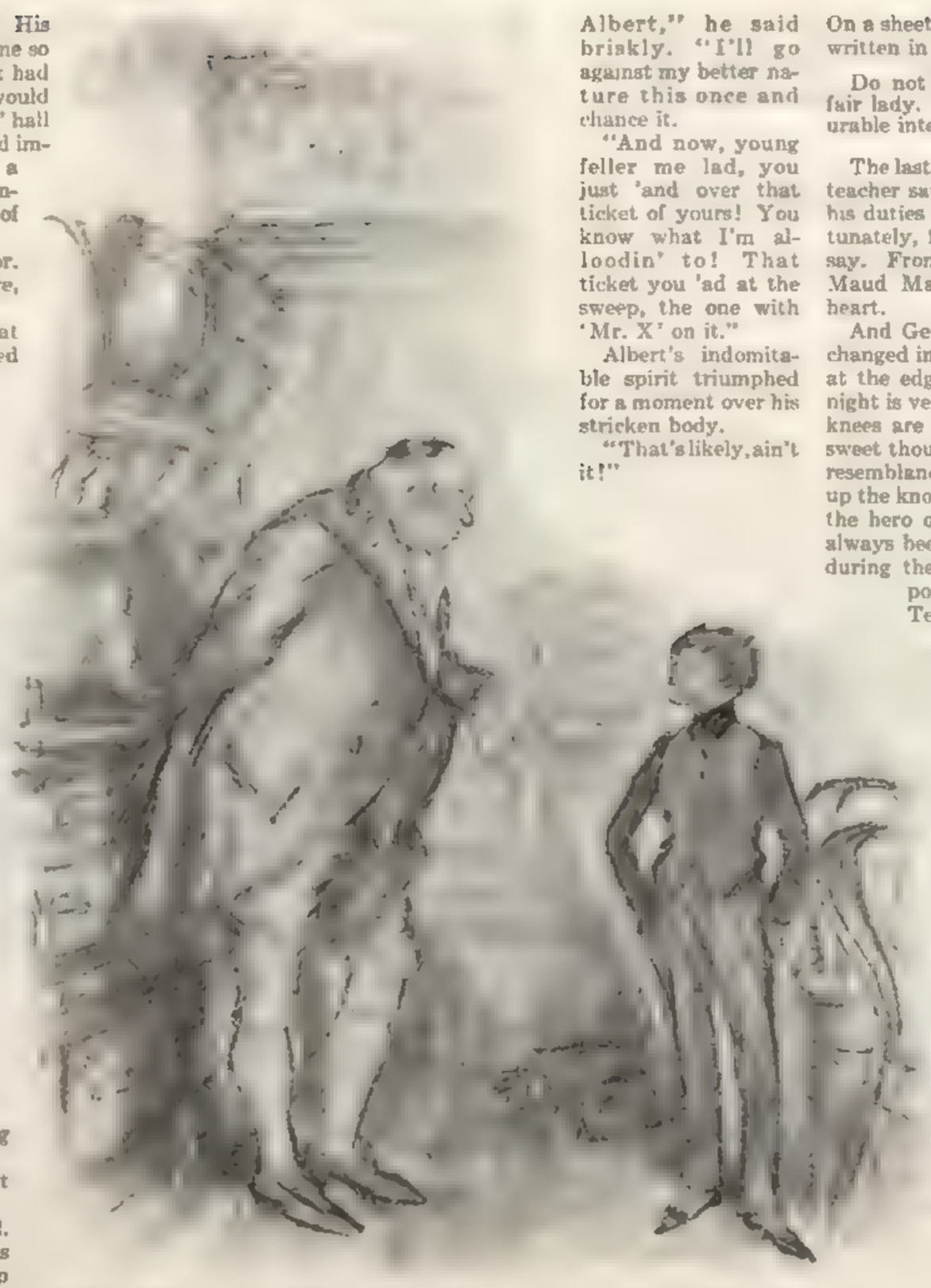
"But you don't care about that," urged Albert ingratiatingly.

"I'll 'ave to think it over," mused Keggs. "I don't want to be 'ard on a young boy." He struggled silently with himself. "Ruinin' 'is prospecks!" An inspiration seemed to come to him. "All right, young blighted Albert," he said briskly. "I'll go against my better nature this once and chance it.

"And now, young feller me lad, you just 'and over that ticket of yours! You know what I'm alloodin' to! That ticket you 'ad at the sweep, the one with 'Mr. X' on it."

Albert's indomitable spirit triumphed for a moment over his stricken body.

"That's likely, ain't it!"



"And Now, Young Feller Me Lad, You Just 'and Over That Ticket of Yours!"

Keggs sighed—the sigh of a good man who has done his best to help a fellow being and has been baffled by the other's perversity.

"Just as you please," he said sorrowfully. "But I did 'ope I shouldn't 'ave to go to 'is lordship and tell 'im 'ow you've deceived him."

Albert capitulated.

"'Ere you are!" A piece of paper changed hands. "It's men like you wot lead to 'arf the crime in the country!"

"Much obliged, me lad."

"You'd walk a mile in the snow, you would," continued Albert, pursuing his train of thought, "to rob a starving beggar of a 'alfpenny!"

"Who's robbing anyone? Don't you talk so quick, young man. I'm going to do the right thing by you. You can 'ave my ticket marked 'Reggie Byng.' It's a fair exchange, and no one the worse."

"Fat lot of good that is!"

"That's as it may be. Anyhow, there it is." Keggs prepared to withdraw. "You're too young to 'ave all that money, Albert. You wouldn't know what to do with it. It wouldn't make you 'appy. There's other things in the world besides winning sweepstakes. And, properly speaking, you ought never to have been allowed to draw at all, being so young."

Albert groaned hollowly.

"When you've finished torkin' I wish you'd kindly 'ave the goodness to leave me alone. I'm not myself."

"That," said Keggs cordially, "is a bit of luck for you, my boy. Accept my 'eartiest felicitations!"

Defeat is the test of the great man. Your true general is not he who rides to triumph on the tide of an easy victory, but the one who, when crushed to earth, can bend himself to the task of planning methods of rising again. Such a one was Albert, the page boy. Observe Albert in his attic bedroom scarcely more than an hour later. His body has practically ceased to trouble him, and his soaring spirit has come into its own again. With the exception of a now very occasional spasm, his physical anguish has passed, and he is thinking, thinking hard. On the chest of drawers is a grubby envelope, addressed in an ill-formed hand to

R. Byng, Esq.

On a sheet of paper, soon to be placed in the envelope, are written in the same hand these words:

Do not dispare! Remember! Fante hart never won fair lady. I shall watch your futur progres with considurable interest. Your Well-Wisher.

The last sentence is not original. Albert's Sunday-school teacher said it to Albert on the occasion of his taking up his duties at the castle, and it stuck in his memory—fortunately, for it expressed exactly what Albert wished to say. From now on Reggie Byng's progress with Lady Maud Marsh was to be the thing nearest to Albert's heart.

And George meanwhile? Little knowing how fate has changed in a flash an ally into an opponent, he is standing at the edge of the shrubbery near the castle gate. The night is very beautiful; the barked spots on his hands and knees are hurting much less now, and he is full of long sweet thoughts. He has just discovered the extraordinary resemblance, which had not struck him as he was climbing up the knotted sheet, between his own position and that of the hero of Tennyson's Maud, a poem to which he has always been peculiarly addicted, and never more so than during the days since he learned the name of the only possible girl. When he has not been playing golf, Tennyson's Maud has been his constant companion.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,
Come hither, the dances are done,
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
Queen lily and rose in one;
Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,
To the flowers, and be their sun.

The music from the ballroom flows out to him through the motionless air. The smell of sweet earth and growing things is everywhere.

Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown,
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone;
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the rose is blown.

He draws a deep breath, misled young man! The night is very beautiful. It is near to the dawn now and in the bushes live things are beginning to stir and whimper.

"Maud!"

Surely she can hear him?

"Maud!"

The silver stars looked down dispassionately. This sort of thing has no novelty for them.

XV

LORD BELPHER'S twenty-first birthday dawned brightly, heralded in by much twittering of sparrows in the ivy outside his bedroom. These Percy did not hear, for he was a sound sleeper and had had a late night. The first sound that was able to penetrate his heavy slumber and rouse him to a realization that his birthday had arrived was the piercing cry of Reggie Byng on his way to the bathroom across the corridor. It was Reggie's disturbing custom to urge himself on to a cold bath with encouraging yells; and the noise of this performance, followed by violent splashing and a series of sharp howls as the sponge played upon the Byng spine, made sleep an impossibility within a radius of many yards. Percy sat up in bed and cursed Reggie silently. He discovered that he had a headache.

Presently the door flew open, and the vocalist entered in person, clad in a pink bathrobe and very tousled and rosy from his tub.

"Many happy returns of the day, Boots old thing!"

Reggie burst rollickingly into song. He was not saddest when he sang. Others were.

I'm twenty-one to-day!
Twenty-one to-day!
I've got the key of the door!
Never been twenty-one before!
And father says I can do what I like!
So shout Hip-hip-hooray!
I'm a jolly good fellow,
Twenty-one to-day!

Lord Belpher scowled morosely.

"I wish you wouldn't make that infernal noise!"

"What infernal noise?"

"That singing!"

"This man has wounded me!" said Reggie.

"I've a headache."

"I thought you would have, laddie, when I saw you getting away with the liquid last night. An X-ray photograph of your liver would show something like a crumpled oak-leaf studded with hobnails. You ought to take more exercise, dear heart. Except for sloshing that policeman, you haven't done anything athletic for years."

"I wish you wouldn't harp on that affair!"

Reggie sat down on the bed.

"Between ourselves, old man," he said confidentially, "I also, I myself, Reginald Byng, in person, was perhaps

a shade polluted during the evening. I give you my honest word that just after dinner I saw three versions of your uncle, the bishop, standing in a row side by side. I tell you, laddie, that for a moment I thought I had strayed into a Bishop's Beano at Exeter Hall, or the Athenæum, or wherever it is those chappies collect in ganga. Then the three bishops sort of congealed into one bishop, a trifle blurred about the outlines, and I felt relieved. But what convinced me that I had emptied a flagon or so too many was a rather rummy thing that occurred later on. Have you ever happened, during one of these feasts of reason and flows of soul, when you were bubbling over with *joie de vivre*—have you ever happened to see things? What I mean to say is, I had a deuced odd experience last night. I could have sworn that one of the waiter-chappies was that fellow who knocked off your hat in Piccadilly."

Lord Belpher, who had sunk back onto the pillows at Reggie's entrance and had been listening to his talk with only intermittent attention, shot up in bed.

"What!"

"Absolutely! My mistake, of course, but there it was. The fellow might have been his double."

"But you've never seen the man!"

"Oh, yes, I have. I forgot to tell you. I met him on the links yesterday. I'd gone out there alone, rather expecting to have a round with the pro., but finding this lad there, I suggested that we might go round together. We did eighteen holes, and he licked the boots off me. Very hot stuff he was. And after the game he took me off to his cottage and gave me a drink. He lives at the cottage next door to Platt's farm, so, you observe, it was the identical chappie. We got extremely matey. Like brothers! Absolutely! So you can understand what a shock it gave me when I found what I took to be the same man serving bracers to the multitude the same evening. One of those nasty jars that cause a fellow's head to swim a bit, don't you know, and make him lose confidence in himself."

Lord Belpher did not reply. His brain was whirling. So he had been right after all!

"You know," pursued Reggie seriously, "I think you are making the bloomer of a lifetime over this hat-swatting chappie. You've misjudged him. He's a first-rate sort, take it from me! Nobody could have got out of the bunker at the fifteenth hole better than he did. If you'll take my advice you'll conciliate the feller. A really first-class golfer is what you need in the family. Besides, even leaving out of the question the fact that he can do things with a niblick that I didn't think anybody except a pro. could do, he's a corking good sort. A stout fellow in every respect. I took to the chappie. He's all right! Grab him, Boots, before he gets away, that's my tip to you. You'll never regret it! From first to last this lad didn't foozle a single drive, and his approach-putting has to be seen to be believed. Well, got to dress, I suppose. Mustn't waste life's springtime sitting here talking to you. Toodle-oo, laddie! We shall meet anon!"

Lord Belpher leaped from his bed. He was feeling worse than ever now, and a glance into the mirror told him that he looked rather worse than he felt. Late nights and insufficient sleep, added to the need of a shave, always made him look like something that should have been swept up and taken away to the ashbin. And as for his physical condition, talking to Reggie Byng never tended to make you feel better when you had a headache. Reggie's manner was not soothing, and on this particular morning his choice of a topic had been unusually irritating. Lord Belpher told himself that he could not understand Reggie. He had never been able to make his mind quite clear as to the exact relations between the latter and his sister Maud, but he had always been under the impression that, if they were not actually engaged, they were on the verge of becoming so, and it was maddening to have to listen to Reggie advocating the claims of a rival as if he had no personal interest in the affair at all. Percy felt for his complaisant friend something of the annoyance which a householder feels for the watchdog whom he finds fraternizing with the burglar. Why, Reggie, more than anyone else, ought to be foaming with rage at the insolence of this American fellow in coming down to Belpher and planting himself at the castle gates. Instead of which, on his own showing, he appeared to have adopted an attitude toward him which would have excited remark if adopted by David toward Jonathan. He seemed to spend all his spare time frolicking with the man on the golf links and hobnobbing with him in his house.

Lord Belpher was thoroughly upset. It was impossible to prove it or to do anything about it now, but he was convinced that the fellow had wormed his way into the castle in the guise of a waiter. He had probably met Maud and plotted further meetings with her.

One thing was certain, the family honor was in his hands. Anything that was to be done to keep Maud away from the intruder must be done by himself. Reggie was hopeless; he was capable, as far as Percy could see, of escorting Maud to the fellow's door in his own car and leaving her on the threshold with his blessing. As for Lord Marshmoreton, roses and the family history took up so much of his time that he could not be counted on for anything but moral support. He, Percy, must do the active work.

He had just come to this decision when, approaching the window and gazing down into the grounds, he perceived his sister Maud walking rapidly, and—so it seemed to him—with a furtive air, down the east drive. And it was to the east that Platt's farm and the cottage next door to it lay.

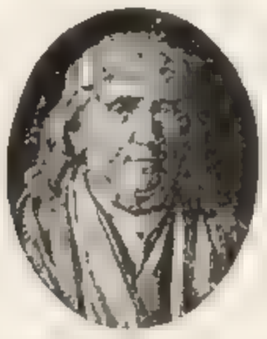
At the moment of this discovery Percy was in a costume ill adapted for the taking of country walks. Reggie's remarks about his liver had struck home, and it had been his intention, by way of a corrective to his headache and a general feeling of swollen ill-health, to do a little work before his bath with a pair of Indian clubs. He had arrayed himself for this purpose in an old sweater, a pair of gray-flannel trousers and patent-leather evening shoes. It was not the garb he would have chosen himself for a ramble, but time was flying. Even to put on a pair of boots is a matter of minutes; and in another moment or two Maud would be out of sight. Percy ran downstairs, snatched up a soft shooting hat, which proved too late to belong to some person with a head two sizes smaller than his own, and raced out into the grounds. He was just in time to see Maud disappearing round the corner of the drive.

Lord Belpher had never belonged to that virile class of the community which considers running a pleasure and a pastime. At Oxford, on those occasions when the members of his college had turned out on raw afternoons to trot along the river bank encouraging the college eight with yelling and the swinging of police rattles, Percy had always stayed prudently in his rooms with tea and buttered toast, thereby avoiding who knows what colds and coughs. When he ran, he ran reluctantly and with a definite object in view, such as the catching of a train. He was consequently not in the best of condition, and the sharp sprint, which was imperative at this juncture if he was to keep his sister in view, left him spent and panting. But he had the reward of reaching the gates of the drive not many seconds after Maud, and of seeing her walking, more slowly

(Continued on Page 125)

He Was a High-Strung Dog, Unused to Coming Upon Heads Moving Along the Road Without Bodies Attached

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 7, 1919

A Declining Product

A GERMAN professor, with that passion for exactitude which characterizes the species, finds that 278 persons have been divested of royalty in some fashion or other since the armistice was signed.

The fact is more important than you may think. There can be snobbery without kings. Witness the United States, which produces the article on a lavish scale, as the society columns of nearly all our daily organs of democratic opinion so eloquently testify. But there cannot be a king without snobbery. Not even the meagerest German princeling, fourth in line of succession to a realm for which no average Iowa farmer would trade his fat acres without boot, could exist a day without it. Taken out of the atmosphere of snobbery, like a fish out of water, he would simply give three gasps, two flops and expire. To talk about a democratic king is to talk the sheerest nonsense. There could no more be a democratic king than a live dead man. The terms are mutually exclusive. A king implies snobs.

Snobbery, of course, is only an annoyance. So are bedbugs and boils; but normal people will take great pains to avoid them. The animal's organs adapt themselves to its environment, and kingship stands for the environment that produced snobbery. Once developed, the organ outlives its causes. There is your vermiform appendix, for example. So snobbery will outlive kings. Probably we shall have our society columns for a good while. But snobbery is on the declining hand.

Saving a Country

MEXICO may appear to be all right now—theoretically. If your memory runs back that far you will recall how odiously wrong she was in the last years of Diaz' reign. The government was a deeply conservative tyranny supported by bayonets. All but a comparatively few of the people were "exploited" by native and foreign capitalists. The progress of which Diaz boasted—development of railroads, mines, industries, exports, internal peace, foreign credit—was only a plutocrats' progress, which left the mass of the people where they had been before.

So the indictment ran—in part, no doubt, a true indictment. And in good part because the indictment was running so strong in the United States, Diaz was overthrown. Much trouble ensued until Carranza came out on top. Some of our best theorists in what human society ought to be found him a sympathetic student of typewriter government. From all accounts he seems to have been inclined to adopt the newest ideas that had gone to press up to the moment of acting. Theoretically his government is as nearly all right as Diaz' government was all wrong. It has all the modern literary improvements.

An American commercial commission which recently visited Mexico—taking with it the friendliest of intentions—was cordially received. It is able to report that "conditions in the country are to-day no worse, so far as the committee can determine, than they have been for the past few years, while in many respects they have improved." Which could hardly be called a glowing encomium. Quite right in theory, Mexico in fact is mostly a wreck.

It would be interesting to know what tangible differences a dozen millions of the plain Mexican masses find between their situation to-day and that of fifteen years ago, before the revivifying winds of American idealism began blowing over the country. There is the greatest difference on paper; but unfortunately most of them cannot read. In fact, they are worse off.

Stepping on Its Own Tail

SOME time ago, you remember, the Government proposed to stabilize prices. With much discussion and deliberation and cabling to President Wilson over in Paris and a solemn consultation with the Attorney-General to see whether it would violate the antitrust laws the Department of Commerce set up a board to study the situation and agree upon a fair price for steel products. The Government is a great purchaser of those products.

The idea was that if a scale of prices was agreed upon and the Government placed its orders at those prices other purchasers would also accept the prices as fair and place their orders.

The board duly deliberated and consulted, and a scale of prices was agreed upon. But it is another branch of the Government—namely, the Railroad Administration—that does the heaviest buying of steel; and that branch of the Government promptly rejected the price scale which the other branch of the Government had fixed, saying it preferred to take its chances in an open unstabilized market; and as the Government, when it came to buying, would not accept its own price scale nobody else would.

One branch of the Government knocked the work of another branch into a cocked hat. There was more cabling to President Wilson over in Paris, but at a distance of three thousand miles and amid the distractions of the Peace Conference he could not very well settle the involved technical questions; so Government simply stood deadlocked.

That is only one example out of many as to how Government—distended and overgrown with all this war business—gets in its own way. It is a safe bet that a government such as some of our radical labor friends envisage—owning and operating all sorts of undertakings—would spend half its time walking on its own tail.

We Have Got to Get Together

TRANSPORTATION in the United States has been in the hands of the Government for more than a year. As to rail transportation, Government has increased the yearly pay roll by a billion dollars. At one time transportation in an important Southern district was tied up because of a strike of some fifteen hundred railroad clerks.

The Government, as manager of the country's transportation, is willing to pay the most liberal wages. It is willing to meet all the labor employed quite halfway in considering grievances or demands. It is willing to arbitrate. An employer in that position ought to be able to get reasonable assurance of uninterrupted operation of the industry. There ought to be somebody with whom such an employer could make a binding bargain that would insure uninterrupted operation.

The Government makes an apparently exhaustive investigation of transportation wages. It grants increases of pay running up to a billion dollars a year. Apparently two million transportation employees are satisfied for the time being. Then a comparatively small number of them—say, fifteen hundred clerks—announce dissatisfaction, strike, and cripple transportation in that region.

At about the same time railroad shopmen demand a further advance of seventeen cents an hour. They may be dealt with and satisfied. Then some other body—small in number relatively to the whole number employed in transportation—will present its demand. And any one of these separate demands may bring a strike that will paralyze transportation and throw a great number of satisfied employees temporarily out of work.

The transportation industry is more highly organized than most others. It is in the hands of the Government, so there is no irritating question of a selfish or aggressive attitude on the part of the employer. There ought to be a transportation council or congress, representative in the broadest way of the employer and all the labor, capable of studying the whole situation and speaking for the whole situation with convincing authority.

A Wall to Climb

WE CAN produce a great many more goods of various sorts than we consume—raw cotton, for example, and machinery. To keep our plant and labor fully employed we want to sell part of that surplus in Europe—to England and France, among others. By unpegging foreign exchange England and France have set up a barrier against American imports, the effect being much the same as a discriminatory tariff.

For four years they bought enormous quantities of our goods; we bought comparatively little of their goods. Normally that would have resulted in an immense demand, in London and Paris, for American exchange with which to pay for our goods, while there would have been comparatively little offsetting demand on our part for English and French exchange. The price of American exchange would have risen greatly. Instead of being able to buy four and eight-tenths dollars with a pound sterling the Englishman could have bought only four dollars. Instead of paying five francs for a dollar the Frenchman would have had to pay six or seven francs. And that would have enhanced the cost of American goods to the English and French buyers. Measured in their money our goods would have cost just that much more.

That natural effect of the trade situation was avoided during the war by arbitrary governmental action. Exchange was pegged—meaning that it was sustained at an agreed price. Recently England and France gave notice that they proposed to pull out the peg and let exchange drift to whatever level the trade situation made. Undoubtedly one motive—and a perfectly legitimate one from the English and French point of view—was to discourage the importation of American goods, for if the Englishman and Frenchman have to pay more pounds sterling and more francs for a given number of American dollars they will be paying more pounds and francs for a given quantity of American goods. The effect is to raise the price of American goods, very much as though England and France levied an extra tariff on them.

Of course England and France are right enough in wishing to reduce their purchases of American goods at this time. They already owe us several billions—which is enough from their point of view. But unpegging exchange raises the presumption of a considerable handicap on our foreign trade. It is another call to put our best foot forward in the way of industrial efficiency.

The Letter and the Spirit

LOOKING only at the face of the returns any time since the delegates met at Versailles, an American might simply throw up his hands. The covenant of the League of Nations depended primarily upon a Big Four. One of them, Italy—without coal, not far from bankruptcy, in the most exigent need of assured peace, a settled European order and economic reconstruction—was ready to imperil the whole thing for the sake of grabbing Fiume, which not even the secret imperialistic Treaty of London had conceded to her. Not only did her statesmen talk of sending an army of two hundred thousand men to seize the coveted territory, but parliament backed them up and city crowds enthusiastically cheered them.

On the face of the returns what Italy chiefly wanted was not peace, coal and credits but war and conquest. Japan was industriously feathering her own nest. France was pressing a demand for the German Saar Valley. Farther east in Europe raiding and grabbing were the order of the day. At many different points of the political compass what one saw in actual practice was not reliance upon justice, mutual good faith among nations, mutual respect for other people's rights, but reliance upon force and intrigue.

It looked just like the old game.

Now the words set down in the covenant are of strictly secondary importance. Europe has made a hundred covenants and broken them. The decisive thing is the spirit. Unless the nations of Europe sincerely wished to set up a new international relationship, based on justice, good faith, good will, mutual respect; unless they were really minded to rely upon that and to make sacrifices of points of prestige and selfish advantage for the sake of it—no possible written covenant would be worth much; nor could the United States by any means afford to enter a partnership—whatever the written articles of agreement might say—if various partners were going to sign a pledge of justice and good faith with one hand and reach for their neighbors' pocketbooks with the other. If the spirit were going to be that manifested in some of the developments at Versailles we would much better stay out of it altogether, no matter what the words might be.

But there is a great deal behind the face of the returns. Europe must have peace, a settled order and economic reconstruction or go to ruin. That states a cold fact. Of the nations that have most troubled the peace settlement not one can stand a new war. Europe must have the insurance policy which only a real League of Nations can underwrite or must face a prospect sufficient to daunt anyone.

They will presently see that—all of them who are capable of seeing at all.

A new order must come, but no old order dies in a day. The vast seethe of war is still in Europe's mind. The outcroppings of imperialism, grab and conquest at Versailles are ebullitions that must subside. Europe must accept the spirit of the League of Nations in sincerity and good faith or perish. That is the great thing. The wording is secondary.

LOOKING BACKWARD

Men, Women and Events During Eight Decades of American History—By Henry Watterson

I HAVE been of late reading The Education of Henry Adams, and it recalls many persons and incidents belonging to the period about which I am now writing. I knew Henry Adams well; first in London, then in Boston, and finally throughout his prolonged residence in Washington City. He was an Adams; very definitely an Adams, but, though his ghost may revisit the glimpses of the moon and chide me for saying so, with an English "cut of his jib."

No three brothers could be more unlike than Charles Francis, John Quincy and Henry Adams. Brooks Adams I did not know. They represented the fourth generation of the brainiest pedigree – that is in continuous line—known to our family history. Henry thought he was a philosopher and tried to be one. He thought he was a man of the world and wanted to be one. He was, in spite of himself, a provincial.

Provincialism is not necessarily rustic, even suburban. There is no provincial quite so provincial as he who has passed his life in great cities. The Parisian boulevardier taken away from the asphalt, the cockney a little off Clapham Common and the Strand, is lost. Henry Adams knew his London and his Paris, his Boston and his Quincy—we must not forget Quincy—well. But he had been born, and had grown up, between the lids of a history, and for all his learning and travels he never got very far outside them.

In manner and manners, tone and cast of thought he was English—delightfully English—though he cultivated the cosmopolite. His house in the national capital, facing the Executive Mansion across Lafayette Square—especially during the life of his wife, an adorable woman, who made up in sweetness and tact for some of the qualities lacking in her husband—was an intellectual and high-bred center, a rendezvous for the best *ton* and the most accepted people. The Adamses succeeded the Eameses as leaders in semisocial, semiliterary and semipolitical society.

From a Portrait Painted by Louis Mark, New York, in the Summer of 1915, to Hang in the Manhattan Club

There was a trio—I used to call them the Three Musketeers of Culture—John Hay, Henry Cabot Lodge and Henry Adams. They made an interesting and inseparable trinity—Caleb Cushing, Robert J. Walker and Charles Sumner not more so—and it was worth while to let them have the floor and to hear them talk: Lodge, cool and wary as a politician should be; Hay, helter-skelter, the real man of the world crossed on a Western stock; and Adams, something of a littérateur, a statesman and a cynic.

John Randolph Tucker, who when he was in Congress often met Henry at dinners and the like, said to him on the appearance of the early volumes of his History of the United States: "I am not disappointed, for how could an Adams be expected to do justice to a Randolph?"

While he was writing this history Adams said to me: "There is an old villain—next to Andrew Jackson the greatest villain of his time—a Kentuckian—don't say he was a kinsman of yours!—whose papers, if he left any, I want to see."

"To whom are you referring?" I asked with mock dignity.

"To John Adair," he answered.

"Well," said I, "John Adair married my grandmother's sister and I can put you in the way of getting whatever you require."

I have spoken of John Hay as Master of the Revels in the old Sutherland-Delmonico days. Even earlier than that—in London and Paris—an intimacy had been established between us. He married in Cleveland, Ohio, and many years passed before I came up with him again. One day in Whitelaw Reid's den in the Tribune Building he reappeared, strangely changed—no longer the rosy-cheeked, buoyant boy—an overserious, prematurely old man. I was shocked, and when he had gone Reid, observing this, said:

"Oh, Hay will come round all right. He is just now in one of his moods. I picked him up in Piccadilly the other day and by sheer force brought him over."

When we recall the story of Hay's life—one weird tragedy after another—from the murder of Lincoln to the murder of McKinley, including the tragic end of the members of his immediate family—there rises in spite of the grandeur that pursued him a single exclamation: "The pity of it!"

This is accentuated by Henry Adams' Education. Yet the silent courage with which Hay met disaster after disaster must increase both the sympathy and the respect of those who peruse the melancholy pages of that vivid narrative. Toward the end, meeting him on a public occasion, I said: "You work too hard—you are not looking well."

"I am dying," said he.

"Yes," I replied in the way of banter, "you are dying of fame and fortune."

But I went no further. He was in no humor for the old verbal horseplay.

He looked wan and wizened. Yet there were still several years before him. When he came from Mannheim to Paris it was clear that the end was nigh. I did not see him—he was too ill to see anyone—but Frank Mason kept me advised from day to day, and when, a month or two later, having reached home, the news came to us that he was dead we were nowise surprised and almost consoled by the thought that rest had come at last.

Frank Mason and his wife—"the Masons" they were commonly called, for Mrs. Mason made a wondrous second to her husband – were from Cleveland, Ohio, she a daughter of Judge Birchard—Jennie Birchard—he a rising young journalist caught in the late seventies by the glitter of a foreign appointment.

They ran the gamut of the consular service, beginning with Basle and Marseilles and ending with Frankfort, Berlin and Paris. Wherever they were their house was a very home—a kind of Yankee shrine—of visiting Americans and militant Americanism.

Years before he was made consul general—in point of fact when he was plain consul at Marseilles—he ran over to Paris for a lark. One day he said to me: "A rich old hayseed uncle of mine has come to town. He has money to burn and he wants to meet you. I have arranged for us to dine with him at the Anglaise to-night and we are to order the dinner—carte blanche." The rich old uncle to whom I was presented did not have the appearance of a hayseed. On the contrary he was a most distinguished-looking old gentleman. The dinner we ordered was "stunning"—especially the wines. When the bill was presented our host scanned it carefully, scrutinizing each item and making his own addition, altogether "like a thoroughbred." Frank and I watched him not without a bit of anxiety mixed with contrition.

When he had paid the score he said with a smile: "That was rather a steep bill, but we have had rather a good dinner, and now if you boys know of as good a dance hall we'll go there and I'll buy the outfit."

II

FIRST and last I have lived much in the erstwhile gay capital of France. It was gayest when the Duke de Morny flourished as King of the Bourse. He was reputed the Emperor's natural half brother. The breakdown of the Mexican adventure, which was mostly his, contributed not a little to the final Napoleonic fall.

He died of dissipation and disappointment, and under the pseudonym of the Duke de Morra, Daudet celebrated him in The Nabob.

De Morny did not live to see the tumble of the house of cards he had built. Next after I saw Paris it was a pitiful wreck indeed: the Hotel de Ville and the Tuileries in flames; the Column gone from the Place Vendôme; but, later, the rise of the Third Republic and the revival of the unquenchable spirit of the irrepressible French.

Nevertheless I should scarcely be taken for a Parisian. Once, when wandering aimlessly, as one so often does through the Paris streets, one of the touts hanging round the Café de la Paix to catch the unwary stranger, being a little more importunate than usual, I ordered him to go about his business.

"This is my business," he impudently answered.

"Get away, I tell you!" I thundered. "I am a Parisian myself!"

He drew a little out of reach of the umbrella I held in my hand, and with a drawl of supreme and very American contempt exclaimed, "Well, you don't look it," and scampered off.

Paris, however, is not all of France. Sometimes I have thought not the best part of it. There is the south of France, with Avignon and Tarascon, especially Avignon, the heart of Provence, seat of the French papacy six hundred years ago; the metropolis of Christendom before the Midi was a region, Paris a village, and Rome struggling out of the débris of the ages, with Arles and Nimes and, above all, Tarascon, the home of the immortal Tartarin, for next-door neighbors. They are all hard by Marseilles. But Avignon ever most caught my fancy, for there the nights seem peopled with the ghosts of warriors and cardinals, and there on festal mornings the spirits of Petrarch and his Laura walk abroad, the ramparts, which bade defiance to Goth and Vandal and Saracen hordes, now giving shelter to bats and owls, but the atmosphere laden with legend

" . . *tasting of Flora and the country green,*
Dance and Provençal song and sun-burnt mirth."

Something too much of this! Let me not grow overpicturesque or poetic. The better to get down to prose and the times we live in, let me halt a moment in this southerly journey and have a plain, practical look in upon Lyons, the industrial capital of France, which is directly on the way.

The idiosyncrasy of Lyons is silk. There are two schools of instruction in the art of silk weaving, one of them free to any lad in the city, the other requiring a trifle for matriculation.

The first of these witnesses the whole process of fabrication from the reeling of threads to the finishing of dress goods and the loom painting of pictures. It is most interesting, of course, the painstaking its most obvious feature, the individual weaver living with his family upon a wage representing the cost of the barest necessities of life. Again, and ever and ever again, the inequalities of fortune! Where will it end?

The world has tried revolution and it has tried anarchy. Always the survival of the strong, nicknamed by Spencer and his ilk the "fittest." Ten thousand heads were chopped off during the Reign of Terror in France to make room for whom? Not for the many, but the few; though it must be allowed that in some ways the conditions were improved.

Yet here after a hundred years, here in Lyons, faithful, intelligent men struggle for sixty, for forty cents a day, with never a hope beyond! What is to be done about it? Suppose the wealth of the universe were divided per capita, how long would it remain out of the clutches of the Napoleons of finance—only a percentage of whom find ultimately their Waterloo—little to the profit of the poor who spin and delve, who fight and die, in the Grand Army of the Wretched!

Mr. Carnegie tells us he dare not go with his millions into the presence of his Maker. Will there come a time when money is a drug in the market?

III

WE READ a deal that is amusing about the southerly Frenchman. He is indeed *sui generis*. Some five and twenty years ago there appeared in Louisville a dapper gentleman, who declared himself a Marseillais, and who subsequently came to be known variously as the Major and the Frenchman. I shall not mention him otherwise in this veracious sketch; but, looking through the city directory of Marseilles I found an entire page devoted to his name, though all the entries may not have been members of his family. There is no doubt that he was a Marseillais.

Wandering through the streets of the old city, now in a café on Rue Cannebière and now along a quay of the Vieux Port, his ghost has often crossed my path and dogged my footsteps, though

Colonel Watterson and His Granddaughter Millbrey Watterson Miller

he has lain in his grave this many a day. I grew to know him very well, to be first amused by him, then to be interested, and in the end to entertain an affection for him.

The Major was a delightful composite of Tartarin of Tarascon and the Brigadier Gerard, with a dash of the Count of Monte Cristo; for when he was flush—which by some odd coincidence happened exactly four times a year—he was as liberal a spendthrift as one could wish to meet anywhere between the little principality of Monaco and the headwaters of the Nile; transparent as a child; picturesque to a degree.

I understand Marseilles better and it has always seemed nearer to me since he was born there and lived there when a boy, and, I much fear me, was driven away, the scapegrace of excellent but wealthy people; not, I feel sure, for any offense that touched the essential parts of his manhood. A gentler, a more upright and harmless creature I never knew in all my life.

I very well recall when he first arrived in the Kentucky metropolis. His attire and raiment were faultless. He wore a rose in his coat, he carried a delicate cane, and a most beautiful woman hung upon his arm. She was his wife. It was a circumstance connected with this lady which led to the after-intimacy between him and me. She fell dangerously ill. I had casually met her husband as an all-round man-about-town, and by this token, seeking sympathy on lines of least resistance, he came to me with his sorrow.

I have never seen grief more real and fervid. He swore, on his knees and with tears in his eyes, that if she recovered, if God would give her back to him, he would never again touch a card; for gambling was his passion, and even among amateurs he would have been accounted the softest of soft things. His prayer was answered, she did recover, and he proceeded to fulfill his vow.

But what was he to do? He had been taught, or at least he had learned, to do nothing, not even to play poker! I suggested that as running a restaurant was a French prerogative and that as he knew less about cooking than about anything else—we had had a contest or two over the mysteries of a pair of chafing dishes—and as there was not a really good eating place in Louisville he should set up a restaurant. It was said rather in jest than in earnest; but I was prepared to lend him the money. The next thing I knew, and without asking for a dollar, he had opened the Brunswick.

In those days I saw the Courier-Journal to press, turning night into day, and during a dozen years I took my twelve o'clock supper there. It was thus and from these beginnings that the casual acquaintance between us ripened into intimacy, and that I gradually came into a knowledge of the reserves behind the Major's buoyant optimism and occasional gasconade.

He ate and drank sparingly; but he was not proof against the seduction of good company, and he had plenty of it, from William Preston to Joseph Jefferson, with such side lights as Stoddard Johnston, Boyd Winchester, Isaac Caldwell and Proctor Knott, of the Home Guard—very nearly all the celebrities of the day among the outsiders—myself the humble witness and chronicler. He secured an excellent chef, and of course we lived exceeding well.

The Major's most obvious peculiarity was that he knew everything and had been everywhere. If pirates were mentioned he flowered out at once into an adventure upon the sea; if bandits, on the land. If it was Wall Street he had a reminiscence and a scheme; if gambling, a hard-luck story and a system. There was no quarter of the globe of which he had not been an inhabitant.

Once the timbered riches of Africa being mentioned, at once the Major gave us a most graphic account of how "the old house"—for thus he designated some commercial establishment, which either had no existence or which he had some reason for not more particularly indicating—had sent him in charge of a rosewood saw mill on the Ganges, and, after many ups and downs, of how the floods had come and swept the plant away; and Rudolph Fink, who was of the party, immediately said, "I can attest the truth of the Major's story, because my brother Albert and I were in charge of some fishing camps at the mouth of the Ganges at the exact date of the floods, and we caught many of those rosewood logs in our nets as they floated out to sea."

Augustine's Terrapin came to be for a while the rage in Philadelphia, and even got as far as New York and Washington, and straightway the Major declared he could and would make Augustine and his terrapin look "like a monkey." He proposed to give a dinner.

There were great preparations and expectancy. None of us ate much at luncheon that day. At the appointed hour, we assembled at the Brunswick. I will dismiss the decorations and the preludes except to say that they were Parisian. After a while in full regalia the Major appeared, a train of servants following with a silver tureen. The lid was lifted.

"*Vould!*" says he.

The vision disclosed to our startled eyes was an ocean that looked

(Concluded on Page 134)

On Miami Beach, 1919

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELLS SOUPS

Only Campbell's can produce beans like these!

So delicious in flavor and so satisfying that you will say at once "Only Campbell's can make beans like these!" Hand-picked beans, slow cooked to thorough digestibility. Whole, yet tender. Tomato sauce spiced and blended in the Campbell's kitchens (famous for half a century). The rich flavor of lean bacon pork. A dish so good and so hearty that you will insist on having it over and over again.

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Campbells' PORK AND BEANS
RED-AND-WHITE LABEL WITH TOMATO SAUCE

ALLEY MONEY—By Octavus Roy Cohen

OTHELLER HEYWARD eased into Birmingham with twenty-one dollars and forty cents in cash, a screamingly red vest, an aversion to work and a genius for landing right side up. He was a golden-brown individual of plentiful size and taking ways. His personality was hypnotic and his smile wide and winning.

He tried it out on the stony-faced clerk of the Happy Hotel and it worked. Otheller got the best room in the house without the formality of a cash deposit. He ate a hearty meal at Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room and Billiard Parlor and later horned into an open two-bit game of Kelly pool. When he snuggled comfortably between the sheets shortly after midnight he had voluntarily paid for his room three days in advance and counted a cash balance of thirty-one dollars.

At nine o'clock Otheller waked and lay staring idly at the spot on the red carpet where the sunshine was brightest. He pillowed his head on large uncalloused hands and gazed southward from his window toward the crest of Red Mountain a half mile away. A faint contemptuous smile creased his lips. Things had a habit of breaking Otheller's way and he had a hunch that Birmingham was destined to treat him very well indeed.

He dressed leisurely, with meticulous attention to the fit of his coat, the crease of his trousers and the symmetry of the knot in his cerise scarf. He absorbed an enormous breakfast of sausage, rolls, hot cakes and coffee; made numerous inquiries of the hotel clerk and progressed without haste to the Penny Prudential Bank Building. He parted from the elevator at the fourth floor and paused to admire a ground-glass door bearing in golden letters the inscription:

ISAAC GETHERS

MONEY TO LOAN

ALSO GRAND MAGNIFICENT HIGH POTENTATE OF CHAPTER NUMBER TWELVE

THE SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF I WILL ARISE

Otheller pushed the door and paused on the threshold. He stared with deliberate appraisement about the musty, poorly furnished sanctum with its battered furniture, rusty iron safe, dilapidated counter; and finally his eyes fell upon the individual who was importantly seated in a swivel chair before a desk on the other side of the counter.

The man was large, nearly as large as Otheller himself, but the visitor was conscious of an impression of buttery softness and excessive girth as he looked upon the man at the desk. He felt an almost uncontrollable desire to reach out strong fingers and pinch. He fancied a pinch would hurt the other man beyond all reason.

The potentate rose and waddled to the counter.

"You desires to consult with me?"

Otheller summoned the most winning smile in stock and plastered it all over his countenance.

"I sho'ly does. My name is Otheller Heyward an' I seeks you out as a member in good standin' of Chapter Number Twen'y-nine, The Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise, of Meridium, Mississippi. Heah is my credenshuls."

Isaac Gethers glanced briefly at the proffered cards and extended a limp and flabby hand to the newcomer.

"Exquisitely delighted to make greetin's with a visitin' brother," he enthused. "I trus'es you will make yo'se'f to home while you is heah in Bummin'ham. I is Isaac Gethers, Gran' Magnificent High Potentate of this chapter which we has heah."

Otheller deftly produced two good cigars, one of which he pressed upon the unreluctant Isaac. The other he inserted unctuously between his own smiling lips.

"It's a pleashuh to meet a man like what you is, Mistuh Gethers, an' I hopes that our acquaintance will be long an' flourishin'."

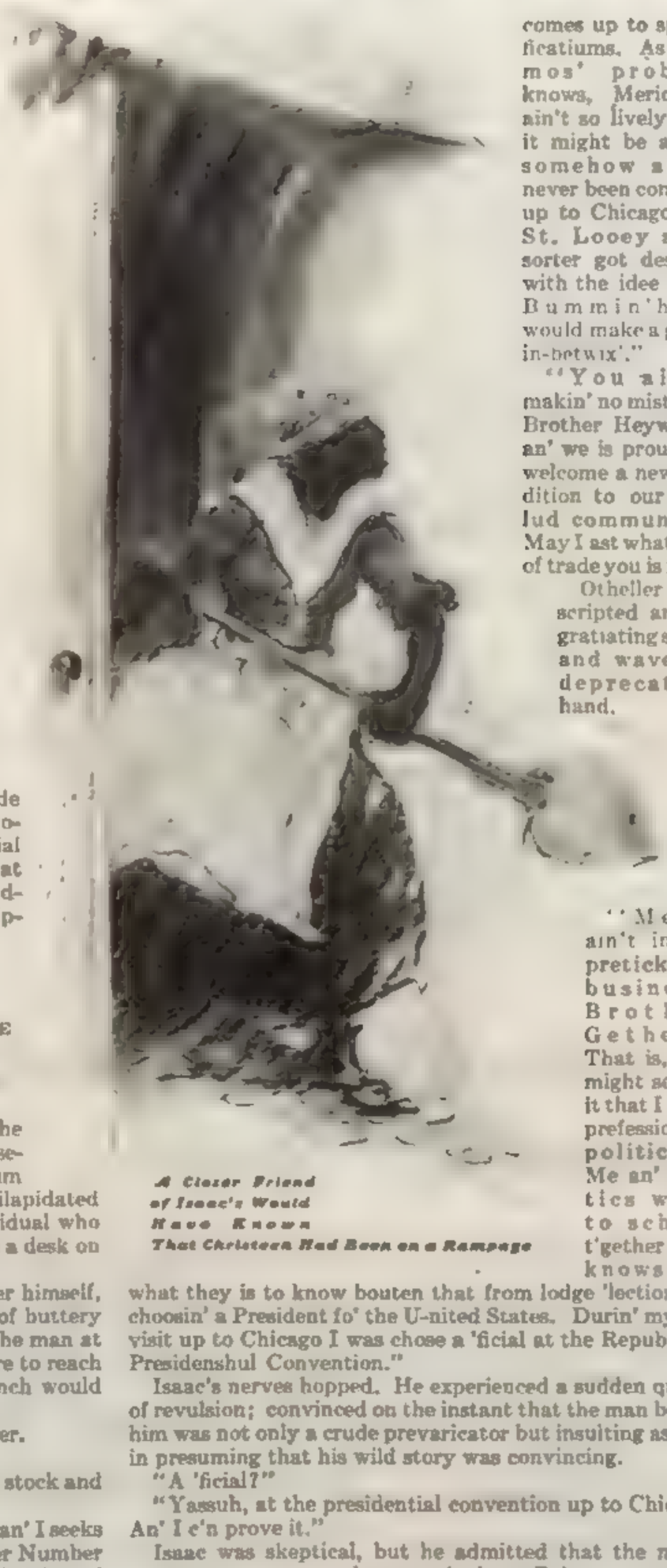
Isaac inhaled one satisfying puff and seconded the motion. He glanced approvingly at Otheller's sartorial perfections—the checkered suit, the crimson vest, nearsilk shirt, mouse-colored spats, tan shoes with toes like the forepeak of a rhinoceros. Otheller looked like ready money and lots of it.

"You is gwine be with us any considerumble while, Brother Heyward?"

"Sho'ly. I is heard tell a great heap bouten Bummin'ham, Brother Gethers, an' I is came heah with the idee of remainin' pummanently an' fo' a long time if'n the town comes up to specifications. As you mos' prob'ly knows, Meridium ain't so lively like it might be an' I somehow ain't never been content up to Chicago an' St. Looey so I sorter got desired with the idee that Bummin'ham would make a good in-betwix'."

"You ain't makin' no mistake, Brother Heyward, an' we is proud to welcome a new addition to our cullud community. May I ast what line of trade you is in?"

Otheller conscripted an ingratiating smile and waved a deprecating hand.



A Closer Friend of Isaac's Would Have Known That Christeen Had Been on a Rampage

"Me, I ain't in no pretickeler business, Brother Gethers. That is, you might so call it that I is by profession a politician. Me an' politics went to school t'gether an' I knows all what they is to know bouten that from lodge 'lections to choosin' a President fo' the U-nited States. Durin' my las' visit up to Chicago I was chose a 'ficial at the Republican Presidenshul Convention."

Isaac's nerves hopped. He experienced a sudden qualm of revulsion; convinced on the instant that the man before him was not only a crude prevaricator but insulting as well in presuming that his wild story was convincing.

"A 'ficial?"

"Yassuh, at the presidential convention up to Chicago. An' I c'n prove it."

Isaac was skeptical, but he admitted that the man's manner was more or less convincing. Being a naturally polite and noncombative chap he dropped the subject, which was just as well, else he might have cornered Otheller and learned that the gentleman from Mississippi had officiated as doorman.

The two men smoked in silence for a few minutes. Isaac was anxious for his guest to depart and too polite to make the suggestion. Otheller was grimly cataloguing his prospective victim.

"Easy money," he told himself. "I c'n twis' him roun' my li'l finger."

Finally Isaac punctured the silence:

"What is you cogitatin' on doin' while you is heah in town?"

Otheller smiled genially.

"Tha's what I come to see you about, Brother Gethers."

"Me?"

"Yaas."

"What I is got to do with it?"

"Soht of thought yo' chapter of The Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise might need the se'vices of a man like what I is."

Isaac instinctively put up his guard. An affluent stranger and a seeker after a job were different animals entirely.

"How come?"

"Increasin' the membership ——"

"We is got all the members which we needs."

"Seein' that the jues is paid?"

"We don't have no trouble with members which don' pay their jues. We jes' drops 'em an' 'lects others what will."

"Well, p'r'aps in yo' private profession of broker you needs a expert man?"

Isaac was rapidly becoming peeved; he had long since attained a high degree of impatience. He had ceased to respond to the other's personality. Isaac was fresh from a hectic matutinal session with Mrs. Gethers and not inclined to view persons or things in their most advantageous light.

"I is ve'y busy, Brother Heyward," he remarked curtly, "an' I reckon they ain't nothin' a-tall I c'n do fo' you in the line of puttin' you onto a job."

Otheller stiffened defensively. The use of the vulgar word "job" in connection with employment for himself irritated his finer sensibilities. He put out a delicate restraining hand.

"You ain't quite on'erstan', Brother Gethers."

"I on'erstan's all right—you wan's wuk."

"No, indeed. If'n they happened to be a position open ——"

"Strangers in Bummin'ham don' git no positions," snapped Isaac crossly. "They gits jobs or they gits 'rested fo' fragrancy."

It was dawning gradually upon the newcomer that he had not made the anticipated favorable impression upon the Grand Magnificent High Potentate of the local chapter of The Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise. He abandoned his smile and rose in solemn dignity.

"I is so'ly afraid, Brother Gethers, that you is not use' to meetin' a man of my type."

"Tha's where you is wrong, Brother Heyward. I meets too many jes' like what you is. You wan's sumthin' fo' nothin', an' same bein' the case I is tellin' you that you is came to the wrong town. What you gits heah in Bummin'ham, you wuks fo'."

Isaac was petulant. The man had scratched his raw nerves, otherwise Isaac would never have given way to his usually placid temper. A closer friend of Isaac's would have understood and forgiven him, for any intimate would have known that Christeen, the wiry and militant wife of the soft and flabby loan man, had been on a rampage with the result that there had been a family row in which Isaac had come off sadly second best.

But Otheller was not familiar with conditions in the Gethers household and he grew exceedingly riled at the untoward discourtesy of the man he had honored by seeking in connection with employment. He was still too much the politician to allow the full measure of his rancor to creep into his voice.

"I is quite shuah, Brother Gethers, that you has jumped too quick at c'nclusions. I is a Christian gen'leman, Brother Gethers, an' cause'n you ain't been perlite to me I merely hopes that some day I is gwine have the chance to do you a favor, countin' I don' bear no grudge 'gainst no man."

He bowed himself grandly from the office, leaving Isaac already a bit contrite over his irritability. But once outside the door Otheller was metamorphosed; a determined look flashed into his little eyes and he shook a large and bony fist toward the ground-glass door.

"They ain't on'y one other man ever treated Otheller Heyward like'n to that," he sizzled vindictively, "an' he depahted from the town where he lived at mighty soon afterwards. You take my adwice, Mistuh Isaac Gethers, an' keep on the lee side of Otheller Heyward when he is in smellin' distance of you."

Otheller was distinctly out of tune with the finite when he emerged from the Penny Prudential Bank Building into the seethe of Eighteenth Street. He made his way southward and strolled quite as a matter of course into Bud Peaglar's place, where under the soothing influence of clicking pool balls he dropped into a chair and reflected upon his pool triumphs of the previous night and the staggering rebuff of the immediate past.

Three tables were working merrily. The others were engaged in collecting dust. Otheller seated himself in a corner which afforded him a better view than the position he had first chosen, and watched with languid contempt the clumsy efforts of the would-be players.

A long, gangling individual who walked with a decided list to starboard shambled across the room and dropped ostentatiously into a seat beside Otheller. His move was an obvious preliminary to the scraping of an acquaintanceship and through sheer force of habit Otheller produced a welcoming smile. The lanky one spoke:

"Ain't you the man which won all the money in that Kelly-pool game las' night?"

"I is."

"Stranger heah?"

(Continued on Page 34)

REPUBLIC TIRES

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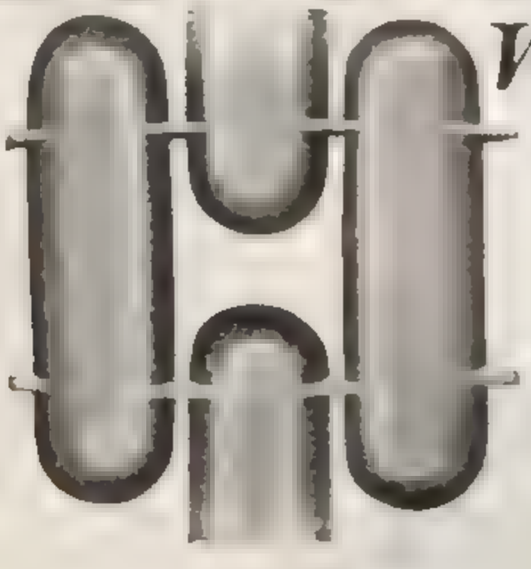

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Originator of the First Effective Rubber Non-Skid Tire—Republic Staggard Tread

(Continued from Page 32)

"Yaas—fo' the presint."

"Countin' on remainin' in Bummin'ham a while?"

"Mebbe."

"Where you gwine wuk at?"

Otheller looked up quickly. Since his interview with Isaac Gethers the subject of work had become painful and personal.

"Ain't quite shuah."

"Lookin' fo' wuk?"

"Depends."

The long one hesitated, then extended a moist bony palm. "My name is Peaglar; Mistuh Bud Peaglar, which owns this heah place."

Otheller turned loose a look which had in it just the correct degree of interest.

"I is Otheller Heyward an' I comes from Meridium, Mussissippi."

"Been heah long?"

"On'y come in on the Queen an' Crescint las' night."

Bud lowered his voice discreetly:

"Is you as good a shot as you was showin' las' night or was you luckin' 'em in?"

Otheller laughed proudly.

"Does you shoot yo' ownse'f?"

"I does."

"Git you a cue then, an' try me."

Bud Peaglar got him a cue and tried. And that is about all he succeeded in doing. Otheller handled his stick with the skill and assurance which a mother shows with her ninth child. He drew his cue ball in circles and played position to the fraction of an inch. He deliberately sewed himself up once or twice and then cleared the table just to show what he could do. He suggested French pool and clicked a hundred and ten points to the even ten of his pop-eyed opponent. Then he tossed his cue back into the rack.

"I ain't feelin' so good to-day," said Otheller Heyward. "I is shootin' a plumb rotten game."

Bud was astounded. Mentally he made obeisance to this prodigy of pool. Within fifteen minutes a deal had been negotiated by which Otheller was employed as house man for the pool room on a basis of five dollars a week guaranty, protection against loss on side bets and a fifty-fifty split on his winnings. "'Co'se five dollars ain't much," explained Bud, "but the house'll stan' fo' yo' losin's."

"Ain't gwine be no losin's."

With this job in view Otheller had perked up. It was just the sort of position best suited to his happy-go-lucky temperament; a little leisurely and pleasurable work when it happened to suit his fancy and enough money to satisfy hunger pangs and pay room rent in a tony boarding house. The men cemented their friendship in the smoke of Turkish cigarettes.

"I was mad when I come in heah," explained Otheller.

"I noticed you di'n't look so awful happy, Brother Heyward."

"I wa'n't. I had jes' came from meetin' with Isaac Gethers." And Otheller proceeded to tell most of what had transpired in the office of the Grand Magnificent High Potentate of The Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise. Bud started chuckling when he was only half through the tale of woe and at its conclusion the pool-room proprietor was laughing aloud.

"Sho' now, Brother Heyward, you ain't got no call goin' an' gittin' sore with Brother Gethers. Mos' prob'ly if'n he was to run acrost you again in a halft hour he'd 'pologize fo' what he done said."

"An' I'd mos' li'ble bust him one. It was all I could do to keep my han's off'n him when I was in his office, Brother Peaglar. I is a gen'leman, I is, an' a high-class prelitical expert, an' when a fat ol' fool like'n what he is treats me like what he done they ain't no 'scuse ——"

"Yes, they is."

"Which?"

"Isaac Gethers is the marriedes' man what they is in Bummin'ham, Brother Heyward. Chances is a hund'ed to one that him an' Christeen, which is his wife, had a turrible row this mawnin', an' when they does Isaac don' git in no good humor ontil he has done et somebody up."

"He et me up an' he's gwine have indumgestion, too."

"He's a good spoht, Brother Heyward ——"

Brother Heyward was not keenly interested in the sportsmanship of Isaac Gethers. All Otheller knew was that Isaac had grabbed his angora and eloped with it. He had one feeling toward the potentate and that was aversion coupled with a passionate desire to put one over on Mistuh Gethers and let Mistuh Gethers know all about it. Such a reception was an unpleasant novelty to Otheller; it rankled—rankled not a whit less because he was given to understand that a shrewish wife was the cause of the ill humor.

"I ain't ma'ied to this heah Christeen 'ooman, is I? Then why I sh'd suffer 'cause'n she gits rarin'?"

But once started on the subject of the domestic discord in the Gethers home Bud Peaglar would not cease talking. For a half hour Otheller was regaled with a chronicle of Isaac's domestic troubles.

According to Bud's version Christeen had been a coy and workful maiden. Then she had married Isaac and tasted the sweets of money; for Isaac was accounted one of the wealthiest negroes in the city. Wherewith she had become uppity with her friends, and when that ceased to provide keen sport she had extended her personal domination to her fat and docile spouse.

In Isaac she found a ready and spineless victim. At first symptoms of domestic trouble he had remonstrated mildly, been profoundly squelched and retired permanently into the list of the utterly subdued. The joy of running her own home in her own way promptly went to Christeen's head; it became a habit, as liquor is a habit. Her system required it. She was blissful in the constant exercise of her power; happy in direct ratio to the abject misery of her never-could-have-been lord and master.

The only fly in the ointment of Christeen's ineffable beatitude, explained Bud, was Isaac's supremacy in the commercial world.

"He's been Gran' Magnificent High Potentate of The Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise for sech a long time it has became a habit. Reckon they ain't nobody gwine secede him ontil he goes an' dies. Tha's the trouble; seein' Christeen is a member of the lodge too. They ain't nothin' in the world c'n make her as mad as to see Isaac presidin' over a meetin'—an' believe me, Brother Heyward, when Brother Gethers presides he jes' nacherally presides. I reckon he's the mos' presidines' potentate which the lodge ever had. Tother day to a meetin' somebody had the flo' an' Sis' Christeen gits up an int'rupts. Isaac says she's out of order, but she keeps on talkin'. He fines her fifty cents. That don' stop her. He fines her eight bits. 'Don' care how much you fines me,' she bellers, 'you is the one gwine pay it yo' ownse'f!' Brother Gethers says then that he's gwine keep on finin' her s'long's she's out of order, he don't care who pays it, an' she quits. He sho' nuff is some presidin' man is what I'm tootin'."

Bud was a profuse talker. He rambled on interminably, recalling anecdote after anecdote having to do with the connubial troubles of the Getherses.

"An' if 'twa'n't fo' the fac' that Brother Gethers is potentate of the lodge I reckon he'd go an' blow away from misery. Tha's all what keeps him alive in his home, Christeen makes things so hot fo' him. If'n anyone sh'd ever beat him fo' that poten'cy—well ——" And Bud flapped his arm in illustration of an angel in full flight.

Up to that point Otheller had been a rather languid listener. Now he looked up suddenly, the purpose of wreaking revenge on Isaac uppermost in his mind.

"Reckon so?"

"Reckon so which?"

"That if he'd git hisse'f beat fo' the poten'cy he'd be mis'able?"

"Huh! A co'pse which has jes' been hanged would be happy 'longside of what he'd be, come that."

Otheller lost himself in thought. And finally he expanded into a grin of sincere pleasure.

"Ol' Isaac Gethers," he told himself, "I is got you now where you is sho' gwine be sorry you ain't showed the proper respect to Brother Otheller-Heyward!"

Otheller's tenure of office as house man for Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room and Billiard Parlor opened auspiciously that night and continued brilliantly on the nights that followed. Meanwhile Otheller was busy on the outside.

His first move in the campaign against Isaac Gethers was to have his membership in The Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise transferred from Meridian Chapter Number Twenty-nine to Birmingham Chapter Number Twelve. Then he deliberately and with malice aforethought set out to cultivate the friendship and trust of Mrs. Christeen Gethers. The task was not a difficult one. Overtures of friendship had become such a rarity to Mrs. Gethers that she responded voluminously.

Otheller was impressed by the gaudy elegance of Isaac's wife. He was frankly in awe of her while in the process of thawing the ice. She was, as Otheller described her, "skinny as a ol' crane," and as peacefully inclined as a pit bull. In her eyes there occasionally flashed a light which aroused in the breast of Otheller a feeling of sympathy for the weak and fatty Isaac.

Otheller trotted out his best little-tricks of fascination for Christeen. The full wealth of his personality was exerted to charm her; compelling friendliness was injected into every smile he bestowed upon her. He let her understand clearly that he regarded her as a woman infinitely above the level of those with whom she was forced to associate.

Christeen swallowed hook, line and sinker. She reveled in the fear she was able to inspire in the breasts of the men and women with whom she came in daily contact, but was yet woman enough to respond to the frankly personal appeal of Otheller.

But he was playing his game from both ends. He had elected her a second member of a mutual admiration society and saw to it that he was not the sufferer in exchanging compliments. Coincidentally with his inspiring her trust in and friendship for him he let it be clearly understood that he regarded himself in every way her equal. He hypnotized her with honeyed words having to do with his own achievements. He was a traveled man and a learned one. He bluffed elegantly. She came eventually to regard him as an oracle. And then when he had her completely at his mercy he sprang his cherished scheme.

It was at the First African M. E. Church immediately following Wednesday night prayer meeting. Isaac was in the lobby fussily arguing a biblical point with the Rev. Plato Tubb and two bewildered deacons. Christeen and Otheller were seated on the steps leading to the choir loft. Otheller was smiling all over.

"Seems like you is a ve'y modes', retirin' woman, Mis' Gethers. 'Specially when you has all the 'bility what you is got."

She flushed lavender with pleasure.

"You is a flatt'rin' man, Brother Heyward."

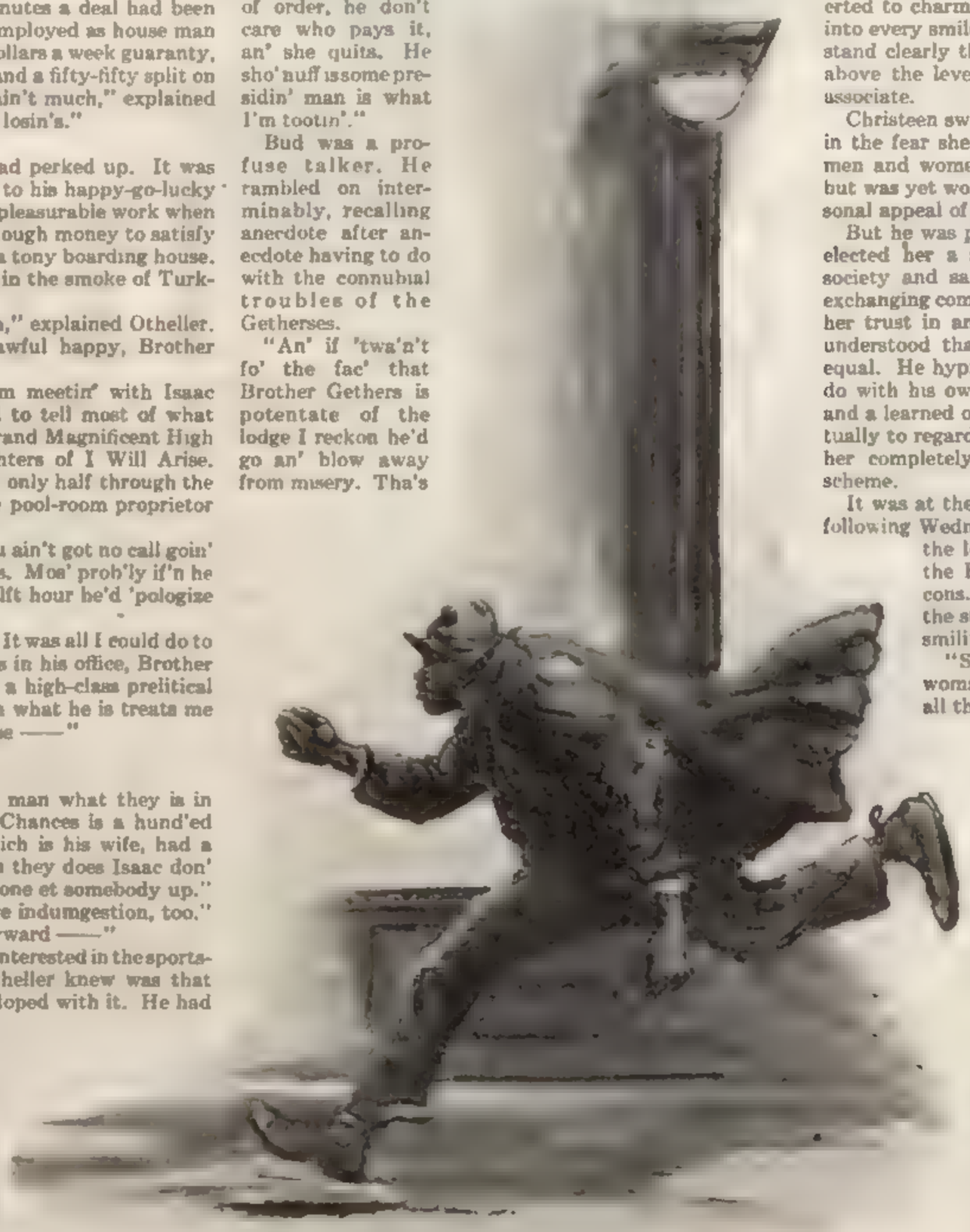
"I is a strong b'liever in woman's rights, sister, an' it soht of hu'ts my feelin's to see that you ain't nothin' on'y a plain member of this heah lodge while yo' husban' is Gran' Magnificent High Potentate. You knows yo' ownse'f, Sis' Christeen, that you is got a heap mo' gumption than what Brother Gethers is got."

"Ain't it the truth, Brother Heyward?"

"Ain't it, Sis' Christeen? How come yo' husban' gits re'lected so much?"

She sniffed disdainfully. "'Cause'n he's uppity and with his heap of money these folks heahabouts is bluffed. He ain't got no mo' call bein' potentate of The Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise than what—than what—I has."

Otheller's forehead corrugated in thought. The smile fled from his lips. When he met her gaze he was impressively serious.



Otheller Reached the Corner in One Second Flat and Clipped Something Off That in Negotiating the Rest of the Distance

Continued on Page 36

STYLEPLUS CLOTHES

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AMERICA'S ONLY KNOWN-PRICED CLOTHES

(Continued from Page 34)

"Why not?" he asked cryptically.

"Why not which?"

"Why don' you have yo'se'f 'lected Gran' Magnificent High Potentate of the lodge?"

Christeen laughed weakly. "You is on'y makin' talk with yo' mouth, Brother Heyward."

"How come you think thataway?"

"Ain't no woman ever been 'lected to the poten'cy. They always 'lects a woman fust 'sistant to the Gran' Magnificent High Potentate, but never to ——"

"Ain't no law which says a woman cain't be potentate, is they?"

"No-o! But ——"

"Tha's the trouble with you wimmin," railed Otheller in sudden passion. "You goes an' lets the men folks—like Isaac Gethers, f'r instunce—go an' run things they own way. Now me, I is a b'liever in woman's rights an' I b'lieves they can run things better'n what the men c'n if'n they gits the chance an' takes the right adwice from the right feller. An' I'm sayin' right heah an' now that if'n I was a woman like what you is an' had the brains what you is got I'd go an' 'lect myse'f Gran' Magnificent High Potentate of The Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise."

Christeen was staring at him with wide eyes. "You—you ain't really truly se'ious?"

"I ain't never been so se'ious befo' in my whole life."

She stared raptly upon him and saw that he was indeed serious. Fortunately she could not see the laughter in his soul, or know that there was little of altruism in his revolutionary project.

Wherefore she looked for the first time at the proposition soberly. Its potentialities startled her. Her husband's incumbency of office had been a thorn in her wifely flesh; it had been the insurmountable barrier between herself and genuine, unalloyed happiness. She begrudged him all distinction; not that she loved him less, but herself more. Even his defeat at the hands of another man would have helped, though it would have detracted somewhat from the glory of the Gethers name. But the prospect of herself usurping his proud position seemed entirely too good to be true and she told Otheller so.

Otheller talked rapidly, softly and convincingly. As a spellbinder he was a past master. He explained that as a political expert he had made it his business to investigate closely the sentiment of the lodge and discovered that, though Isaac controlled a healthy majority as against a male candidate, his entire scheme would be wrecked by the presence of a woman in the field. The women, Otheller contended, would be fascinated by the novelty of the thing and would rally solidly behind the banner of sex, which fact would insure victory, as they were numerically more than twenty per cent stronger than the men.

Christeen was enthralled. Within five minutes she fell victim to his arguments. The prospect of herself triumphant over Isaac in a lodge election was too roseate for words. Once victory was achieved she knew that he would be effectively and permanently reduced to a condition of innocuous desuetude, his last claim to recognition in the home as a human being destroyed. For the first time in years Christeen envisioned heavenly bliss. Absolute domination of Isaac was a passion now in prospect of fulfilment.

At that she was fearful of Otheller's scheme; it was almost too revolutionary for her iron pioneering hand. His arguments were answer-proof, but she was afraid.

"I ain't know a thing bouten lodge politics, Brother Heyward."

"I does, Sis' Christeen. Politics of all sorts is my profession, you might say. I was wunst a 'ficial to a Republican presidential convention up to Chicago. Tha's me. An' if'n I was to handle yo' campaign fo' you—jes' givin' my adwice of co'se so they wouldn't nobody know I had a han' in it—they ain't a doubt on earth you would be 'lected over yo' husban'."

They stared at one another, unanimously delighted that the success of their plan spelled abject misery for Isaac Gethers. Otheller started talking: he explained that the election was four weeks distant and that during that month Christeen was to campaign discreetly, letting it be known among her friends that she would be a candidate, but reserving the full force of the bombshell until the night of the meeting.

"'Co'din' to the rules of precedure in the lodge," he explained, "nominations an' 'lections comes the same night an' a candidate is got to be presint or he cain't be no candidate. Now you is gwine be they an' chances is Isaac will have a man runnin' 'gainst him. An' jes' as they is bouten to close the nominations you is got to have a lady frien' there to nominate you an' another one to second the motion. Tha's gwine knock the men folks offen they feet an' all the wimmin is gwine vote fo' you while the men's vote is splittin' two ways an' you is gwine walk in to the poten'cy."

Christeen was happy but doubtful, like a bride about to cook her first dinner. She was afraid that something might go wrong with the plan and fearful of consequences should that be the case. For should she run against her husband and be defeated by him there was grave danger that the wine of victory would mount to his head and he would demand authority in his own home. Christeen realized this, craving the power of the potentacy but dreading defeat. She was frank with Otheller and Otheller smiled away her fears.

He had been inspired solely by a desire to revenge himself upon Isaac Gethers. A new aspect had now presented itself and he warmed to the prospect of easy money; wherefore he expanded upon his prowess as a political expert. He could direct—in strictly sub-rosa fashion, of course—Christeen's campaign and thus insure her election; but, of course, as Sis' Christeen must understand, such an undertaking took time, and time to such a man as Otheller ——

Christeen took her cue prettily.

"Co'se, Brother Heyward, I is gwine pay you what it's wuth."

He shook his head.

"I cain't take no money from no lady, Sis' Christeen."

"Shucks! Ain't it fo' prefessional se'vices?"

"It shuah is."

"An' if'n you was a doctor or a lawyer an' I come to you woul'n't I pay you?"

"I hope so; I shuah hope so, Sis' Christeen."

"Then why I cain't pay you, say twen'y-five dollars now an' twen'y-five dollars when you gits me 'lected? Previdin' that'll be 'nough."

Otheller assured her that the suggested fee was adequate and on the spot she slipped him two ten-dollar bills and a single five and the contract became operative. They parted happily—Otheller was particularly happy. He would have been fairly joyous at the prospect of his rapidly germinating revenge. But to be paid for it was trebly fine.

The following morning Christeen timidly started her campaign and reported a startled but enthusiastic reception. Otheller foresaw a landslide. And so for several days they went their ways, Christeen gaining confidence and Otheller throwing himself heart and soul into plans for the complete humbling of his bête noire.

And then he met Ethline Rollerson!

He met her at the third annual dance of the Junior Beautifying Society. He gazed in awe at her rich brown complexion, her Junoesque figure, the stylish cut of her clothes, the masses of straight hair coifed artistically on her shapely head—he gazed upon a beautiful and a delectable woman and he fell.

It was Otheller's maiden experience with the little blind god and it was a sudden one. One jolt and he was left gasping for air. Women had played an indifferent part in his life; not that he was inclined to misogyny, but he regarded them as a means rather than an end; and also he fancied himself too good for the average damsel. And so he had met them, charmed them, brought them to the point of believing him a superman—and parted without ill feeling on either hand.

With Ethline all was different. He did not know what there was about her which was radiantly different from other women, but he sensed the difference. He knew instantly that she was the one woman in all creation with whom he was willing—anxious even—to tackle the matrimonial lottery.

Near the divine Ethline stood a tall, broad-shouldered, intensely athletic individual whom Otheller knew casually. They had met informally several nights before over the green of Bud Peaglar's best pool table. Otheller racked his brain, managed to remember the man's name and strode promptly across the room. Otheller was a firm advocate of the do-it-now policy.

"Ain't you Mistuh Jerry Skillet?"

The powerful gentleman admitted the accusation.

"I is."

"I is Otheller Heyward. I b'lieves I an' you played some star pool down to Bud Peaglar's the other night."

Jerry Skillet grimaced and grinned.

"You did, you mean. Me, I di'n't do nothin' on'y look on an' pay fo' the games."

Otheller grinned.

"I was jes' streakin' my good luck, Brother Skillet. Things was breakin' my way."

"They was, an' that ain't no lie."

The men chatted affably about things in general. Jerry found himself irresistibly attracted to the easy-mannered handsome stranger.

Within five minutes he was positive that Otheller was quite the finest man he had ever met.

And when Otheller saw that he had his quarry mesmerized he designated Ethline and fired a question:

"See that pretty gal standin' yonder?"

"Yaas."

"Know her?"

"Soht of."

"What her name is?"

"Ethline Rollerson."

Otheller cleared his throat.

"How 'bout 'traducin' me to her?"

Jerry Skillet drew his friend to the girl's presence.

"Miss Rollerson," he said grandly, "permit me to 'traduce my ve'y good frien', Mistuh Otheller Heyward, of Meridium. Mistuh Heyward, this heah is my fiansay, Miss Ethline Rollerson."

Otheller paused with his hand half extended. His eyes popped open and his jaw dropped. He gulped, moistened his lips, strove to control himself and inserted a fishy paw into Miss Rollerson's firm warm grasp.

"Yo'—yo' fiansay, Mistuh Skillet? Did I on'erstan' you to remark thataways?"

Jerry grinned pridefully.

"You sho' did, Brother Heyward. Me 'n Miss Rollerson is engage' to be ma'ied."

Otheller kept silent for a minute, and then, just because he felt that it was incumbent upon him to make some sort of a remark, he asked:

"Soon?"

Miss Rollerson answered the question, rolling her eyes coquettishly. It was patent that she was pleased with the stranger.

"I an' Jerry ain't makin' no ma'iage talk yet, Mistuh Heyward. We is on'y jes' engage'."

Once he had recovered from the initial shock the fact of a marriage engagement between Ethline Rollerson and Jerry Skillet had comparatively little effect upon Otheller. He made a dead set for her during the rest of the evening and flattered her continuously and outrageously. Not once was he farther than ten feet away, save when she was dancing with another partner.

He recovered his poise and brought the full power of his never-failing hypnotic personality into play. He exerted himself as he had never done before. Beside him Jerry Skillet faded into a pale colorless oblivion. Ethline was frankly fascinated by this cosmopolitan, honey-tongued stranger; wherefore she gave him permission to call upon her the following evening.

"Shuah Jerry ain't got no objections?"

She tossed her head. "I ain't worryin' over Jerry's 'jections."

"He might ——"

"An' then again he mightn't. He ain't got no time sayin' what I is gwine do an' what I ain't. I an' him ain't on'y engage'."

Jerry's friendly feeling toward Otheller did not lessen when he learned from Ethline that the stranger was to call upon her the following evening.

"I tol' him it'd be all right," said Ethline.

"Sho' nuff it is," concurred Jerry. "He's a pow'ful nice feller, Brother Heyward is. An' Ethline, you'd oughter see him shoot pool!"

Otheller sat up very late that night trying to write a lyric poem. He proceeded as far as:

Ethline i shure like you fine
and for you i pine
lik stars in heven yure eys do shine
Since I met you i've jus been sine—

and gave it up as a bad job. There seemed an insufficiency of words which rhymed with Ethline. He destroyed his verse and climbed into bed, where he lay building air castles which were Jerry-Skilletless.

He was sleeping soundly and noisily when his ample landlady rapped sharply on the door. He bade her enter.

"Gen'leman to see you, Mistuh Heyward."

"Who—me?"

"Yeh."

"What his name is?"

"Isaac Gethers," came the answer in a tone which indicated the full measure of respect which the landlady accorded the Grand Magnificent High Potentate of The Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise.

Otheller sat up straight in bed, all thought of Ethline banished on the instant.

Of all persons in the world he least expected Isaac Gethers as a caller, never pausing to realize that, though he was plotting darkly against that henpecked and flabby person, Isaac had completely forgotten the little friction which had marred their introduction.

Otheller slipped into a gaudy bathrobe and seated himself in the only easy-chair the room boasted, so that his visitor would be forced to use the other and extremely uncomfortable one. He then bade the landlady usher Mr. Gethers into the room.

Isaac entered. He entered sheepishly, as though fearing detection. He ducked the inquisitive stare of the landlady and perched himself stiffly on the very edge of the other chair, nervously twirling his hat in fat shaky fingers.

The landlady departed reluctantly. Otheller sat quietly enjoying, though not understanding—the discomfiture of his visitor. Isaac cleared his throat.

"Mistuh Heyward?"

"Tha's me?"

"You remembers me?"

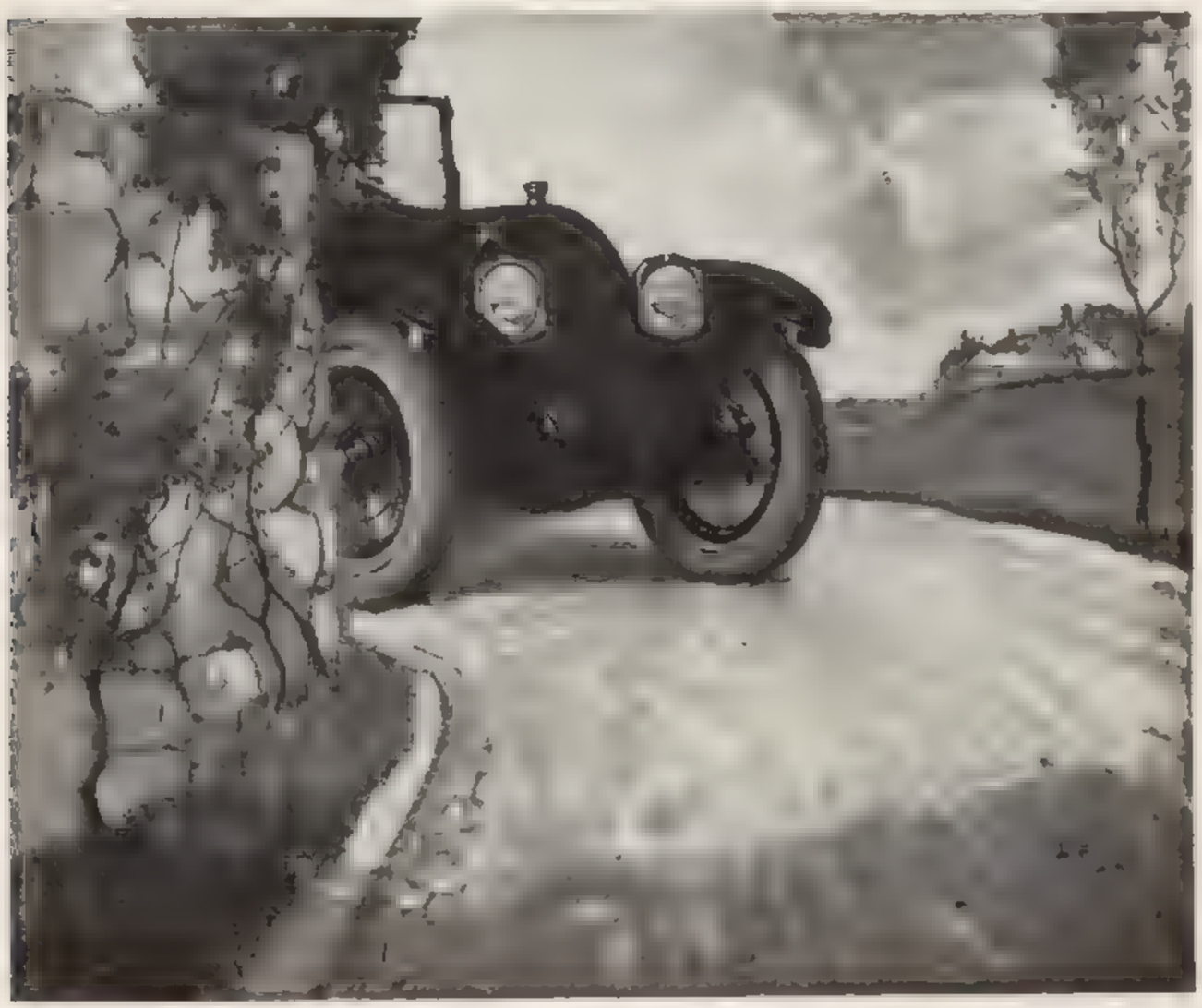
"I mos' suttinly an' positively does."

"Shuah?"

"You is the Gran' Magnificent High Potentate of The Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise, ain't you?"

(Continued on Page 38)

THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD



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There is no little thing in which the Cadillac does not satisfy—there is no great thing in which it does not establish a standard.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY • DETROIT, MICH.

CADILLAC
STANDARD OF THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 36)

"I is. You come to my office one day when you fust off come to Bummin'ham."

"So I did. I ain't fo'got. What c'n I do fo' you, Mistuh Gethers?"

Isaac hitched his chair confidingly closer. He threw an apprehensive gaze about the room and lowered his voice.

"I jedge that you is to be trusted, Mistuh Heyward."

"You jedges correct."

"I wan's to ast you: that fust day you was in my office, di'n't I on'erstan' you to say that you was a prelitical expert? That you knows all 'bouten 'lections an' things whether they is in the guv'ment or in the lodge?"

"I reckon you on'erstood that same. Such bein' my profession."

Isaac heaved a profound sigh.

"Mistuh Heyward, I is in a mos' excessive pickle."

With great difficulty Otheller concealed a triumphant grin.

"You ain't say so?"

"Yeh, I does say so. An' what I impaht to you immedjitly heahafter is in strictes' confidence, Mistuh Heyward. I is a mis'able man; a ve'y mis'able man."

"'Count of which?"

"My wife. Christeen, Mistuh Heyward, which I on'erstan' you has met mo'n once, is a woman who is plumb fon' of bein' boss roun' the house. Now I is a peaceable man an' a quiet one, Mistuh Heyward, an' I don' appeal to do no fightin' with my wife, so I is always 'lowed her to have her way. Ontil jes' right recent. Sumthin' has now came up an' risen which has brung me heah to ast yo' prefessional 'sistance. I reckon you understan's, Brother Heyward, that sometimes a woman c'n go too far."

"Ain't you tootin' now?"

"I is. Is you prepared to listen?"

Otheller leaned forward with genuine interest. His scheme was veering off at a wholly unexpected and delightful tangent.

"Splain it, Brother Gethers."

Brother Gethers explained. He started with his wedding day and traced a history of tearful matrimonial discord down to the previous week, winding up with a tragic recital of a conversation he had had with his wife the night before. In that conversation he had boasted once too often of the preëminence which was his by reason of his rulership of The Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise, wherewith his wife had lost her temper and retorted wrathfully that his tenure of office was nearing an end and that she was destined to become his successor.

The supreme misery of Isaac Gethers would have softened any heart less adamant than that of Otheller Heyward. It was plain to him that the election of Christeen would be nothing short of a cataclysm to the persecuted husband.

"If'n 'twas any other woman," wailed Isaac, "it'd be bad enough. But Christeen! Oh! Lawsy! Life ain't gwine be wuth livin'."

Otheller had listened patiently and gleefully. Now he fired a direct question:

"What is I got to do with this?"

Isaac hesitated, but only for a second.

"Ain't you done said you is a prelitical expert?"

"I has."

"An' you really does know a heap 'bouten lodge 'lections an' sechlike?"

"Folks what knows says I is the bes' which is."

Isaac extended both hands in a hopeless, helpless gesture, a gesture which was at one time an admission of impotence and a plea for aid.

"Tha's why I come to you, Brother Heyward. I needs yo' help. If'n 'twas on'y that I was gwine git beat 'twouldn't be so bad, but when I thinks of my wife gittin' 'lected—if'n that was to be, Brother Heyward, they jes' wouldn't be no livin' with that woman of mine."

Brother Heyward hypocritically t'chked his sympathy.

"An' you is consultin' me in a professional capacity?"

"You said it."

"You wan's me to negotiate yo' campaign so's you will be re'lected."

"You is shuah singin' the ultimate correct chune."

"Co'se you ain't gwine want nobody to know they is a deal on 'twixt us, is you?"

Isaac hastened to affirm that he did not.

"My price," stated Otheller firmly, "will be sevumty-five dollars."

With speed which brought regrets to the mercenary heart of Otheller, The Grand Magnificent High Potentate of The Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise whipped out his wallet and shoved one twenty and three tens at his vis-à-vis.

"They's fifty in cash, Brother Heyward, an' you gits t'other twent'y-five when I gits re'lected."

Otheller was satisfied but still a trifle sad. He realized too late that he might have doubled his price and got away with it. At that he had already cleared seventy-five dollars on the little political turmoil he had started and was certain of another twenty-five no matter which member of the Gethers family polled the larger vote. As to the ethical aspect of the double and conflicting retainers he entertained absolutely no compunctions. He was frankly allied with Christeen. He even expressed to Isaac the conviction that the odds were all on the side of his wife. Much to his surprise Isaac disagreed.

"I thinks I c'n beat Christeen, Brother Heyward."

"You does?"

"I is almos' shuah of it."

"Then why'd you come to me?"

"'Cause in a matter of sech wital empo'tance as this, Brother Heyward, a man which takes chances is got a heap of jackass blood in him an' I ain't never been 'cused of that. They's too much 'pendin' on this heah 'lection fo' me to leave one stone tu'ned wrong side over."

Isaac radiated confidence; Otheller probed for the conditions behind the other's optimism.

"Why you think she is gwine git beat? They is mo' wimmin in the lodge than what they is men."

"Tha's true."

"An' ain't they all gwine stan' behin' Christeen cause'n she's a woman?"

"They's where you is wrong, Brother Heyward. You ain't so ve'y freemiliar with my wife, 'countin' if you was you'd know they ain't many wimmin in Bummin'ham which ain't aimin' to t'ar her hair out by the roots fust time they gits a good squar' chancet."

"You ain't say so!"

"I does that ve'y same thing."

Here was a new and interesting personal angle on the political situation. He felt grateful to Isaac for putting into his hands such invaluable information. He was determined that nothing was to interfere with his pet scheme of ignominiously defeating the present incumbent.

"An' you thinks you will git 'nough wimmin votes to poll a majority?"

"I think so, but I ain't shuah of it. Tha's what yo' sevumty-five dollars is fo'—to make shuah."

Otheller pledged himself to make sure. He intended to make very sure indeed—sure that Isaac lost. He understood Isaac's position perfectly; the man had too much at stake to take a single chance. Otheller admired his political acumen. Isaac was wise enough to recognize the element of the uncertain, the remote possibility that the novelty of the thing might appeal to a woman to the end that Christeen would be elected.

As very confidential adviser to Isaac Gethers, Otheller absorbed considerable valuable information. And as the data shaped themselves under his hand he began to entertain doubts of the success of his scheme. He still contended that Christeen would win, but he was not so positive in his assertion that Isaac would run a poor race. He was quite sure that the situation needed intensive study.

And then he forgot the situation and remembered Ethline Rollerson, or rather he happened to remember Ethline and forgot the lodge. He counted again the twenty and the three tens and sought a florist. Within twenty minutes a dozen pink carnations were en route to the Rollerson home.

That afternoon Otheller shot a very indifferent cue at Bud Peaglar's. He actually experienced a little trouble in defeating the second best player in the city. He pleaded indigestion and got the evening off.

Nor was he able to produce at the dinner table the acuity usually marking his gustatory exercises. Three pork chops, a dish of rice, four large biscuits, a cup of coffee and two slices of pie; he finished them with neatness and dispatch and pushed his chair disgustedly away from the table. "I shuah is got it bad," he reflected. "When a man's in love he cain't eat nothin'."

He found Ethline surpassingly radiant and interestingly receptive for one whose heart and hand were already pledged to another and handsomer man. The flowers had done the work. Jerry Skillet was no tightwad but his gifts were usually less perishable than flowers—and woman, be she racially blonde or brunette, responds to a floral appeal.

Ethline responded elegantly. So well that Otheller vaguely contemplated a plunge into the florist business. He gleaned the hope that there might be slightly more than a minimum of chance for him.

He trod on air all the next day and the one following. The second night after his initial visit he called again by appointment. Jerry was out of the city and Ethline lonesome. Otheller promised to fill in as best he could and made an excellent substitute. Ethline wasn't even conscious of the fact that she missed the departed Jerry.

Otheller intrigued her vastly. He was deference personified. He carried with him an affability and a poise deliciously urban. He was literally polished to his fingertips, intransigently good-natured and frankly out to please. And all the time he was studying her carefully, cataloguing her frailties and her strength. From that pleasant study there was evolved an idea.

It was a Gargantuan idea, a Napoleonic inspiration. It was worthy of a master mind and Otheller's smile fairly scintillated as he fenced for an opening. He was about to offer her the one thing which Jerry Skillet—with all his affluence—could not give; the thing which is to the average human better than much fine gold.

He played cleverly upon her pride of place. He spoke convincingly of his ability to manipulate his fellow men to the end of achieving the seemingly impossible. And when he had her interest boiling he calmly suggested that she allow him to elect her Grand Magnificent High Potentate of The Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise.

In her candidacy he found the solution of every angle of the puzzling problem which he was facing. During the last two days he had studied the political situation with unusual care. Election night was approaching and interest was heated, thanks to hints which had leaked regarding the prospective candidacy of Christeen Gethers. And from the maze of talk and counter talk Otheller had come to understand that Christeen was a weak sister politically. Women disliked her and would vote against her willy-nilly, preferring anything to her election.

But a woman of Ethline's stamp—there was something vastly different. Ethline was young, beautiful, generally liked—making up in winning personality what she lacked in executive ability. Otheller figured it out that women would rally almost solidly to the Rollerson standard and that they would be reënforced by every man who nourished a grudge against Isaac.

The scheme appeared flawless as he explained it in glowing terms to Ethline. She responded to his suggestion with an enthusiasm which might have aroused more than a mite of interest in the mind of the absent Jerry Skillet.

But Otheller was no fool; he knew that he was becoming exceedingly involved. He had pledged himself to operate the campaigns of all three candidates for the potentacy of the lodge. There was solace in the fact that he was bound to win, but danger that his wires would get crossed. Though all three campaigns were to be handled in strictest privacy there was always danger of a slip—and a slip at this time promised to prove embarrassing to the wire-pulling Otheller. Therefore he sagely decided to reduce his danger to a minimum.

He admitted to the entranced Ethline that he was supposed to be running Isaac's campaign. He averred stoutly that Isaac had no chance whatever of winning and that he would be doing the stout potentate a friendly favor by seeing to it that, since Isaac could not be returned victorious, someone other than Christeen should be.

"Co'se," he explained, "I is gwine make him think he is gwine win the 'lection an' all the time you an' him will be wukin' as allies. An' on'y you an' me is gwine know that I is wukin' things fo' you to win."

"How that gwine be?"

He shook his head wisely.

"Otheller Heyward c'n fix things which is a heap harder'n that. I is goin' to Isaac an' git him to invite you to run against him. 'countin' he thinks he will split the wimmin vote, beat Christeen an' 'lect him!"

It didn't require any enormous amount of argument to make the worried Isaac see that Ethline's candidacy was vital to the success of his own race. According to the dictatorial Otheller it was simple as A-B-C. If only Isaac and Christeen made the race, he explained, there was grave danger that the vote would be split by sexes, in which event Christeen would be an easy winner. On the other hand if Isaac could induce Ethline to run it would split the female vote while the masculine ballot would rally solidly behind Isaac.

"Tha'd make Sis' Christeen run thi'd," averred Otheller. "How'd you like that?"

Isaac beamed beatifically.

"Hones'?"

"Couldn't be no other way. If'n the wimmin had they chancet of votin' fo' two wimmin an' yo' wife was one of them you know good an' well she won't have no chancet whatever a-tall 'countin' so many wimmin don't like her."

"That sho' is the truth, Brother Heyward. It sho' is. I reckon you suttinly is got sumthin' on yo' shoulders 'ceptin' on'y a neck."

Isaac parted from Otheller and went surreptitiously to the home of Ethline Rollerson, where, after considerable preamble, he ventured the suggestion that she enter the race for Grand Magnificent High Potentate of The Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise.

Ethline played her rôle excellently. She appeared stunned with surprise, though in her heart she was applauding Otheller's masterly adroitness in not only forcing Isaac to dance when he pulled the wires, but to be blissfully unconscious that there were any wires.

"Why is you so sot on me runnin', Mistuh Gethers?"

"I is a mis'able man, Miss Rollerson; a ve'y exceedin'ly mis'able man. How come my wife to git this fool idee 'bout runnin' fo' the poten'cy in her haid fust off, I don' know; but it shows me right off that some woman is gwine win the 'lection. Theyfo' I says to myse'f that if'n I ain't gwine win I don't want my wife to win, an' also I says to myse'f, Sis' Ethline, that they ain't no prettier, mo' competenter, capabeller woman to be potentate of the lodge than what you is."

"You is shuah I'll be 'lected if'n I runs?"

"Positively certain," he lied calmly.

"Hones' shuah?"

"They ain't a chancet contrariwise, Sis' Ethline. Ise a seein' man an' I knows when I is beat, so I is gwine tip off all my frien's that they is to make a great, big howdee-do 'bouten me an' then vote fo' you. 'Co'se Christeen ain't gwine know I is got anythin' to do with yo' runnin' an' she ain't gwine be a whole lot worried 'bouten it ontil come 'lection time, when all my vote is goin' yo' way. They ain't no 'jority 'lections in the lodge, you know. No matter how many candidates they is the one which gits the mos' votes gits 'lected."

Ethline was persuadable. She coyly accepted Isaac's proposition and went so far as to promise that when she was elected she would accord him the place behind the throne. Both were chuckling to themselves as they parted. "That gal," communed Isaac, "is gwine jes' bus' up Christeen's vote an' I is gwine walk in." Said Ethline to herself: "Otheller is some foolin' man. He is got that ol' butterball thinkin' he is gwine win over me."

It was inevitable that news of the double feminine candidacy should leak out. It did. Isaac's first outside intimation came from his wife. That militant person sailed in upon him one evening with eyes blazing with fury. She slammed herself into a wicker chair and emitted a grunt of anger.

"That hussy!"

"Which hussy?"

"Ethline Rollerson!"

"What 'bouten her?"

"She is gwine run fo' Gran' Magnificent High Potentate of the lodge. Tha's what she is gwine do. Think of the gall of her runnin' fo' that office! It's a outrage!"

"'Cause she's a woman, you mean?"

"No—not meanin' nothin' of the kin'. It's a outrage 'cause I is a'ready let 'em know that I is runnin' an' ev'ybody knows good an' well I is the bes' woman in Bummin'ham to be potentate of that lodge."

Isaac perked up hopefully.

"If'n tha's the case, whyn't you withdraw outen the race befo' you gits beat?"

She flared.

"Who says Ise gwine git beat?"

"Ethline is younger an' prettier."

"O-o-ow!" She rose and placed strong hands on narrow hips. "So you is jes' like

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Just You Ride

More Than Half a Million Motorists Now Praise It

In An Essex

No other proof is needed to win you to it.

Thousands have placed their orders upon the demonstration revealed in a short ride.

Its performance is so convincing that one is not left with indecision as to its value.

Consider What Thousands Say

On every hand you hear praise for the Essex.

Its newness created an interest that sent hundreds of thousands to Essex stores to see it. On the first day more than 5,000 rode and were won by its performance.

Every day of the past four months has seen a swelling tide of admiration until now all are saying the finest things for it.

What Is It That They Admire?

Is it performance or appearance—low cost or economy of operation?

One speaks of one quality, another of some other feature.

That is accounted for by the experience those persons have had with other cars.

The man who has owned a good light weight car recognizes in the Essex a wider power range. He sees a complete car. It has features he had never hoped to obtain in any car selling within his price range.

The man experienced with fine cars sees in the Essex an equal quality to that with which he is accustomed but at an immense saving in operating and maintenance cost.

It Has Appealed To All Motorists

Interest in the Essex has come from all classes of motorists.

That proves the fulfilment of the aim of its builders. They intended it should be the car that would embody all the advantages of the two accepted types of cars.

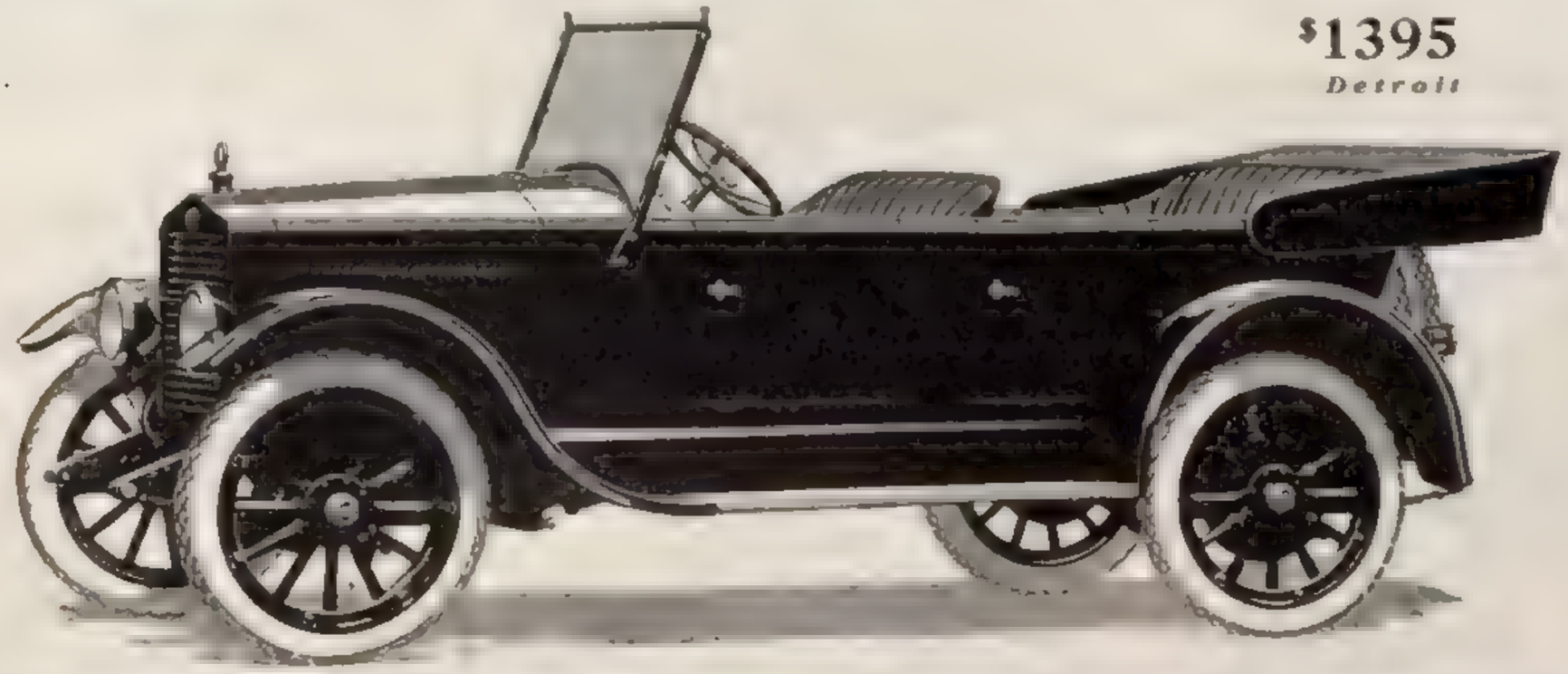
It should have lightness as well as durability—performance as well as low first cost—easy riding qualities as well as economy of operation.

They did not sacrifice the advantages of either—they combined them.

That is what all have recognized.

It is what we want you to know and thus our statement "Just you ride in an Essex."

$1395
Detroit



ARCADY THE BLEST

By Barker Shelton

WHEN a certain Mr. Ragan concluded he was entitled to a pound of flesh out of the Hugh Braley Construction Company and the Hugh Braley Construction Company seemed unwilling to favor the said Mr. Ragan with anything of the sort, Jerry Weatherby, at his little old tucked-away-in-a-corner desk in the offices of Little, Tyler & White, beamed blandly on a world suddenly become rosy. For Jerry had heard Opportunity knocking at his door—loudly, clearly and with no uncertain sound.

A definite aim in life is a beautiful and a sublime thing. Jerry Weatherby was blessed with such an aim. It was nothing less than to behold the name of H. Gerald Weatherby added to an imposing string of names which occupied the upper left-hand corner of Little, Tyler & White's official stationery.

No one ever landed his name on that list without work. Jerry had realized this at the outset. But in his veins coursed the blood of New England forebears who spelled Work with a capital and bowed down to it and worshiped it.

He had reached that point in his journey toward the goal of his ambitions where the preparation of many of the difficult and important briefs of the firm was falling to his lot. This was a hopeful sign. It was the last stage before you blossomed forth in the upper left-hand corner of that stationery and came into the glory and the prestige and the added financial emolument such an arrangement carried with it.

For some day when you had done a particularly good piece of work on a particularly difficult job of this kind old Horace Little himself would come toddling out of his private office, stop at your desk, look at you approvingly over the tops of his queer and ancient steel-bowed spectacles, and say, as he wobbled that satisfactory brief under your nose: "Excellent work! Most excellent bit of work! We shall need you with us here. We mustn't let you get away. We must take care of you so you won't want to get away!"

And then it was all over but the celebration, and your life fell into much more pleasant perspectives.

So when the brief in the case of Ragan versus the Hugh Braley Construction Company came to Jerry for his expert attention, his experienced eye saw in it the bird of all the briefs that had fallen to his lot; the big chance; something to compensate vacationless years of early comings to his desk and overlate departures therefrom.

Ragan and the Hugh Braley Construction Company couldn't have engineered a prettier tangle to be sifted out if they had done it all with malice aforethought, which of course they hadn't. If out of this mess he could bring the clear, cold, logical sequence he had pulled out of other similar messes he could see old Horace toddling toward him with the bay leaves.

He fell to with a vast enthusiasm. Lights burned late at night in the splendidly equipped legal library of Little, Tyler & White. Night watchmen in the building nodded to Jerry going downstairs at all sorts of scandalous hours. He paced deserted streets, smoothing out some salient point in that brief, when trucks, whizzing trainward with the bulldog edition of the morning papers, and milk wagons were his only companions. He drew inspiration from an irregular patch of reflected light above his bed when he should have been sleeping.

His first warning that things were not going as they should was a sudden feeling of distinct distaste for Mr. Ragan and the Braley Construction Company. It was a silly fight anyway; a puerile sort of you've-done-me-now-by-gravy-I'll-do-you affair. Undignified in its every aspect. Without sense or reason. Ditto the brief as far as he had gone with it. Flat; a grasping at straws; worst piece of work he had ever done.

Then a most disturbing sensation took up its abode with him. Wherever he was, it was the one place he didn't want to be. When he was at his desk in the office he wished most devoutly he was in his cosy apartment at the Rookery; and when he got to his apartment in the Rookery he wished he was at a show; and when he got to a show he wanted to take a long walk; and while he paced altogether too fast on that walk the morocco-scented library of the firm suggested the peace and comfort he had been chasing vainly; so he hurried thither, but the peace and comfort had departed before he arrived. And he started over the whole vicious circle again.

This would never do! Not if he intended to grab this chance to appear officially on the firm's stationery. Let him keep on the way he was going and old Horace would come charging down upon him with murder in his soul instead of that crown of bay leaves in his hand, and quite probably heave Jerry out of the handiest window.

In the midst of his distress, like a great light in his darkness, came the thought of Peter Babcock. There was the man to fix him up! Between Jerry and Peter there had sprung up one of those friendships built on a mutual understanding and a mutual appreciation that make such friendships secure in the face of everything. Only, Peter Babcock had gone up the line somewhat faster than Jerry. He was already beginning to be widely quoted as a coming neurologist. Peter would put an end to these sleepless nights and this horrible feeling of some disaster impending.

He'd just drop in on Peter. Right away. He'd take the Subway. No, a taxi would be quicker. He had walked so far already toward Peter Babcock's before he decided between the two that it occurred to him he might just as well walk the rest of the way.

But standing in front of Peter's house, with Peter's name winking at him from the neat brass plate between the front windows, it struck Jerry Weatherby that he was making altogether too much of a mountain out of his molehill. Why trouble Peter about it? It was merely the clearest and simplest case of quitting. Jerry could size that up as well as the best neurologist that ever lived. However, so long as he was here he'd just drop in and say hello to old Peter. Nothing in the way of professional advice at all! Or perhaps he'd better wait until he got a better grip on himself before he had even a friendly chat with Peter. He turned back—and a moment later was chagrined and immensely relieved to find himself ringing Peter Babcock's bell.

In the little consulting room back of the big front parlor, which was now Peter's reception room, they tilted back their chairs and put their feet on the glass top of the desk and touched off cigars from Peter's humidor. Jerry puffed away at his as if he had been allotted about two minutes to smoke it through. But with all his valiant effort it seemed to burn far too slowly to suit him. So he began chewing away at it irritably, as if he would expedite matters by eating up one end while he burned up the other.

"Come across!" Peter suddenly demanded with irrelevance that cut spang into the middle of a pleasant little commonplace conversation.

Jerry pretended he didn't get it.

"Ask me whatever it is you want to about yourself!"

"Me? Ask you something about myself? Say, Peter, once in a while—once in a great while—you know, it's barely possible someone drops in on you for a better reason than running up a bill for your distinguished services."

"You didn't."

That flattened Jerry Weatherby a trifle.

"How'd you know I didn't?"

Peter banged open the mahogany cover of the humidor.

"Favor me by eating one more cigar, Jerry. It's interesting to watch you."

All the wind went out of Jerry's sails. He slumped down in his chair and eased up on the overworked cigar.

"Oh, very well, old miracle of second sight. Since you want a job that bad——"

He seemed reluctant to go on. Peter waited, apparently absorbed in watching the lengthening ash on his own cigar.

"Gosh, there must be something gone askew with me, Peter!" Jerry confessed at length. "Can't concentrate for a darn lately. Hate my work."

"Go ahead! Tell me something I don't know already."

"Don't want to eat. Sleeping pretty ordinarily rotten."

"Old stuff! Try again!"

"Wherever I am lately it's the one place I don't want to be. Something is egging me on all the time to go somewhere else, only it isn't a bit better when I do get somewhere else."

"Huh!" said Peter. "You've got to pull up, Jerry, and pull up soon."

"Nothing to it just now, Peter! I've got the job of my young life on. Right now I've got in my little old paws the piece of work that is going to land me in the firm. So don't spring any of this drop-everything-and-take-a-rest stuff on me!"

"You will presently, whether I suggest it or not. Jerry, do you know what that feeling of wanting to get away from wherever you happen to be really is?"

"Damn foolishness."

"Maybe, but I rather think it's a call to you to go and play."

"There you go! I tell you there is nothing to it until this particular job is finished and off my mind."

"Everybody has to play a little once in a while," said Peter. "If you keep your silly old nose to the grindstone overlong without any play in between times, that call comes as it has come to you. Now then, if you are fool enough not to heed it do you know what happens?"

"Shoot it! I don't frighten easily, so make it a good one!"

"If you don't heed that call the time comes when something doesn't wait any longer for you. Something takes you away to play, whether or no. Only it's too late for you

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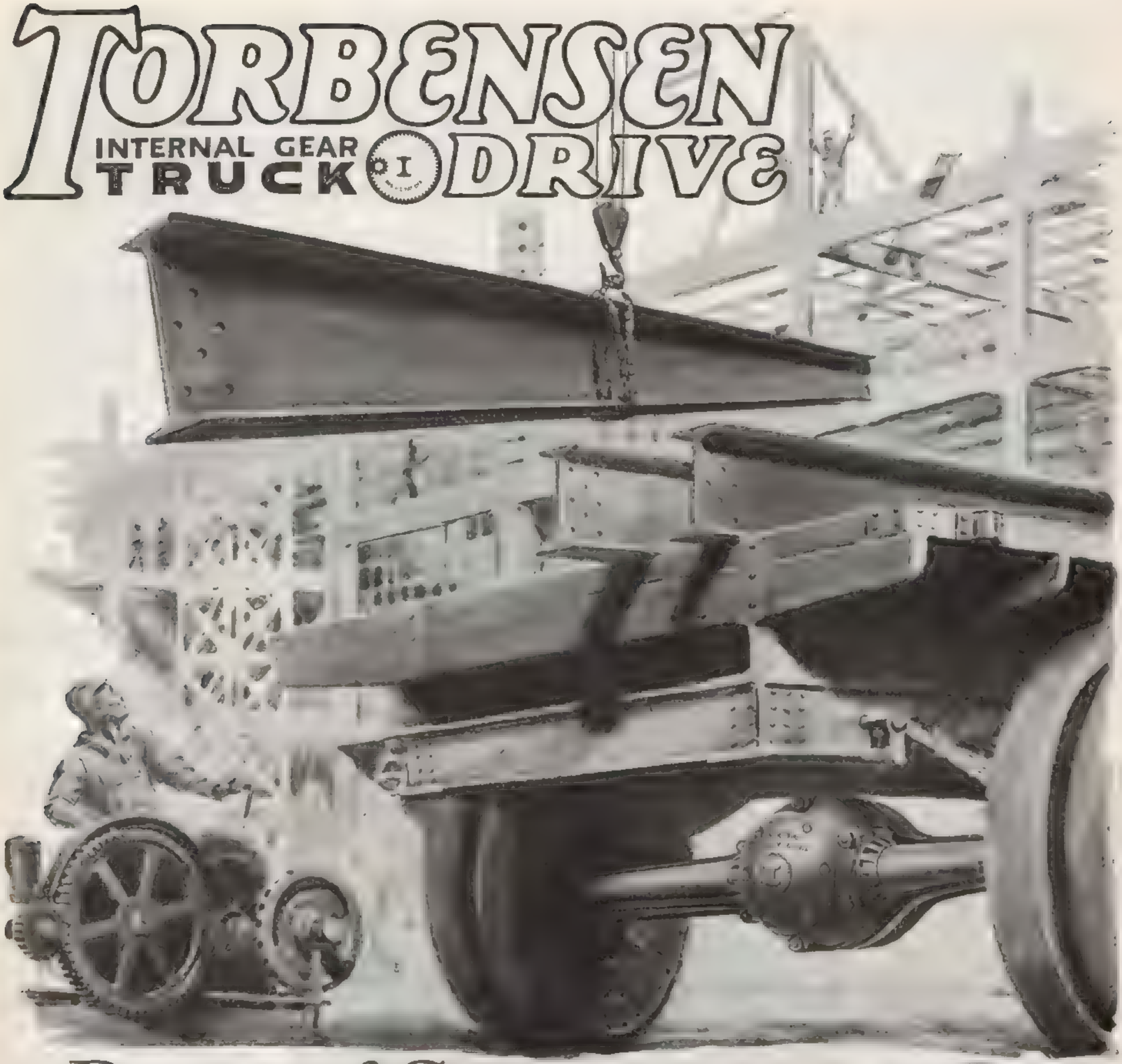
TORBENSEN INTERNAL GEAR TRUCK I DRIVE



Power of Gears *and* Strength of I-Beam

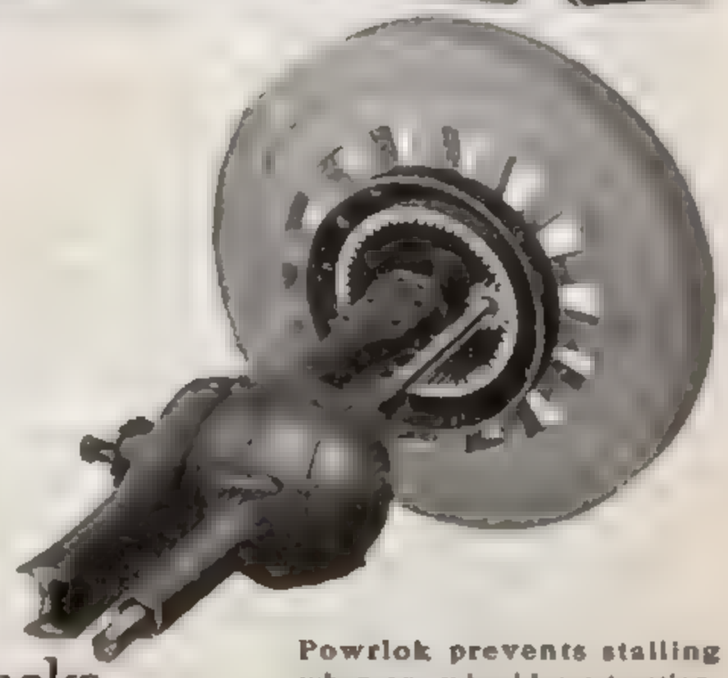
Any truck works easily on level roads; but when the tug comes—when the heavily loaded truck must lift itself up muddy hills—must drag itself through mud holes or sand—the leverage of a Torbensen Internal Gear Drive, applied at the wheel, near the rim, will pull a truck up, through or over any place on the earth where four wheels can find traction.

A Torbensen carries the load on a forged I-Beam, which is the accepted form where great strength, lightness and rigidity are needed. Bridges and steel buildings are built of I-Beams.

Because Torbensen Drive is economical—carries the load—and never quits—it is in service under more trucks than any other type of truck rear axle.

THE TORBENSEN AXLE CO.
Cleveland, Ohio

Largest Builder in the World *of* Rear Axles for Motor Trucks



Powrlok prevents stalling when one wheel loses traction.

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really to play then. You wander round trying to play, but you can't. They call it aphasia."

"Pretty name! I've heard it before."

"So have I," said Peter grimly.

Jerry looked disturbed for a moment; then he grinned, pulled his feet off the desk top and bounded out of his chair as if he had too many springs coiled up inside him and they had all let loose at once.

"Rot!" he said. "I'm squealing, that's all that's the matter with me! I'll get this job done; then I'll go and play."

"That's what they all say—always!"

"Well, I'll have a hack at it anyway. And all this croaking of yours, Peter, isn't helping things very muchly."

"Let me suggest something that will help. I'm not going to tell you to drop everything and go away to rest, supposedly, but really to fret yourself into a worse hole. Keep right on with this wonderful job of yours. But the first time you feel that call to get away somewhere, do it! Do it immejut and to once! Don't wait! Drop everything and hike. Stay two days, three days, a week. It will pay."

"Now what in thunder is the sense of that? I've tried it. I only feel worse in the place I go to than I did in the one I came from."

"You didn't go to the right place. You should go somewhere not because you feel you must, but because you want to go."

"Peter, there ain't no such animal," said Jerry with much weariness of spirit.

"Oh, yes, there is! There's a place where everybody under the sun is anxious to be."

"Kindly mention it specifically!"

"Arcady."

You hardly would have expected that answer from slow-going prosaic-looking old Peter Babcock. And that is just where men of Peter's type fool you.

"Arcady, hey? Arcady, the gentleman says. Has he been neglecting business to read mushy poetry—or has he become addicted to some of his own drugs? Maybe, dearie, you'll locate it for me."

"It hasn't any fixed boundaries," said Peter, quite unmoved. "Any fool knows that much. But it's waiting somewhere for each one of us. I knew one man—wise old party too—who used to chase to Hong-Kong for it every once in a while. And I knew another who found it in a six-cent bag of peanuts and one of the wheezy old excursion boats down the harbor. There are as many individual Arcadys as there are individual bits of human frailty on this planet. The thing to do is to find your own.

"Jerry, old stocking, I'm in dead earnest. The next time that call comes to you you beat it. It's a call from your own little private Arcady. Don't take any chances. When it comes, go find it!"

"There might be some sense in what you say at that," Jerry mused.

"There sure is!" said Peter in a tone that left no chance to doubt his own convictions in the matter.

Jerry had not the slightest intention of following out these suggestions, however. Even as he said good night to Peter on the stoop something within him was tightening its unpleasant grip upon him; something was whispering to him that what he needed was more work yet instead of any thought of easing up.

And with the joyous determination to put the thing through at any cost, he went to the office next morning and fell upon Mr. Ragan and the Hugh Braley Construction Company and the diversity of opinion that existed between and forninst the same. And tore madly into that brief; and forgot luncheon; and went to pieces beautifully at five minutes past four; and found himself weeping in self-pity over the botch he was making of the whole matter.

A growing sense of wretchedness and utter helplessness frightened him.

The urge within him to be somewhere else and to be there instanter swooped down upon him with treble the force it had ever brought before.

Smiling—a crooked, uncertain, yet withal hopeful smile—he pushed aside the papers on his desk and slammed a weight on them.

"Looks like me for Arcady after all," he said, and got up.

Trouble was he hadn't the faintest idea where this private individual Arcady of his might lie. Was it north, south, east or west? Was he bound for Hong-Kong—or a six-cent bag of peanuts and an excursion boat down the harbor? He stood irresolute at the main entrance of the building in which Little, Tyler & White maintained their austerely impressive suite of offices. He felt better already from the bare decision to venture into Arcady. Yo-ho for Arcady! But where the devil was it?

A taxi pulled up to the curb and discharged its cargo of one very preoccupied gentleman, portly and with white hair. He began to argue his just fare with the chauffeur. Jerry knew this from the gentleman's gestures and the way he pointed to the taximeter. They came to a compromise.

And, speaking of taxis, what a chauffeur thereof did not know about the town wasn't worth mentioning. Funeral or frolic, dog fight or chamber concert—leave it to them to find it and take you to it.

Suppose you entered a taxi and merely said you wanted Arcady. It was an engaging whim with possibilities. Jerry crossed the sidewalk.

"Do you know where Arcady is?" he inquired of the man at the wheel.

"Arcady? Sure, sor!"

"Take me to it, then!"

"Which wan?"

"Just Arcady."

"There's a whole rigimint of Arcadys in this village, sor. They ranges from flop-house to thim as will sting yez for seven tips before yez so much as set foot inside 'em."

"Can't you dig me up a sort of in-between Arcady?"

"I can thot, sor. I had ut in me moind aven as yez shpoke, sor. Get in, sor!"

They shot away from the curb. They made good time uptown. They stopped before a building with an ornate façade and an entrance that passed itself off for Siena marble. There were letters of glittering gold leaf on the plate-glass lunette above the plate-glass doors. The mystery flashed out. Those letters announced to the world at large:

THE ARCADY

Young willow trees, clipped down and parading as bays, stood in brass-hooped tubs, one on each side of each step and two on each side of the top step. And behind the left-hand brace of willow-bays, artfully concealing itself so as to be perfectly visible between them, was a wooden standard, also gold-lettered to the effect that within were:

APARTMENTS, 1, 2 AND 3 ROOMS AND BATH

FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED

INQUIRE OF JANITOR ON THE PREMISES

If one starts a game it is good policy to see it through. Jerry gravely settled with his chauffeur, mounted the steps and pushed the button of the janitor's bell. A man in smutty blue overalls, who introduced himself as Mr. Mullen and tinctured the immediate atmosphere with the breath of things soon to be put into limbo by Federal law, came waddling heavily from some subterranean depth in answer to the summons.

"Something furnished," Jerry opened the conversation.

Mr. Mullen pursed his lips.

"Only one furnished left," said he. "Seventh floor back. One room and bath. Forty-two a month."

He said it as if he had already repeated it countless times like some well-learned lesson. Also he seemed without any particular hope in this particular case.

"Let's have a look at it," the prospective tenant suggested.

Now Jerry Weatherby had not the slightest intention of becoming a dweller in this stucco-fronted, polished-glass-and-imitation-marble Arcady. Idle curiosity prompted him to trouble the fagged-appearing Mr. Mullen to the extent of displaying what comfort and cheer the Arcady offered its patrons in its one-room-and-a-bath furnished suites at forty-two a month. Besides, he might as well be looking at suites as trying to drive the thoughts of his trouble from his mind by any other method. Mr. Mullen, aloof, still without any apparent hope of doing actual business, took him up in the automatic elevator, ushered him down a very long and very narrow hall and opened a door on too much fumed-oak furniture for the too-small space into which it was crowded.

Mr. Mullen began opening other doors.

"Bath—kitchenette. 'Ere's the bed in this closet," he announced successively. Jerry was not listening. He had strolled to a window and lifted it. It commanded an imposing view of the rear of similar apartments on the next street. It struck him he could not be much farther removed from his own private Arcady than he was at present. He glanced downward. Just below him, running beneath the two windows of the apartment similar to this one, was a long window box, gay with mignonette and candytuft and geraniums in full bloom. A brave little window garden, making a splotch of cheerful color in that cañon of dead brick walls. Well built; well kept; a delight to the eyes; something infinitely soothing about it, blooming away there so valiantly.

And even as he stood looking down at that oasis of bloom amid the desert of brick walls, a brown head and a pair of slim shoulders emerged from the window below the one he was occupying; and a girl began drenching that miniature garden with a small, long-snouted watering can. The breeze between the brick walls tossed that brown hair about smartly, rumpled it, sent strands of it flying out errantly. The girl set down the watering can and began fastening her hair more securely; and, attending thus to her hair, she looked up and saw Jerry Weatherby leaning out of the window above. So like the little garden she seemed to him as he looked at her; something that did not belong there; a wonderful oasis in an impossible desert. He did not realize he was smiling at her until she flushed and started to smile back at him; evidently thought better of it and went on with her garden sprinkling, refusing to look up to his window again.

Jerry swung about to Mr. Mullen, who had pulled the sliding bed out of its closet and was expatiating to no one in particular on the softness of its springs and mattress.

"How long a lease would I have to take of this place?" Jerry demanded.

"Six months."

"I'll take it."

Mr. Mullen seemed surprised. He amoled away for a lease form. Jerry returned to the window. He stood a long watch. It grew dusky, dark. Feeble yellow lights pricked the cañon-bottom darkness in the alley seven

(Continued on Page 44)

I'd be scared to death without WEED TIRE CHAINS

Take Warning

Put on your.
WEED
TIRE
CHAINS
When the roads and pavements are slippery and uncertain.

"When I've got them on the tires I know where I'm at—but when I leave them off I don't know what's going to happen.

"Look at that fellow over there—see! He didn't put on his chains. Took a chance—thought he was some careful driver. He got what was coming to him—a dished wheel and a nice big bill for repairs. Lucky nobody was hurt.

"Did you ever notice that us fellows who know our jobs—taxi drivers and paid chauffeurs—hardly ever have an accident because we have learned to be careful and never take chances. But look out for the average driver. He is inclined to be "stuck on" his driving. Hits it up—cuts corners—neglects his brakes—doesn't anticipate a skid. He gets into trouble himself and other road users don't feel safe when he is about.

"I'd be scared to death on slippery, greasy pavements and muddy roads if I didn't have Weed Tire Chains. Bet your life *I don't take any chances.*

"At the first drop of rain I haul them out of the tool box and put them on *all four tires.* Then I'm dead sure of myself—I know where I get off at.

"Weed Chains prevent an awful lot of accidents"

American Chain Company, Inc.

BRIDGEPORT CONNECTICUT

In Canada: Dominion Chain Company, Limited, Niagara Falls, Ontario

Largest Chain Manufacturers in the World

The Complete Chain Line—All Types, All Sizes, All Finishes—From Plumbers' Safety Chain to Ships' Anchor Chain.

(Continued from Page 42)

stories below. At nine o'clock the brown head and the slim shoulders emerged from the window downstairs. A few sprigs of mignonette were snipped off with a pair of small scissors. Then the head and shoulders disappeared.

A long wait for so brief a glimpse, but eminently worth it, Jerry decided. And all the time he had waited he had been quite positive he did not want to be anywhere else; would not be anywhere else in the world in fact, if he had any say about it at all. And the place where one wanted to be most—why, that was Arcady, wasn't it?

He slept wonderfully that night on the sliding bed Mr. Mullen had extolled. He watched no patch of reflected light on the ceiling above him. He bothered not his head with thoughts of Mr. Ragan or the Hugh Braley Construction Company.

But for all his good sleep he was early astir and watching at the window. At half past seven the window garden got its sprinkling and Jerry Weatherby the vision his eyes awaited. A rather severe little hat was pinned to the brown hair, and as she officiated with the watering can she shot quick glances at the watch on her wrist. Behatted at seven-thirty in the morning and glancing uneasily at the time; what was the meaning? Simply that she was faring forth to breakfast? Wrong, Watson! She worked.

And if that was the case, Arcady ceased to be Arcady until there was the further possibility of her attentions to that tiny horticultural venture outside her windows. Let's see! About half past five last night he had first seen her with the sprinkling can. Until the same hour to-night, therefore, if his reasoning was correct, he might expect the candytuft and geraniums to be left to their own devices.

He was feeling quite fit himself after his night's unbroken sleep. He would hie him to the office. He would do so each day. Work daytimes. Arcady evenings. A wholly satisfactory arrangement.

On his way out he took the stairs instead of the automatic elevator. He did so that he might find out the number on the door one flight down that was directly under his own. It was 67. In the vestibule he paused to glance at the push button similarly numbered. Beside it a card cut down to fit the metal slot bore the name: Constance Hooper. Nice name!

He had one whale of a day at the office. Mr. Ragan and the Hugh Braley Construction Company were as clay in his hands. Both did every last thing he could have wished them to do. He was off with that brief for fair at last. Ordinarily, with work progressing as it was, Jerry would have forgotten time, dinner—everything save the job before him. But to-night was different. He closed his desk at five. He went to the Rookery and rummaged there in a closet until he found a guitar case, dust-covered, long-neglected; the poor corpse within this casket minus three of its strings. Jerry paused only to buy fresh strings before he made tracks uptown. He made them in a taxi which seemed in a hurry. Fifty cents of Jerry's money accounted for the extra speed.

Behold Jerry Weatherby at five-twenty-eight, comfortably if precariously perched on the ledge of an open window in that one-room furnished apartment of his at the Arcady. He strummed softly on a decrepit old guitar with three brand-new strings and hummed away in a voice not wholly hopeless. In Arcady one follows blindly his every inclination, else it is no real Arcady he discovers; which accounts for Jerry, waxed tuneful, on the seventh-story window ledge.

At five-thirty-four a long-snouted watering can came through the open window below his perch. An arm was attached to it; a brown head followed the arm; a pair of shoulders good to look upon followed the brown head.

To the accompaniment of properly modulated strains from the guitar, Miss Constance Hooper drenched her window box. And again she looked up at Jerry and half smiled and half flushed and refused to look up again. Jerry liked that face under the brown hair immensely. He wanted to see more of it; yet he was glad she had refused him more than that barest upward glance.

A week of this and Jerry Weatherby decided that somehow he must know that girl downstairs better. He might snoop about and find someone who knew her and also knew him; or bribe someone who knew her to know him. And be formally presented. But this was Arcady. Formal presentations in Arcady! Dear heaven! A thousand times no!

Once, coming face to face with her in the hall, he made the mistake of starting to lift his hat. Miss Constance Hooper looked at him for a moment; then over him and beyond him and through him quite as if he weren't there at all. He was chagrined, half angry, wholly satisfied with her behavior. He wondered if he had queered that one swift upward glance each afternoon at five-thirty and the flush that went with it. He got them both just the same next evening, as if nothing at all unusual had happened in the hall.

He fell into the habit of perching there on the window ledge long after the nightly watering of the window garden was over and done with. Sometimes he strummed what he considered Arcadian measures on the old guitar. More often his chin was sunk on his chest. Apparently he was careless enough to doze. In reality he was wondering all the time if that window box was securely fastened to the brick wall. He waylaid Mr. Mullen in the hall and, pretending he was contemplating the comfort of blossoms outside his own windows, pumped him concerning the cost and construction of window boxes. Mr. Mullen gave up the information that they were put up strongly. But it is always well to be sure for one's own self. He went to the alley one evening. The three iron brackets that supported Miss Constance Hooper's window box were of a most comforting size and thickness.

Meantime Mr. Ragan and the Braley Company's proposed defense against the said gentleman came along famously. And in the midst of a morning's pleasant work upon the new form that brief had taken, Peter Babcock strolled in and sat down by Jerry's desk.

"I've taken the trouble to keep tabs on you," said Peter. "You've been working here every day. You're trying to buck it out. Don't be a fool, Jerry."

"I'm following the advice you handed me, old kill-joy," said Jerry.

"Looks it."

"Believe me, I am! Great place, Arcady!"

"How do you know?"

"Been there."

"When?"

"Day after I came to see you. That call hit me hard. Had to get out. Beat it away and found Arcady. Honest! I've been there ever since."

"Perhaps you're trying to tell me you discovered your private little slice of Arcady proved to be these blamed old law offices."

"Nothing like that, Peter! Dear, dear, no! Mine is a nice little evening Arcady. I go there each night. It lets me work here days."

Peter sniffed his disgust.

"Evening Arcady, hey? That doesn't sound promising. Purely evening Arcadys don't count."

"They do with me."

They argued further. Peter gave it up as a bad job. To all appearances he betook himself away in more or less of a dudgeon. Jerry did not know that the first thing Peter did when he got back to his office was to call up Horace Little.

So later that day when Horace Little, left shoe squeaking sufficiently to attract the attention of the rest of the office force, came poking out of his private office and straight to Jerry's desk, Jerry had some misleading palpitations of his heart. Was it possible that Horace Little had got wind of the work he was doing on that brief and was coming thither to pass out honors thus prematurely? The older man's first words seemed to suggest that such indeed was the case.

"Mr. Weatherby, we consider you one of our brightest young men."

"Thank you," said Jerry with due modesty.

"Your work of late has been mighty satisfactory to us. We believe in you, Weatherby. We look after our bright young men. We take care of them."

That looked most auspicious.

"We are going to take care of you."

It was coming, here and now.

"We aren't going to let you work yourself to death. That's what you've been doing. Don't deny it, Weatherby. You've been working long hours. You haven't taken any vacations. We want you to take a vacation at once. One month. Our expense. Just turn this Ragan-Braley Company brief over to Mr. Brewer, draw some money from the cashier if you need it, and forget this office for a month."

Jerry, in desperation, would have argued the matter, but Horace Little would not listen.

"Tut, tut, Weatherby! As I suggest, if you please; as I suggest!"

A cold fury enveloped Jerry Weatherby. His helplessness did not tend to lessen it.

"I think you happen to know Dr. Peter Babcock," he sputtered.

"Quite so. Good friend of yours, isn't he?"

"He won't be in the future," Jerry muttered.

There being nothing else to do, Jerry departed. His first impulse was to call up Peter and lay him out cold for the meddlesome old ass he was. But a better plan succeeded this. He turned over the Ragan-Braley Company business to Brewer; but certain carbon copies thereof went with Jerry into exile, together with a few books from that splendidly equipped legal library of the firm.

Horace Little untied a package of papers and began to run them over.

They seemed to interest him. He sent away a stenographer waiting for dictation and became absorbed in the contents of that pile of typewritten sheets. At the end of two hours he called up Peter Babcock.

"Your friend Weatherby has just sent us in the most amazing brief in the Ragan-Braley Company case. Wonderful piece of work. Splendid!"

"Thought he was to drop that!"

"Evidently took it with him."

"Where is he now?"

"Haven't the least idea. Just called up his apartment at the Rookery to congratulate him. He isn't there."

"Don't like this!"

"Must be all right if he can do a piece of work like that."

"Not necessarily. He'd been pushing himself mighty hard. Pretty much all in. Man in that condition sometimes does wonderful work, but it isn't well for him to do it, all the same. Pays too big a price for it."

"We must look after a man of that stamp, Doctor Babcock. Had we better try to find him at once?"

"By all means."

"You—or we?"

"Both."

It being early evening, Jerry Weatherby lolled on his window ledge. He was resting from his labors, but considering yet more important ones. Earlier that afternoon he had sent to Horace Little by messenger a completed brief that he was willing to wager his last copper would land his name where he had long dreamed of seeing that name auspiciously placed.

Just now he was considering the distance from his window ledge to that blossoming young window garden below him; telling himself a few bruises more or less did not matter in so good a cause; and whispering in some remote corner of his mind that, while it was a shame to spoil those perfectly good young blossoms, it was something that couldn't be helped.

It was growing dark fast. The lights in the alley sprang into life. Jerry pushed one long leg outward and downward. A hundred and seventy-two the last time he was weighed! But those iron brackets beneath the window box seemed sturdy affairs. Out went the other leg—then in they both came. Jerry was grinning. Before he did this thing he'd have a word with Peter. Peter deserved a young shock or two. He had laid himself open to it with his silly meddling down at the office.

So, still grinning impishly, he crossed the room to the telephone and called up Peter. And Peter's answering voice was filled with a great relief.

"High time you let me hear from you! Been trying to find you all this afternoon. Where are you?"

"In Arcady."

"Yes! Yes! But where's that?"

"Arcady hasn't any definite boundaries, you know, Peter, old dear."

"Cut out the comedy! Where the devil are you?"

"None of your delightful business, heart of my heart!"

Peter tried a new tack.

"Feeling all right?"

"Wonderfully well. Except I've got a curious idea in my bean."

"Well, what is that idea?"

"There's a window just behind me as I'm talking to you, Peter. It's sort of got me obsessed. For more than a week now I've been thinking I'd jump out of that window."

(Continued on Page 145)

Clicquot Club

Pronounced Klee-Ko

GINGER ALE

A bottle right off the ice. Watch the thirsty ones stretching forth their hands to get it. They know that Clicquot Club Ginger Ale is the great American quencher for every kind of thirst—young or old—masculine or feminine.

In war or peace—in all the four seasons—Clicquot Club never varies its standards of perfection. Purest juices of lemons and limes, purest Jamaica ginger and cane sugar, and water that bubbles cool and sweet from a wonderful crystal spring. That's Clicquot Club.

Buy by the case from your grocer or druggist. Serve cold.

THE CLICQUOT CLUB COMPANY
MILLIS, MASS., U. S. A.

Two Billion Dollars' Wheat Money

What Will the Farmer Do With It?

Farm Land Values are Increasing from Five to Seven Dollars an Acre a Year

By Charles Moreau Harger

WHEN the present wheat crop is safely past flood and drought, Hessian fly and green bugs, hail and rust; when the harvest hands have shoveled up the cleanings round the separator, and the last wagon has started on its way to the elevator some, four hundred thousand farmers are going to draw a long breath of relief.

"The biggest job of our history," they will declare, "is out of the way. There are more than a billion bushels of wheat worth two dollars a bushel—it makes one innings for us after all."

Probably it is the first time they ever admitted such a situation. Curious thing, this attitude of the farmer toward his business. For four years the prices of bread, butter, milk, corn meal, alfalfa—not to mention a long list of unpalatable substitutes that we loyally ate during the wheatless days—have been soaring along with the airplanes.

"Just think what the farmer must be making," says the city consumer. "He simply has to scratch up the ground a little, sow some seed, and behold he has money rolling in hand faster than he can spend it! No wonder he rides in a motor car and builds a new barn every year."

It does look reasonable, and many a farmer has made good income from the crops of every sort. It depended on what kind of farmer he was and how well the climate performed its part in the locality in which he was located. Some farmers would not prosper if dollars grew on bushes; others would make money in Sahara. They are not different from other classes of business men.

Crops in Terms of Merchandise

BUT here is an instance where the innings is going to be real—probably the last big innings in this generation, for there will be no more guaranty of $2.26 a bushel at primary markets after June, 1920. It will be the greatest income from any single season's crop in the history of any nation. Yet the average farmer will tell you that when he has counted in all his expenses for seed, labor, interest and living he is not making much on wheat. He objected vigorously at the fixing of the guaranteed price, for when it was made wheat was worth nearly three dollars a bushel. He sent protests to Congress, to the President, to the newspapers and anywhere else that it seemed likely to do good, asserting that it was unfair to regulate wheat and not regulate corn, cotton, meats and other products.

Nevertheless and notwithstanding, he increased his wheat acreage in 1918 over 1917, and last fall sowed the largest acreage in the nation's history. He harvested in 1918 eight million acres more than the average of the previous five years, and this season will have approximately seventy million acres promising more than a billion bushels. Allowing for all the eccentricities of grading, the transportation and the wastage, it means more than two billion dollars for the crop.

Since the armistice was signed the farmer has said little about the inadequate price. He was worried lest the President and Congress fail to keep the promise of last autumn. Based on the world market wheat may be worth not more than $1.25 when the crop is gathered, and the billion dollars appropriated by Congress to uphold the guaranteed price looks mighty attractive to the producer. He sees in it a recompense for his disappointment when the Government established a price that took away some of his war profits. To be sure, the world market may exceed $2.26, in which case he would feel dissatisfied—but at this writing that is unlikely.

With scarcely less impatience than awaited the signing of the peace treaty, trade has looked forward to the marketing of the phenomenal wheat crop. From manufacturers and jobbers to the country merchants throughout the Middle West it has loomed as a beacon of business activity.

"Think," said the automobile manufacturer, "how many motor cars can be bought with two billion dollars!"—and on the government crop report of early spring, motor stocks advanced.

There were also computations of the number of bathtubs, talking machines, electric-lighting plants, new gowns and fur-lined coats that would be needed, all on the theory that the farmer would soon become a spender. Incidental was discussion of the effect on the consumer of bread and what would happen to the scale of living if by any chance the normal wheat price might approach that of the guaranteed figure or if the Government placed the wheat on the market at its established cost. But this was academic, and in any event nowise concerned the important matter of the distribution of the wealth to come to the producer from the largess of the fields.

Most directly of course the effect will be felt in the Mississippi Valley, whence the bulk of the yield is to come. Four states—Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska and Oklahoma—have nearly half the winter-wheat acreage, twenty-two million acres. Ohio, Illinois and Indiana have nine million; the three spring-wheat states—South Dakota, North Dakota and Minnesota—have some fifteen or eighteen million acres more. In these commonwealths will be paid out the greater portion of the wheat income.

Here is an example of how closely the manufacturers are watching Western trade. A Philadelphia maker of garters sent letters to scores of Middle West clothing dealers asking: "How many of your farmer customers wear garters? Find out and let us know." Now the average clothier could not tell offhand, but he began to inquire. He found that the young farmers generally wore 'em, but the older generation had not yet accepted the modern invention. When the survey was completed the manufacturer placed his advertising in the papers that would reach the farmer trade, wording it to attract the attention of the class not yet accustomed to his wares.

Unquestionably there has been a loosening up of purse strings in the agricultural states since the signing of the armistice. Families that scrimped and wore made-overs for eighteen months began to replenish larders and wardrobes. The country merchant began to lose his fear that he would be overstocked and found that after all his customers paid little attention to high prices but bought what they desired.

Money That Will Go Into Land

SO THE approach of harvest finds the business interests of the wheat country in a mood to use the two billion dollars with some liberality in current expenditure. However, if the industrial world expects the wheat farmer to throw his money away frivolously he is mistaken. The farmer has a well defined idea that this will be the last year of large income for a long time. He is planning to utilize the wealth he gains in a manner that will make the future safe for him and his family. He has had all winter to think about it. He has talked it over with his banker and has gathered all the information possible from every source as a guide in the spending of his profits.

Foremost in the mind of the wheat raiser is the desire for more land. Talk with the men on the streets of Western country towns and they will tell you that they expect to buy the adjoining eighty or another farm. The increase of land values all through the Mississippi Valley has been one of the marvels of the past decade. An increase of five to seven dollars an acre a year in the value of his farm—rather than the crops he raised—has made the farmer well-to-do.

"The odd thing about it," said a country banker

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Threshing by Machinery in the Wheat Belt

DISTEEL WHEELS

The Wheels That Complete The Car

Philadelphia

In your initial investment in an equipment of Disteel Wheels there is more—much more—than the satisfaction of having added immeasurably to the Smartness and distinctive Character of your motor car.

You know that you have made a sound investment in mechanical superiorities that will repay you in dollars and cents as well as in greater ease, elegance and safety of motoring.

In the first place, Disteel Wheels are LIGHT—as well as vastly stronger. They reduce the delays and annoyances of wheel-changing and tire-changing. There is nothing in Disteel Wheels to rattle or squeak or get out of repair. They are easily cleaned. They endure.

If your Car is a high-grade Car, let us mail you the Disteel Wheel Book.

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New York Factory Branch: 1846 Broadway at 61st St.
Boston Factory Branch: 925 Boylston Street
Chicago Factory Branch: 732 Michigan Avenue

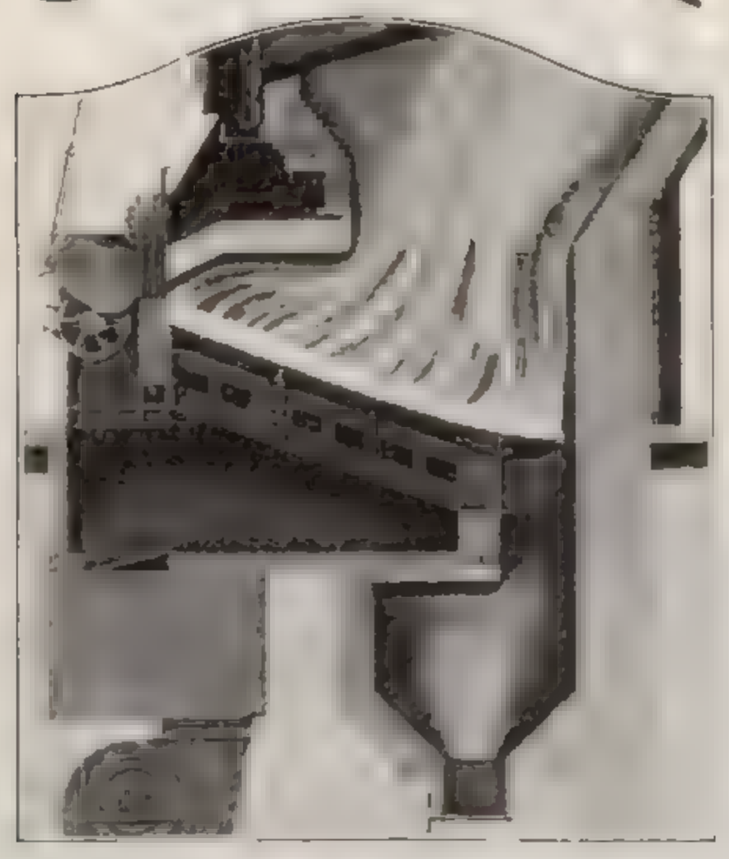
San Francisco

What's Going On Inside *Your* Furnace?

In these days of high costs and keen competition, when industrial efficiency and economy count as they never did before, you should *know* whether each boiler furnace in your plant is doing its share instead of loafing—whether each ton of coal burned is producing its full quota of power or going up the chimney in smoke—and whether high-priced operating labor is being used which might be saved.

Dig into this matter; get the facts. Then, no matter what the figures may show, investigate the STOWE STOKER—that modern mechanism which gets the *very last unit of heat out of every ton of coal!*

LACLEDE-CHRISTY
STOWE STOKER



The STOWE STOKER is not a Chain Grate, it is not an Inclined Gravity Feed, it is not an Under-feed. It is an absolutely *new type* of automatic stoker that marks a *new era* in fuel-burning economy.

The STOWE STOKER represents the *ultimate* in the efficient combustion of coal for steam purposes, because, briefly,

—It is a forced-draft stoker which eliminates the clinker-forming disadvantage of the under-feeding type of stoker;

It produces high rates of coal burning without any rapid accumulation of ash, having an automatic, continuous ash discharge;

—It is a *progressive* feed stoker, the fire of which is automatically and gradually thickened as combustion progresses, being thickest at the ash discharge end, where the combustible of the fuel is completely spent.

Whatever your steam requirements are—by whatever method you are now firing your boiler—the STOWE STOKER will result in *higher efficiency, larger capacity,* and *greater economy.* It saves both coal and labor. It eliminates the smoke problem. It is the ideal equipment for intense, large-scale steam production. In the big power plants of the country it will effect yearly savings that will reach an enormous figure. Write today for full particulars.

Manufacturers of the Laclede-Christy Chain Grate Stoker—Dominant in Its Field Today.

Branch Offices: Chicago, 1366 Peoples Gas Bldg.; Pittsburgh, 901 Oliver Bldg.; New York, 504, 50 East 42nd Street Bldg.

LACLEDE-CHRISTY

A BUSINESS INSTITUTION — FOUNDED 1844 ST. LOUIS

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of Kansas, "is that the men who have been on the ground for thirty years have not been the beneficiaries. They went through the demoralization of the nineties and were too timid to speculate in land. I remember one day, fifteen years ago, driving with the old horse and surrey over a 450-acre tract of rich land adjoining my town. An Eastern mortgagee had offered it for twenty-five dollars an acre. I tried to interest some friends in it but they laughed at the project. It had not earned the taxes for five years. The land sold a few months ago for $200 an acre and $250 an acre would not buy it now."

That is merely an example. Farms two hundred miles west of the Missouri River are selling for $150 to $200 an acre, and the opinion of Westerners is that they will be worth more. So the farmer wants to increase his holdings. He is reaching out to the cheaper territory of the high plains, and even up into Canada.

"When I was in California last winter," said a wheat raiser who will have a thousand acres to harvest this year, "I met a Canadian who told me of government land that can be bought for a dollar an acre. Back twenty years ago the receiver of a Hartford, Connecticut, company's irrigation plant in the Arkansas Valley offered me land for a dollar an acre but I thought it was a poor investment. The land is now worth $100 to $200 an acre. When my wheat is sold I am going to Canada and buy ten thousand acres of cheap land and let it lie. It is the best thing I can do with my money. Several of my neighbors are talking of going with me."

Then there is the cheap land of the South, which will take a large amount of Northern money, especially in the Southwest, where reclamation is opening new areas. But first in the heart of the farmer is the fertile land like his own, and as he buys at steadily increasing prices there is a corresponding movement onward to develop sections less favored but where the cost of the land is less. Students of finance have predicted a land boom following the currency expansion of war times, and the prediction seems in a fair way to be fulfilled. Certainly the six months since signing the armistice has seen a marked advance in selling values and greater demand for farm land than any period in a decade. The possibility of less earnings when there is a readjustment of price levels for products seems not to enter into the computation. "God is not making any more land," is a current expression, and it seems likely that we shall see in the states beyond the Missouri, out at least to the high plains, a scale of land values equal to that of Illinois and Indiana and Ohio.

Raising Farm Land Values

THE Department of Agriculture reports the average grade of plow lands was worth about $74.31 an acre on March first this year, compared with $68.38 a year ago; $62.17 two years ago, and $58.39 three years ago. Values show the greatest percentage of increase during the last year occurred in the South Atlantic states—in the Carolinas and Georgia—and extended to Alabama, Kentucky and Arkansas. Small or no increases were made in the New England states, the Pacific Coast states and Louisiana, Texas and Montana. Material increases were reported from Nebraska and South Dakota. Iowa's plowing lands stand first in value, her average being $169 an acre, followed by Illinois with $144, California with $121, and Indiana with $100. Alabama reports the lowest average value of plow lands, at $24 an acre, and Mississippi next, at $25.50. Kansas land in 1915 was worth $51. In 1916 it was $52; in 1917, $53; and in 1918, $61.

The land seekers are not confined to farmers, as is evident from the increase of tenantry in all the Middle West, an increase so marked as to call for serious consideration by Western legislatures and the adoption of methods intended to lessen it. The Kansas legislature last winter submitted a constitutional amendment providing that the state may with a bond issue finance the land buyer, giving preference to returned soldiers and sailors, its object being to assist in making the tiller of soil also its owner. North Dakota has ordered a $5,000,000 bond issue with the same object. The reasons for this are that capitalists are obtaining larger areas as an investment, and tenants are occupying the land.

Along with the buying of more land will go the cleaning up of debts on farms already owned. Strangely the mortgage debt of the prosperous Western states had decreased little if at all during the war period of high prices. Reports of 159 insurance companies making loans on farms and with a total of $828,568,867 so invested, showed an increase of their farm loans from December 14, 1914, to December 31, 1916, of $181,607,482 and $199,121,000 new loans made the first nine months of 1917. Loan brokers, even in the heart of the wheat belt, have a large business, while the Federal farm land bank has loaned $200,000,000 in its eighteen months of existence. Allowing for the refunding of old debts there is still little decrease noted in the total of the farm debt, estimated by the Federal land bank as $4,000,000,000 in the whole country.

The land-mortgage debt is of course not the only one the farmer usually owes. Not to mention the short-time notes he may have at the bank to meet present needs he is likely to have something due on his Liberty Bonds, while in the wheat belt the Victory Bonds were in many instances subscribed on the prospect of the coming harvest. These bonds must be paid for and will be one of the first calls on the new income. Bankers, taking a broad view and entirely outside of patriotism, have been glad to see their customers lay aside part of their savings in government securities, though at times it has been a drain on the deposit account.

Take a typical farming county that raised 150,000 acres of wheat this year, worth $5,000,000—an amount greater than all its products of every kind in any previous year of its history. The farmer people of that county have $3,500,000 of Liberty Bonds and War Savings Stamps laid away in safety-deposit vaults and bureau drawers. That tangible asset will be valuable for collateral in years to come when the crops are less generous and when prices have dropped to a lower level. The banker knows this, and he knows, too, that in the turn of events there are likely to be lean years. Out in the high plains country in 1918 five million acres of wheat was winter killed; the farms produced nothing. One banker borrowed more than $500,000 during the past winter to loan to his customers in order that they and their families might stay and wait for the next crop. The wheat this year will pay all the debts and give a surplus, but over much of that territory the Government loaned the money to buy the seed with which to sow the fields.

The mere fact that he is in debt does not worry the modern farmer. In his experience with stock raising, land buying and other operations he has learned to look upon borrowed capital as a part of the business. If he pays off the mortgage it is more than likely that he will borrow again next year—perhaps to buy more land. As land values climb, the amounts loaned to the acre and the amount needed to finance the farm grow, accounting in part for the increasing farm debt. Mortgage companies are to-day loaning more on Western farms than the farms were worth on the market ten years ago, yet they believe that they are conservative. So they are if the tendency of land values upward continues. Here and there is a warning voice pointing out that a return to the pre-war figure for crops must bring correspondingly lessened value in the land that produced them; but it is recalled that the same dire predictions were heard twenty years ago and every year since, and that the lands of Illinois, Ohio, Iowa and Indiana advanced in value even under the pre-war level of prices for products.

Probably no other class is looking forward with such eager eyes toward the two billion dollars as the stock promoter. He has been somewhat held down during war times, both by government restrictions and by the attitude of the average citizen toward investments. There have been so many war calls on the family bank account that little remained for speculation. In the meanwhile new oil fields have been opened; hundreds of thousands of acres have been leased with the hope of finding new gushers. Oil companies occupy most of the attention of Western charter boards. The farmer will be advised that Rockefeller and Henry Ford began with little, and just look at them now! To be sure, there are blue-sky laws, but it is a poor organizer who cannot formulate a plan that will gain admittance to most states. Then the possession of a certificate to operate seems to act as a credential to many who do not consider the necessity of earning dividends before any are paid.

Already the promoters of various industrial concerns are busy exchanging handsome stock certificates for Liberty Bonds—and here is one place where the bonds are always taken at par.

The Farmers' Safety-Deposit Vaults

Wheat Farmers as Security Buyers

THE saving grace is that the farmer has been taught to buy substantial securities. The war has been an educator. At its beginning the average farmer knew little of bonds. The first Liberty Loan campaign in rural districts was devoted mostly to education.

Even yet the realization has not sunk into the consciousness of all. The other day a farmer went to the window of a Western country bank and presented a bunch of bond coupons.

"My neighbor tells me that I can get fifteen dollars for these. Is that so?"

"Certainly," replied the cashier. "What bonds have you, and where are they?"

"Some of them are out home and some are here in the bank somewhere, I guess. I don't know just what they are. I signed for what the committee said, and gave my check. I didn't get all the bonds. Hardly thought it would matter anyhow."

He actually thought that he had made a donation. But he was an exception. The farmer learned what a bond is, and since the first drive it has been necessary to make no explanations. Along with his Liberty Bonds he has become a buyer of municipal and school bonds of high character, as many bond houses have found. It may be expected that this education will stand him in good stead in the future. Perhaps he can be fully persuaded that speculative stocks are best let alone—but that is probably too much to hope, for even the city capitalist is not proof against the temptation of promised profits and fat dividends.

Much will depend as to this class of investments on the activity of the representatives of sound issues and the publicity given to instruction on what is a sound stock and a well secured bond. It must not be taken for granted that the farmer is lacking in knowledge, and he needs generally only to have the opportunity to obtain stable securities.

The peculiarity of the return from wheat is that the money comes in a lump sum whereas for other products of the farm it is received a little at a time. The return from butter and eggs, from the corn fed to cattle and finally marketed months after the crop has matured—is received over a long period. Under the wheat guaranty the farmer knows that he will get no more and no less for his crop in six months than on the day that the wagons and trucks leave the threshing machine.

At a good-roads meeting last winter the speaker made a long argument for hard-surfaced roads on the ground that it enabled the farmer to market his crop whenever the price was right. In the back of the hall rose a lanky farmer.

"What's the hurry?" he drawled. "Wheat is just the same any time. What difference does it make when I haul it to market?"

The audience applauded. The fact is, however, that the farmer has hurried his crop to market since the guaranty was in effect. Last autumn elevators and railways were swamped to handle the flood of tawny grain that poured from the threshing machines. As a result when spring came the wheat was stored in the Eastern terminals; Western mills were unable to secure grain for their operations without shipping it back over the track it had taken earlier in the season. To avoid this expense of transportation wheat commanded a premium in the local Western markets where it was originally produced. But there was

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The weariness and troubles of the day are soon forgotten when you slip off into restful sleep on an Ostermoor Mattress. It fits every curve of the drooping body and rests each weary muscle—soothes each tired nerve.

Instead of being stuffed in the old-fashioned way, the Ostermoor is built up layer by layer, built to hold its shape and give long, satisfactory wear.

Write for our free catalog—"The Test of Time," and samples of ticking. If your dealer does not carry the OSTERMOOR we will ship one direct to your home, express prepaid, securely packed in leatherette paper and burlap. Safe delivery guaranteed.

Ostermoor Waterproof Sheeting and Ostermoor Baby Pants are of the same superior quality. Write today for descriptive circular. Ostermoor Baby Pants sent postpaid for $1.00 each. Three sizes: small, medium, large.

OSTERMOOR & COMPANY
101 Elizabeth St., New York

Canadian Agency:
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Montreal

mighty little wheat left and mills ran on short time for the last months preceding the new harvest.

The new crop will also be hurried to market unless there is devised some method of holding it in the localities where it is raised. One plan is for the Government to pay the farmer storage in his granary or in his more modern zinc tank set in the field. Tens of thousands of these round tanks, each locked against thieves, are ready for the coming crop. They hold one to two thousand bushels each and are vermin and fire proof. They will be the safety-deposit vaults of the wheat raisers, a resource from which he will draw the funds with which to carry on the new plans he has in mind.

The average farmer does not, as many suppose, ask for the cash on his wheat. One country banker with forty years' experience in handling wheat checks puts it this way:

"The bank always expects to pay out more currency during harvest than at any other time of the year, but much of it returns. The tens of thousands of itinerant laborers who come into the harvest area, moving like an army from south to north, are mostly strangers. When the farmer pays off at the end of the week they cannot take checks, for they could not cash them. Currency must be provided. It is not unusual to pay out $3000 to $5000 a day for this purpose. The greater part is then paid by the workers for current expenses or for drafts to send money home. The farmer sells his wheat and takes the money for the first two or three loads in currency; the remainder he deposits, first paying off the loans he has made to meet harvest expenses. That deposit is the fund from which he makes his later investments or uses in the preparation for a stock-feeding experience during the winter. With a good corn crop in prospect next summer when the wheat is marketed, there will be need for millions of the wheat money to buy cattle and hogs, and it will not really be turned into the farmer's spending account until next winter and spring. So the mere fact that the wheat is salable promptly does not necessarily mean that there will be a quick spending of the returns or pockets full of cash on every farm."

The High Cost of Harvesting

Along with the other high costs of living comes the high cost of harvest. Last year the shortage of help and the demand for labor in other directions caused continual friction between the farmer and the harvest hands. The hot dry summer allowed plenty of time for gathering the crop, and farmers by cooperation and changing work managed to gather the grain with a minimum of hired labor. Yet it was estimated that it cost approximately twenty cents a bushel simply to thresh the wheat. Nor will the cost be less this year, with an increase of laborers, for the acreage is far greater. Take a county with 216,000 acres of wheat to harvest in two weeks and with a local population of 9000, meaning about 1000 able workers—one actual example—and it calls for the influx of hundreds of harvest hands. These hands no more will work from sunup to sundown; they want a ten-hour day, and get it. They will be paid at least fifty cents an hour for barge hands, pitchers and shockers; sixty-five to seventy cents an hour for shock binders and stackers—and found. It is going to cost well up in the millions to pay off the hands every Saturday night during the period from June thirteenth to August fifteenth when the big crop is harvested.

One important effect of what are known as prosperous times is the higher scale of living which has come to the farmsteads of the wheat country, and this will be heightened by the addition of the season's return. Even the number of persons engaged in the actual work of agriculture and its allied branches make up no small proportion of the population of the country. In 1910, when the last census was taken, such persons made a total of 12,659,203, and this figure takes no account of those dependent on the workers. The increase in the buying power of this great number and the stimulation of the purchasing impulse in them by bumper crops are perhaps the most promising signs for next fall's business. This is the condition that merchants laying their plans for the future must now take into account. As soon as prices can be adjusted to a point that seems stable there will be every incentive to going with full steam ahead.

It has been one of the sources of a mild form of jealousy on the part of the farmers of the newer states that the town families had more of the luxuries and conveniences of life than those of the agricultural sections. Though a new country is opened simultaneously by farmers, merchants, bankers and professional men all classes except the first are early beneficiaries of modern improvements. Their homes are quickly supplied with the appliances of civilization while the farmer is waiting for the coming of some degree of affluence.

Awaiting the Harvest at Hoisington, Kansas

The war period has allowed the producer to overtake the dweller in the towns. The country farmhouse is being transformed into a modern dwelling. From the wheat crop will be made possible the addition of wide verandas, hardwood floors and rugs, bathrooms, sleeping porches, new furniture and draperies—all furnishing a market for the industrial activity of the East, anxious to fill the desires of the wheat country. The development of electric power is adding a whole new catalogue of possibilities. Transmission lines from central plants carry current to farms as well as to the smaller towns, and for $500 to $700 the house and the other buildings of the farmstead may be supplied with light and power, the latter utilized even for threshing. Here comes a demand for motors, vacuum cleaners and electric-cooking appliances and widens a market heretofore limited to the cities.

Out of this the farmer's wife and daughters are certain to gain most. The drudgery of the old-fashioned farmhouse has been very real. It has worn the lives of the womenfolks, and they are quick to appreciate anything that will enable them to lessen the toil. Difficult as it is to secure competent maids in the city and town it becomes practically an impossibility to do so on the farm.

"I went to the city and in an employment agency found a woman who agreed to help us," explained the owner of a big wheat farm. "She was competent but at the end of the second week she asked for her wages. 'I'm going back where I can see the movies once in a while,' was her explanation."

One of the first things the farmer will add to his possessions, if he does not already have it, is an array of labor-saving devices for the home. With an average of one motor car to every nine persons in the wheat belt there is not yet reached the saturation point of which manufacturers for several years have been talking. A steady stream of new cars is rolling into the West; some to substitute for those worn out, some to take the place of cheaper makes and some to furnish the farmer with a second vehicle, that the young folks may have their pleasure without interfering with the convenience of father and mother. What if the cost of the car exceeds the value of the entire equipment of implements?—it has become a necessity and is the greatest broadener of farm life yet discovered.

Lessons in Accounting

A controversy of magnitude has continued between the experts and the actual producer during the entire period of the fixed wheat prices over production costs. The farmer has insisted that with his high expense he has been unable to make the profits alleged, even from wheat at $2.26 at primary markets. Indeed he has generally declared that he raised it at an actual loss if he were to count in the overhead costs. When one distributes the total yields for years over the entire acreage the results are not so marvelous. They began to be interesting only when war sent up the price level for products. The Government in a survey just issued has been trying to get at the status of the average farmer, a mythical individual who came into existence in 1915, when the experts made their study of his "paid in" and "paid out" items, which told them he was earning only $640.40 a year instead of the $1210 he now receives.

Not every farmer in the United States of course did so well Some of them have fewer than the average 138.1 acres in their farms. Others, with thousands of acres, cleared far more. The calculations showing the average farmer's prosperity are based on comparison of his income and expenditures of other years given by the Agricultural Department and the Census Bureau. They assert that four years of war have put into the pay envelope of the average American farmer nearly $5000 in cash. Besides this he has earned additional money at a rate sufficient to slip into the savings bank each year a near five per cent on his investment, put aside to maintain machinery twenty per cent, and five per cent for building repairs, pay the highest wages and highest prices known, feed and clothe his family, meet his taxes, and probably pay off the mortgage or at least cut a big hole out of it.

Mister Average Farmer probably will not agree with all this and will point to millions of acres of crops abandoned because of climatic conditions and to fluctuations in prices of his products that have lessened his return at critical times.

But there has been a most important change in the methods imposed by the war conditions. For the first time in his history he has learned what it is to keep books. He has studied the efficiency of labor and sought the solace of a balance sheet. The one requirement of paying income tax—or at least making out an income-tax report has compelled some definite understanding of income and outgo. He has learned that often wastefulness and slipshod methods have actually brought a loss in operations

(Concluded on Page 53)

"*There is no other drink like* Hires"

You will find many a drink labelled root-beer—but there is only one Hires. No other drink has the same combination of ingredients. There are seventeen reasons for Hires goodness. Sixteen of them are the ingredients, and the seventeenth is the delightful combination they make. Yet you pay no more than for an artificially flavored substitute.

There's no secret in what gives Hires its snap and sparkle, its deliciousness and purity. Pure cane sugar—juices of roots, barks, herbs and berries that seem to have caught the very freshness of the woods and morning dew, to release it in Hires. Sassafras, sarsaparilla, spikenard, birch bark, pipsissewa and ginger. Don't they fairly conjure up a wholesome craving for a foaming glass of Hires—the thirst extinguisher?

From the canefields of the sunny southland, from Central and South America and even from across the sea, come the carefully-selected ingredients of Hires. An instance of Hires standards is the fact that we use only the genuine juices of the vanilla bean. We could save $100,000.00 every year by using an artificial flavor for vanilla. But then we would not be justified in recommending Hires to you and urging you to always ask for "Hires."

Hires

Say "Hires" at every good soda fountain. Hires is also carbonated by licensed bottlers—for sale in bottles so you can have Hires at home.

THE CHARLES E. HIRES COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Hires contains juices of sixteen roots, barks, herbs and berries

"Horse Sense"

Note that the Traffic Truck is now using a Red Seal Continental 3¾x5 motor.

When roads are in the poorest condition, market conditions are best.

It has become a habit to point to farmers, town-merchants and others who haul with motor trucks, as prosperous individuals. Don't forget that motor trucks help to make them prosperous by saving time and cutting delivery costs.

A motor truck will do your hauling in face of weather conditions to which a man would not subject a team—yet you must feed horses whether they work or not.

A Traffic Truck will cover three times the distance a team of horses can travel in a day—at half the cost per mile.

The Farmer a Man of "Horse Sense"

Over 207,000 motor trucks were used last year throughout the United States. Of this number, nearly 80,000 were used by farmers for hauling, about 65,000 by manufacturers and 64,000 by merchants. The factory capacity for the production of Traffics for the next 12 months will be 15,500 trucks.

Motor trucks have reduced time for deliveries from days to hours and hours to minutes.

A truck needs but one-fifth the housing room that is required for its equivalent in horse-and-wagon equipment.

For miles covered and work done, the Traffic fuel bill is less than a feed bill—hauling has found its economical master in the Traffic Truck.

Equipping the Traffic Truck with 34 x 3½-inch tires on the front wheels and 34 x 5-inch on the rear wheels is now being done without increasing the cost of the truck to buyers—they are Fisk Standard Solid Tires, too.

Men who think they can't afford to buy a motor truck have never figured the comparative cost for maintenance plus performance between hauling with teams and a Traffic Truck. The Traffic hauls a 4,000-lb. load one mile for 2¼ cents' worth of gasoline.

Traffic Truck

4,000 LBS. CAPACITY

$1395 $1395

RUSSEL Internal Gear Drive

CONTINENTAL Red Seal Motor 3¾ x 5

COVERT Transmission and Clutch

TIMKEN Bearings In Front Wheels

FISK Solid Tires 34x3½ front: 34x5 rear

STANDARD Universal Joints

DETWILER Steering

CARTER Carburetor

KINGSTON High Tension Magneto—Impulse Starter

133" WHEELBASE 122" Length of Frame Back of Driver's Seat

FRAME 6 Inch Channel 212 Inches Long Over All

DETROIT Steel Products Springs

RADIATOR Cast Shell Cellular Core

Know the "Traffic" of Today

Not a weak link in the chain

Read and learn for yourself why the Traffic is the most wonderful truck value in the world today. Note the quality of the truck throughout and realize that while the Traffic is ***the lowest priced 4,000-lb. capacity truck in the world,*** price was a secondary consideration in the designing and construction of the Traffic Truck.

Lift up the hood—there purrs a 3¾ x 5 ***Red Seal Continental Motor.*** What better motor than the Continental could be used? You also see a high-tension magneto with impulse starter; this insures a hot spark at all times. The carburetor is a ***Carter,*** known for its efficiency and economy. (The Traffic will average twelve miles on one gallon of gasoline.) And there is the radiator, a masterpiece in itself—heavy four-piece cast shell, bolted-up type with a brass cellular core. Regardless of what price you pay for a truck, you could not get a better radiator than that used on the Traffic.

Now let's go back to the clutch. It is of the multiple disc type—easy to engage—no grabbing or jerking of the mechanism, and, once engaged, it will never slip.

And the standard ***Covert Transmission,*** large broad-face nickel steel hardened and ground gears with roller and ball bearings on the main and counter shafts.

And there is the propeller shaft of two-piece construction with three universal joints with a 3-inch self-aligning Hyatt roller bearing supporting the shaft at the center, this construction absolutely eliminates all distortion and whipping out of the universal joints.

Now just look at that ***Russel Rear Axle***—a thoroughbred. It is of the internal gear type, with the driving shaft located ahead of the dead axle. This shortens our propeller shaft and applies the power out near the rim of the wheel where it is wanted. The load is carried on a round 2⅝-inch chrome nickel steel dead axle. Ball and roller bearings are provided at all points of service, thereby eliminating friction and wear. This axle is one piece from hub to hub. Note the large, efficient brakes, both external and internal, operating on the wheel drum.

The front axle is of the Elliot type of one-piece drop forging. The spindles are of nickel steel, with large ***Timken Roller Bearings*** in the wheels.

The springs, both front and rear, are of the semi-elliptic type, made of special alloy steel. Note the large size of the springs and the number of leaves, nine in front and ten in the rear.

The frame of the Traffic, the backbone of any truck, is constructed of ***6-inch U-Channel Structural Steel.*** Both the front and rear ends are rounded, acting as a perfect torque, one end against the other, thereby eliminating any stretching or distortion of the main side members. Note how it is braced, bound and gusseted. The Traffic frame is a masterpiece and an exclusive Traffic feature.

The dash is of a heavy pressed steel construction, with the gasoline tank mounted integral, insuring a perfect flow of gas on all grades.

Now then, step off and take a good look at the Traffic. Note the sturdiness of the truck throughout—the 34 x 3½-inch Fisk solid front tires and the 34 x 5-inch Fisk solid rears. Note how everything is in exact proportion—the 133-inch wheelbase—the 122-inch length of frame behind the driver's seat—the ease of control—nothing has been overlooked in the construction of the Traffic. The Chassis comes regularly equipped with driver's seat with lazy back and cushion, Chassis painted and varnished, lamps, horn, tools, etc. Note the completeness of the Traffic and then stop and realize that we are producing this quality truck at a retail selling price of $1395

Let your ***"Horse Sense"*** prompt you to investigate the Traffic before spending your money for a motor truck, and learn for yourself that the Traffic is the most wonderful truck value in the truck world today. Chassis $1395, f. o. b. St. Louis.

Write for catalogue.

Traffic Motor Truck Corporation

5200 North Second Street, St. Louis, U. S. A.

Dealers, Attention: Wire for the territory you want and, if open, come to the factory and see the Traffic produced and perform.

(Concluded from Page 50)

and that wealth has grown largely because of increment in land values.

With the huge wheat crop as a basis for the final year of the war period farmers are in a position to establish their business on a new basis. Every coöperative effort to accomplish the task of feeding our troops and our allies has increased the coöperative spirit and made possible unity of effort in carrying on future business.

When the first quota for Liberty Loan was made it caused much perturbation in rural districts. The committees passed cards asking for statements of the property owned and the income of each individual. The town man had no scruples but the farmer was startled at the idea of telling his neighbors his financial condition. As the war went on he forgot this and frankly put all the cards on the table and worked for patriotic accomplishment of the object at hand.

Now it may be expected that he will continue such willingness to some degree and we may expect to see him join his fellows in working out better methods of marketing and efficiency. He is convinced that he is entitled to a positive profit on his work and that such profit must be shown on his books. Just how he will accomplish this remains to be seen, but it is evident that the seed has been sown and that the visible profits of the past four years have awakened him to new ideals.

One factor in this will be the addition to the basic wealth for four years increasing in the Middle West, the wheat country. It has come not alone from wheat but from everything the farmer has produced. Steadily bank deposits have increased; regularly Liberty Loan drives have gone over the quotas; unhesitatingly various funds have been met—and all the time the surplus has accumulated. The old days, when at harvest time the country banks of the wheat counties began in May to draw out their Eastern reserves to prepare for financing the demand certain to come, have passed. Thanks to the Federal Reserve banking system as well as to their own greater resources they are meeting the urgent conditions of midsummer with scarcely a ripple in their regular business. Barring a local crop failure they are possessed of sufficient local capital with which to finance their customers and to carry on the business of the community. The addition of the new return from the wheat will increase this ability and place the West in a most favorable condition for the period of readjustment in which it is expected that we must meet new problems.

"But so far as the strictly agricultural section is concerned, readjustment is practically here," one financier asserted when the question was put to him. "If it stands for anything readjustment means that we return to normal business. The West has no industrial problems in comparison with the East; it knows little of unions or walking delegates. If, as I believe, the farmer has learned the lesson of eliminating waste and is finding out how to determine the cost of his product he ought to meet the lower price level with equanimity. It is unlikely that we shall see anything like a return to the prewar prices, at least for many years. There are too many hungry mouths to feed. The coming decade will see a shifting of the center of wealth in this country constantly westward, and an independence on the part of the agricultural states that will give them greater prominence, both economically and politically."

The fact that bank loans have proportionately kept pace with the growing bank deposits indicates that there is an increasing use of borrowed capital. Last winter, when the high cost of corn and hay made the feeding of cattle abnormally expensive, country banks were loaned up to their limit in many sections of the West. The selling of the finished product has to some degree lessened the strain, but always is there strong demand for loans and a lessening of deposit accounts in the weeks preceding harvest. One feature of farming that cannot be overcome is that there must be several months of the year in which the income is limited while in other periods comes practically the entire return of the season. So unless some method of storage is adopted there will be a quick marketing of the wheat crop and after that a waiting period until the corn is turned into cash.

The country banker has prospered during the war period, notwithstanding his high taxes and the burden of service in handling the Liberty Loans. He has seen his deposits increase and has been able to invest his reserves at high interest. Now he expects to see the prosperity that follows the paying out of two billion dollars go far to place him in a position where he can aid materially in restoring business to its old aspect.

Both the banker and the farmer are taking thought of the future. It is not to be considered that the latter is about to play the prodigal or that the former is to encourage expansion regardless of the consequences, simply because there is an abnormal return from a single product. Instead we are more likely to see solicitude for the morrow, with deliberate planning against the possibilities of lean years.

All through the war period has been going on discussion of what was to happen after peace returned. The farmer was urged to conserve his profits that he might be in a position to meet whatever contingencies might arise. Now he realizes, as do his advisers, that the end of war prices for products has come and that this will be the last year of guaranteed returns from his wheat. He is not enamored of price-fixing and it will not be in his scheme to demand that the Government maintain any such policy. Indeed he is convinced that had there been no price regulation he would have made more money during the war years than he has accumulated.

If there is one thing the agricultural communities have learned in the war period it is the lesson of preparedness, and this will be carried over in the operations of the post-war years. With the sound basis to which the interior has come during the past two decades, gradually building up its home capital and gaining ground in permanent improvements both in town and country, it is in a position to get the most out of its possessions. With a wider vision financially and with an understanding of its strength as part of the nation's prosperity it has less to fear than any other section.

Financial authorities expect to see a development throughout the Mississippi Valley that will surpass that of any period in its history. It has, speaking broadly, little to readjust; its problem is to expand along the lines on which it has been moving, with the added impetus of the profits of the past four years as a basis for its plans.

The dream of the wheat country for a generation has been to attain financial independence—to break away from the dependency upon Eastern capital so necessary in the formative days of settlement. Year by year it has been coming closer to that goal and, curiously, the nearer the approach the less has been the fervidness of the wish. As wealth and development increased has grown the realization of the interdependency of East and West and the solidarity of American prosperity. The war has expanded that view, and the Western farmer as he raised wheat for stricken France and Belgium widened his outlook and took in the world market. It was not merely bushels of wheat and dollars that made a wonder of the war harvests but the fact that upon the wheat raiser was the burden of starving nations. That vision lingers and will continue to be an important factor in the scheme of the future.

When the armies and divisions of harvesters have finished their drive on the seventy million acres of wheat; when hundreds of thousands of trucks and wagons have unloaded the grain; when hundreds of thousands of freight cars have transported it to the elevators and mills, and the two billion dollars is safe in the pockets of the farmers—America will have seen the miracle of the history of its agriculture. It will not permanently transform the nation nor will it make capitalists of all the farmers of the wheat belt, but it will go far to carry business over the critical time while we are getting back to peace. It will furnish the returned soldier abundant labor; it will relieve the burden on the banks; it will give a firm basis for the Middle West, on which it may build itself a stronger financial structure and thus contribute materially to America's welfare.

Hurrying in the Wheat

In the Field

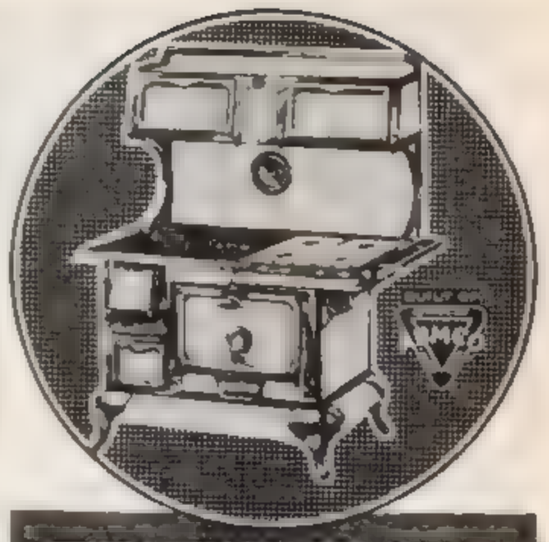
I HAVE before me what I presume should be called an old-time book on field sports. It was printed in 1895 and is called Hints and Points. Some of the things it says are by no means old-fashioned, however—even to-day. Perhaps it may not be amiss to print a few of the fundamentals it lays down as good for a beginner with the gun:

"Manners in the Field.—First: Always be polite and unselfish. Second: Drink little or no liquor. Third: Never let your gun point toward yourself or anybody else, whether it is loaded or not. Fourth: No matter how easy it may be to get over a fence, through a hedge, or into a boat, first see that your gun is at half cock or your barrels opened. Fifth: If you take down bars put them up again. Sixth: Walk abreast of your associate—never ahead or behind. Seventh: If separated from your companion, don't shoot unless he is in sight. Eighth: Give your fellows a chance to shoot as well as yourself when your dog stands. Ninth: If a rising bird flies more in your companion's direction than your own, wait until he shoots before you blaze away. Tenth: Never shoot toward your companion, no matter how far away he may be. Eleventh: Don't give orders to your friend's dog. Twelfth: When both of you shoot, and the bird falls, don't swear that you killed it. Thirteenth: Don't lie about your exploits.

"Hunting in Company.—When in company be sure of the position of your companion. Better lose a bird than shoot a friend.

"Carrying Gun.—When carrying a gun, barrels should rest on the shoulder, muzzle well up; or else under arm, the muzzle pointing to the ground, two feet ahead of you.

"Fence Climbing.—Never climb a fence with a loaded gun in your hands. Either remove the shells or carefully set the gun over the fence first; then climb it a few yards away, so that if you fall you won't knock the gun down and perhaps explode the charge."



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SANICO

THE RUST-PROOF PORCELAIN RANGE

25 YEAR GUARANTEE

As Handsome As It Is Practical

A Beauty. Finished in Azure Blue, *Snow* White, Dark Blue or Black and White. Heavy Nickeled Trimmed. A fine baker.

Six-Metal porcelain inside and out. It can't rust. As easy to clean as a china dish. Simply wipe with a damp cloth.

Write for catalog and sample of this wonderful porcelain. See how far it will bend before cracking or chipping. Please give your dealer's name. Dealers everywhere are rapidly putting in this wonderful range. If your dealer's stock has not arrived we will see that you are supplied.

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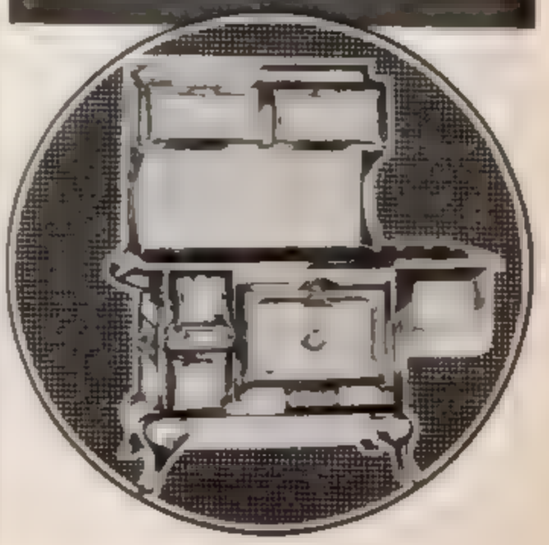

You should buy your clothes for health and comfort.

It's just as important to be cool in summer as warm in winter.

"R & W" summer suits have smart style and the cool health-keeping fabrics will make summer weather a real pleasure.

Ask your dealer to show you his complete "R&W" line of summer suits.

Look for the "R & W" label—it's your protection. It will pay you.

At your dealer's.

PRODUCT OF THE DAYLIGHT SHOPS

Makers of good summer clothing, trousers, overcoats, raincoats, fancy and dress waistcoats, smoking jackets, bathrobes, golf and automobile apparel

Rosenwald & Weil

Clothing Specialties

CHICAGO

THE NINTH PART OF A HAIR

(Continued from Page 19)

Russell Streets. It faced the park that lay west of Twentieth.

There was a street lamp at the corner of Hildebrand and Twentieth, and a patrol box was affixed to the standard that supported this lamp. Klox rang in when he went on duty; then he strolled halfway along the block, till he was opposite Warren's house; and from the shadows of the park trees he inspected the brownstone front. The house was one of a solid row that ran shoulder to shoulder from Hildebrand to Russell. In front of this row of houses there was six feet of turf between the house and the sidewalk. When Klox came in sight of the place there was a light showing through the glass of the front door; and there was another light in a third-floor room. That room was where Dane Warren slept. Klox had made sure of that through his acquaintance with the cook. He watched this lighted window until Warren turned off the light. Then Klox smiled with a certain satisfaction. It meant that his man would be safely asleep before the appointed hour.

Klox had his plans worked out by schedule. He had provided for every detail. That which could be made sure he had made sure. That which must be chanced he had left to chance. He was well satisfied with his arrangements. Dapper Colley's revolver was in his pocket, carefully wrapped in a handkerchief. Klox had never touched this weapon with his hands. If there were finger prints on it they would be Colley's; and Colley's were on file at headquarters. If there were no finger prints it would still be easy to identify the revolver as having belonged to Colley. Many must have seen it in the past. Klox meant to leave it in the upper room of that house across the way, after he had killed Warren.

That revolver alone would be enough to send Colley to the chair. But there would be more If Colley accepted at face value the message which Klox had sent him he would be at this corner at two o'clock this morning. And—Klox meant to be in Warren's house at one-forty-five; he meant to kill Warren at one-fifty-three; he meant to plunge out of the house and capture Dapper Colley before the man should have time to think of escape. After that a point-blank statement that he had come upon Colley in Warren's room.

Oh, Klox had his plans well laid.

Of course he would not shoot Warren with Colley's pistol. That would mean handling it, and finger prints. He had discharged the weapon this evening, just before coming on duty, so that it would be found with an empty cartridge in the cylinder and powder stains in the barrel. He would shoot Warren with his own revolver, leave Colley's in the dead man's room. This was his plan.

He had even remembered that he must be able to account for the fact that his own weapon had been discharged, and had arranged his explanation.

Patrolman Klox stood opposite the house of the man he was going to kill until a little before one o'clock. Then he returned and rang in from his box. There were no orders for him; he hung up the receiver, locked the box and moved up the street again. It was time for him to take his preliminary measures.

He moved quietly across the street to Warren's house and paused in front of it, looking up and down Twentieth Street to see if anyone was coming. There was no one in sight; the street was deserted. For an hour it had been deserted except for an occasional passing taxicab. He stepped lightly, for all his bulk, across the strip of turf to the house wall.

He had provided himself with a jimmy for the task that was before him. He had wished it were possible to get hold of Colley's, but that could not well be managed. Instead he had contrived one that would serve, out of a bit of iron bar, splintered at one end, which he had picked up one day in an alley. He drew this now from where it was fastened beneath his belt.

The masonry foundation of Dane Warren's house jutted out a matter of three inches from the house wall. Klox swung up on this foothold, and with his improvised jimmy he dug into the soft wood of the window sill until he got a hold beneath the window sash. Then he pulled down on the

The Other Day in One American City a Patrolman on Duty Saw Two Men Jump Out of a Window and Run

end of his jimmy with a slow, steady pressure, and after a moment he heard the snap of breaking iron as the window catch broke under the strain. The window moved up an inch or two.

Klox dropped instantly from his position; he strolled down the street and in half a minute was out of sight of the house. At the end of the block he doubled back through the park and watched to see if the sound of the latch had roused anyone. But no light showed in the windows; and he knew that the tiny sound had passed unheard.

He was through with the jimmy now; so he walked back into the park for a matter of two hundred yards, till he came to a little pool, perhaps thirty yards across, in the middle of which a fountain played. He threw the jimmy out into the pool, and it sank and was gone.

After which he walked back to his post, and considered the situation, and decided that all was well and that he might safely go ahead.

When he looked at his watch it was one-twenty-five. He did not wish to enter the house, the window of which he had forced, until one-forty-five. Twenty minutes to wait.

The twenty minutes passed slowly. Klox was not particularly nervous or excited; and he had no scruples whatever. The man was shrewd; he had laid his plans carefully; and he had the nerve to carry them through. Incapable of accepting a fight at even odds he did not lack the Teutonic brand of courage, which is strongest when the chances are all on one side. In this period of waiting, instead of being nervous he was coldly exultant in the certainty that Dane Warren and Dapper Colley were both as good as dead.

That was the sort of man Klox was.

He had intended, as has been said, to wait until one-forty-five to enter the house. He was forced to change his plans by the circumstance that Colley came early to the rendezvous. Klox happened to see him crossing Twentieth Street three blocks to the south. He saw Colley quite plainly under a street lamp, and recognized the man by his figure and his carriage. Colley crossed the street and entered the park there, and Klox knew the burglar would approach the corner of Hildebrand and Twentieth by way of the park, in case of ambush or surprise.

He would be here in five minutes at the most. It was now one-forty. If Klox were to wait the appointed time Colley might see him enter Warren's house. And—that would be an unwise complication.

In this emergency Klox made a swift decision. He moved quickly across the street, climbed on the masonry foundation, pushed up the window and slid through into the darkness of Dane Warren's living room. He hesitated as to whether or not he should leave the window open—decided to do so. That would be what Colley would do in his place; and from this minute on Klox intended to behave as Colley would.

So he left the window open, and while he waited the moment to go upstairs he crouched in the dark room and watched through the open window to see if Dapper came to the corner.

Dapper did. Klox saw him in the shadows of the park trees, twenty paces from the light, on a path that led toward the fountain. He was waiting, waiting for Jake—the man whose name Klox had signed—to appear. And Klox was well satisfied to know the man was there. If he stayed there a minute too long Klox would have him red-handed. The chances were that he would stay. Even when he heard the shot in Warren's house he would probably think it meant Jake was in trouble. And—Colley was a loyal soul. Klox counted on that. Colley might well stand by, to help Jake if the chance arose.

With Colley here on the spot there was no reason for longer delay. Klox nodded to himself at this decision; and at once he got up and went softly out into the hall and up

(Continued on Page 56)

PROGRESS

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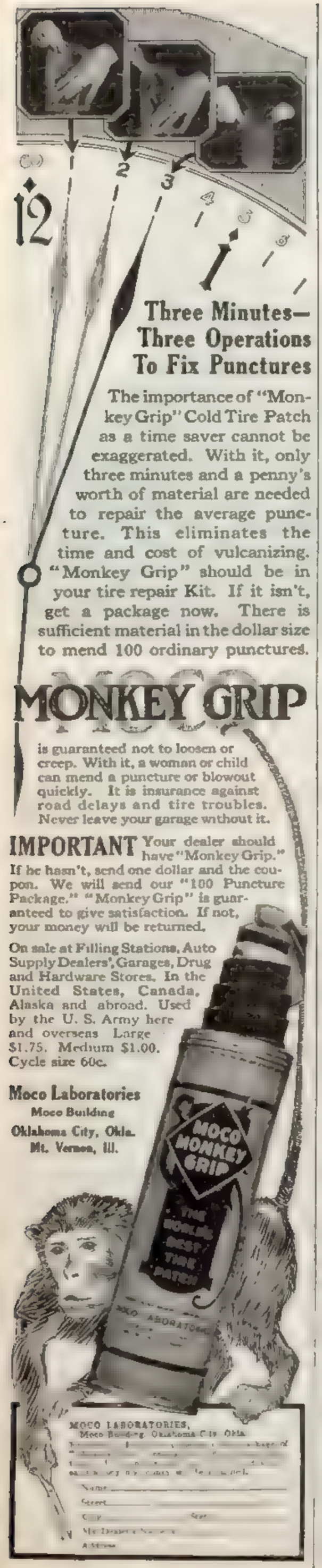

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(Continued from Page 54)

the stairs. He knew the way. Warren's cook had let him out by the front door once when Warren was away. He went up one flight, and traversed the length of the second-floor hall to the foot of the second flight of stairs.

On the third floor he stopped and listened. He had occupied perhaps five minutes in coming thus far; and he had made no sound. The stairs had not creaked; the thick stair carpet had muffled his footfalls. He was sure he had not been heard; nevertheless, there was a chance Warren might be lying awake; and Klox listened with all his ears.

Thus he heard Warren snoring, and grinned

He took out Dapper Colley's revolver, and he tiptoed along the hallway till he came to the back stairs. He laid the revolver on the floor there, where it might appear that Dapper had dropped it in his flight. The handkerchief in which it had been wrapped he returned to his pocket.

Then he went toward Warren's room; and he took out his own revolver and balanced it in his hand. He was quite sure of himself; he was a good shot with a revolver, and he meant the range to be short when he fired at Warren.

Warren's door was closed. But it was not locked. Klox turned the knob—he was wearing his white uniform gloves to avoid leaving prints—ever so gently and soundlessly, and the well-oiled door swung open without a whisper of noise. Klox stepped inside. He peered about him through the darkness. He had even been in this room before; his friend the cook was most accommodating, and he had expressed curiosity as to the luxury in which Warren lived.

The bed lay at his left, not ten feet away. Warren was asleep there; he was still snoring. The button that controlled the electric lights was near the door. There was another button beside the bed, which lighted a small shaded reading lamp over the pillow.

Klox waited till his breathing was steady and his nerves were sure. Then with his right hand he lifted the revolver and leveled it at the bed. With his left he pressed the light switch by his side, and the room sprang to light.

He had expected Warren to wake at the flood of light; but the broker did not wake. He stirred in his sleep, turned over and lay still. Klox took one step toward him and said harshly:

"Warren!"

Warren waked then; he sat up quickly, throwing back the covers. He stared at Klox with wide, blinking eyes.

Klox pulled trigger and the bullet crashed squarely between those staring eyes.

Time for quick action now. He must get downstairs before the wakened servants came into the lower halls. And Klox could move quickly when he chose.

On the echoes of the shot he shouted and leaped out into the hall. He knew what he meant to do. Along the hall to the back stairs, shouting; down those stairs to the second floor with feet that stumbled and pounded in the dark. Along the second-floor hall to the front stairs and down them.

In the lower hall his heart leaped exultantly. There was no one there; but as he turned into the living room he heard a door open at the rear end of the front hall. He turned back and saw the dim figure of a white-faced manservant; and he shouted: "Burglar! Shot Warren! Go upstairs!"

The man snapped on the hall lights and saw Klox's uniform. He leaped obediently up the stairs.

Klox ran through the living room and jumped out of the open window. His eyes searched the corner, half a block away, where Dapper Colley should have been. Dapper was not in sight; but he might be just within the park. In any case that was Klox's path. He ran across the street diagonally to the corner; and he pounded along the path toward the fountain.

Colley was not in sight, and Klox took that as an unimportant setback. No matter; it would be easy to pick up the man in the morning. In the meantime there remained one detail for him to attend to: He must hide the fact that his revolver had been fired.

He had planned how to do that. As he ran he broke the weapon, took out the discharged cartridge, replaced it with a fresh one, and turned the cylinder so that that cartridge would come beneath the hammer when he next pulled trigger. As he came opposite the pool of the fountain he lifted the weapon and fired ahead of him, along the path. And as he did so he shouted:

"Stop, you!"

Then he himself stopped, and he grinned with satisfaction. The thing was done: no one could tell his weapon had been fired twice instead of once. There remained only to dispose of the empty cartridge which he had removed from the cylinder.

He threw this into the pool of the fountain. And then he turned back toward the street. He felt like shouting with triumph. Warren was dead, Colley was as good as dead, and there was not so much as the ninth part of a hair to point an accusing finger at him.

When he came to the street again he saw a little knot of excited people crowding on the turf under the open window. That was good. It would obliterate his tracks there; and it would make it impossible to say that Colley had not come and gone that way. Luck was with him.

He rang in at the patrol box on the corner and reported.

"Dapper Colley tried to go through Dane Warren's house, 240 Twentieth, just now," he said, briefly. "Warren waked up when Colley was in his room, and Colley croaked him. I was after Dapper, but he got away."

The lieutenant at the other end asked a quick question or two; then he rang off. The wagon, with officers, would be there in ten minutes.

Klox left the patrol box and walked across the street to where the excited group of people were clustering under that open window.

"Here, you," he said gruffly. "Get off that grass! Don't you know there might be tracks there."

Inspector Cate came out in the patrol wagon. It is an indication of Patrolman Klox's confidence in his own precautions that he was glad to see the inspector. Malefactors were not usually pleased when Cate took up their cases.

Cate was a roly-poly little man, with fat and stubby legs. His hair was snow white, and he had a pink-and-white face with a dimple at either corner of his mouth. These dimples gave him a curious, half-smiling look, even when he was most serious. Pudgy as he was he moved deftly, and his hands hung free at his sides with a certain air of readiness about them. He was not a brilliant man; but he was an eminently sensible one. This was his strength. Most men in considering a tragic and perplexing series of incidents are unconsciously thrown into a semiromantic state of mind, which obscures their logical faculties. This was not so with Inspector Cate. He went about a hunt for a murderer as casually and as coolly as he went about a hunt for a lost collar button. If the collar button had fallen on the floor and was not in sight he knew it had rolled under something. So he looked under things till he found it. His method in pursuing criminals was just as simple and just as successful. The man knew his work and did it.

Cate was by nature diffident; and this diffidence showed itself in a habit of speaking in monosyllables. When he and the other officers dropped from the patrol wagon Klox met them, and Cate asked him at once: "Warren dead?"

"Dead as a doornail," said Klox.

"Doctor seen him?"

"No. Butler says the bullet went right between the eyes, though. He never kicked."

"What happened?"

Klox jerked his head across the street toward the park.

"I came along there and saw this window here open," he said glibly. "Thought I saw somebody just ducking out of sight inside. So I came over and listened. Didn't hear anything. I might have rung the bell, but I wanted to nab whoever it was, so I climbed in the window and trailed him. Heard him on the second floor, and when I got up there he was going up the next flight of stairs. I went up after him. Halfway up I saw the lights come on in Warren's room. They were shining out into the hall. Then I heard Colley shoot. Went up on the jump. And I saw Colley come out of the room. Bumped right into him at the door. He wiggled away and beat it for the back stairs. I jerked my gun, but he was out of sight, down the stairs, and me after him. Down the back stairs to the second floor, down the front stairs to the lower hall. I stopped there a minute, to tell the butler what had happened.

"He'd heard the shot. When I jumped out of the window Colley was beating it into the park over there. I chased him, but he gained on me. I took a snap shot at him, but he was too far away, and he ducked out of sight and I lost him. So I came back and reported in."

Cate nodded, eyes on the ground. "Colley, was it?"

"Yes, sure."

"Sure it was him?"

"Sure I am."

"How do you know?"

"I ought to know. I've seen him times enough."

Cate turned toward the open door of the house and went in; and Klox and another officer followed him. They went upstairs without speaking, and into Warren's room.

In the door Cate stopped and looked round him. He did not approach the bed at first. He looked up at the lights, glanced toward Klox.

"These lights the ones that came on?"

"Yes."

"All of 'em?"

"Yes."

Cate's eyes dropped again. Then he crossed to the bed and looked down at Warren for a moment. "Dead enough," he said.

He studied the room. He saw the reading light by the head of the bed, and tried the button in the wall beside it, turning it off and on. Then he crossed to the other button near the door and pressed that. The lights in the room went off. He turned them on and off and on again thoughtfully. Klox watched him. The patrolman had hard work to keep from grinning with his triumph.

Cate seemed satisfied; he came out into the hall and started toward the back stairs. Then he saw the revolver there—Dapper Colley's revolver. He picked it up, broke it, saw the discharged cartridge, squinted through the barrel. "Colley must have dropped that," said Klox.

Cate nodded. "When he broke loose from you, prob'ly," he agreed. "He go down this way?"

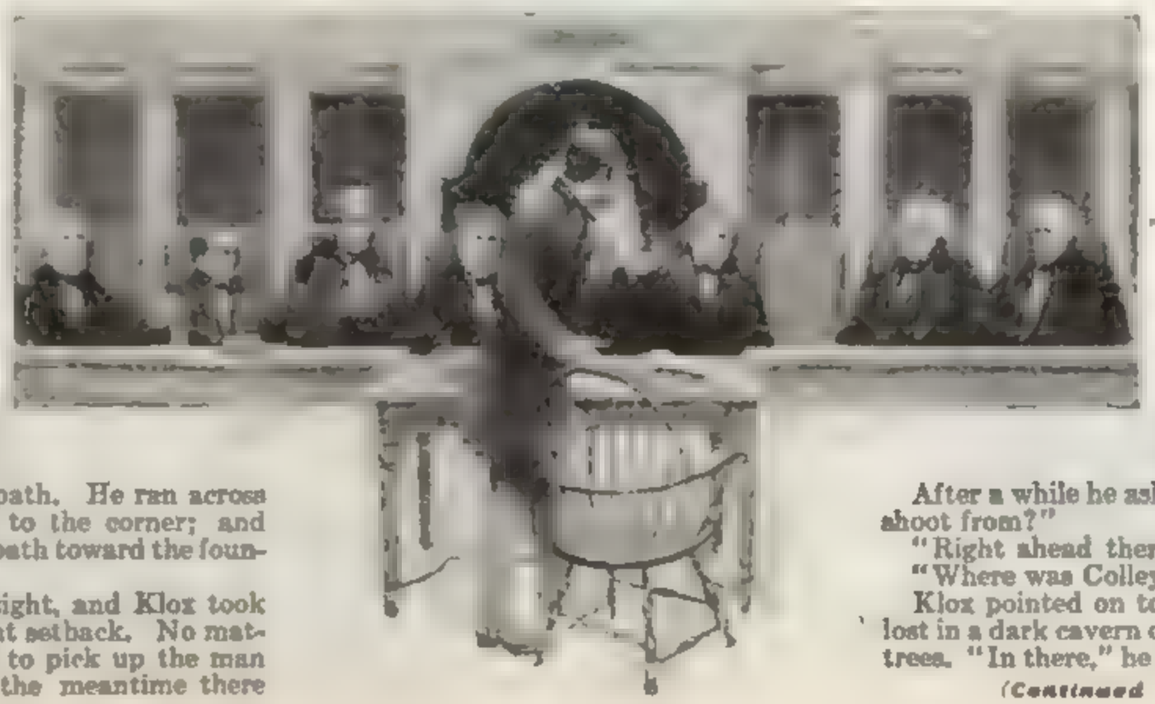
They followed the path of Colley's flight as Klox had described it. Down the stairs, out through the window, across the street, into the park. Cate moved unhurriedly along the path toward the fountain.

After a while he asked: "Where did you shoot from?"

"Right ahead there by the pond."

"Where was Colley then?"

Klox pointed on to where the path was lost in a dark cavern of shadow beneath the trees. "In there," he said.



(Continued on Page 59)

The Duo-Art PIANOLA

Harold Bauer to The Aeolian Company

New York, October 22, 1918
The Aeolian Company.

Gentlemen:—

It has taken me several years to decide to play exclusively for the Duo-Art. My hesitation was not due to any doubt as to the superior excellence of your instrument, but because, in view of still further improvements which the future seemed to promise, I thought it advisable to wait before taking an irrevocable step.

It is indeed a matter of the most serious importance to an artist to determine the selection of an instrument which, through the means of a recorded roll of paper, will reproduce his playing and carry it all over the world. Where one person will hear the performance of the artist himself, thousands will listen to the music-roll reproductions of his playing, and his reputation will gain or suffer according to the quality and fidelity of these reproductions.

HAROLD BAUER

In the last two years, significant improvements have been made in both the recording and reproducing devices of the player-piano, and The Aeolian Company has carried these improvements to their highest development in the Duo-Art Piano. It is difficult indeed to see in what direction further progress can be made or suggested.

In fidelity of production, in brilliancy, power, delicacy, quality and variety of tone the vast superiority of the Duo-Art over all similar instruments is now definitely established. The Duo-Art stands supreme among reproducing pianos and I need no longer hesitate to identify myself with it and to entrust it with my reputation. I am most happy to avail myself of such a wonderful means of leaving to posterity a record, as nearly perfect as can be conceived, of my interpretative art.

Yours very truly,

Harold Bauer

And the Great Pianists

Paderewski

Last November, The Aeolian Company announced that under the terms of a special agreement, Ignace Jan Paderewski would in the future record his interpretations in the form of music-rolls, exclusively for the Duo-Art Pianola. This announcement included a letter from Paderewski in which he congratulated the Company upon the "splendid achievement" of the Duo-Art and expressed his appreciation of the "manifest fidelity" with which it reproduced his playing.

Josef Hofmann

A few weeks later a second announcement was made that Josef Hofmann would also make music-rolls for the Duo-Art Piano exclusively in the future. In the letter from Hofmann, accompanying this announcement, he called the Duo-Art a "wonderful instrument" and stated that "its reproduction of his playing was so superior to that of any other instrument as to furnish no real basis for comparison."

Harold Bauer

And then came the announcement that Harold Bauer had made a similar agreement with The Aeolian Company. His letter is reproduced above.

Paderewski, Hofmann, Bauer! The dictum of these masters, regarding matters pertaining to their art, is absolute and final.

The Duo-Art's value to the art of music and to the music-lover is beyond computation. It will reproduce the playing of these great musicians with such absolute fidelity of detail, that the reproduction is not to be distinguished from the original performance.

This means, that the possessor of a Duo-Art commands the services of Paderewski, Hofmann, Bauer, and all the other famous musicians who have made Duo-Art Music-Rolls to play for him, at his will.

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He was a little surprised that Cate did not go on and try to pick up Colley's footprints. But the inspector seemed satisfied. He stopped by the pool, in the center of which the fountain played. Klox noticed that something had obstructed one of the orifices of the fountain, so that the water came out in a dribbling and unlovely stream. Then Cate turned back toward the street.

At the patrol box he rang in and asked if Colley had been found. When he hung up the receiver Klox asked: "Have they got him?"

Cate nodded. "Foster picked him up down on Vancouver Street. He'd been running."

"Good," said Klox. "That fixes him."

"Sure," said Cate. "Sure, that fixes him."

Klox, off duty next day, could not keep away from Eileen. When he paid his lunch check he said cheerfully: "Well, hear about Dapper?"

Eileen said coldly: "You've got your change."

"Dapper's pinched," said Klox. "Headed for the chair."

That was brutal enough. Eileen might have fainted; she might have screamed. But—she was not of that stuff. All she did was to put Klox's check, which she still held, carefully on the spindle before her.

Then she closed the drawer of the cash register; and after that she said evenly: "That's a lie."

Klox had to have his triumph. "It's no lie," he said. "He made a break on my beat last night and shot Dane Warren. They've got him now. He's going up, dead sure."

Eileen asked evenly: "Where is he?"

"Headquarters."

The girl tapped the bell which stood always at her side; and the manager of the restaurant came toward her cage. Klox moved away a little; but he heard her say: "Put in a substitute, please. I have to go uptown."

Klox thought that was fair enough. He was half minded to go with her, decided it would be better sport to go ahead and see her arrive. There was spirit in her; she would fight. But—what could she do? The net was drawn about Colley. Later the net could be drawn about her.

He took himself away.

Inspector Cate had been questioning Colley all that morning. This was not the third degree.

Cate was a gentleman; he had no stomach for rough methods.

He had sent for Colley; and he told him frankly: "This looks bad for you. Klox identifies you; we find a note in your pocket that tells you to be up there; you're copped making your get-away. And your gun is in the house."

Colley said: "My gun, hell!"

Cate produced it. "Isn't that your gun?"

Dapper's eyes bulged at sight of the weapon. he rubbed his hand across them. "It is," he said. "Why, sure it is! I thought that was in my bureau in my room."

Cate shook his head. "Picked it up right outside Warren's room. One cartridge empty."

"I didn't put it there."

Cate tilted back in his chair. "You want to talk? Say anything?"

Colley cried: "Sure I do! Anything I know. I wasn't in on this, inspector."

"What happened?"

Dapper pointed to the note in the inspector's hand. "I get that yesterday morning. I knew the guy that wrote it."

"Jake?" Cate asked.

"Yes."

"Jake who?"

"Never mind."

"He ever send you a note before?"

"No."

"Is he a highbrow? Or like you?"

"What do you want?"

"I don't want him. Want to know what kind he is."

"Just an ordinary guy. A good guy."

Cate nodded. "Go on."

"I beat it uptown to meet him."

"You thought there was a job on?"

"He says so. In that note."

"You went for that?"

"Sure."

"Take your kit?"

"No. Jake would have his."

"Take your gat?"

"No."

"Go on."

"I came to the corner through the park," said Colley. "I didn't see Jake, but I was early. So I hung round. Then I heard a shot in the house across the street, halfway along the block. So I beat it."

"What did you think?"

"Thought Jake might have got in wrong. Nothing I could do."

"What direction did you go?"

"Straight through the park."

"Past the fountain?"

"Yes."

"See anything of Klox?"

"No."

"He shoot at you?"

"I didn't know it if he did."

"Hear a shot?"

"No."

Cate considered. "You a good runner?"

"Sure."

"How long did it take you to get across the park and out the other side."

"Not over three minutes."

The inspector said thoughtfully: "That's funny."

A patrolman came in. "Inspector," he said, "there's a man here from the Park Department. Wants to see you."

Cate looked surprised, but he got up. "All right," he said.

In the outer office he saw Klox. He saw also a girl at the desk. She was asking if she might see Dapper. Cate stepped toward the desk and touched her arm. "You want to see Colley?" he asked.

Eileen answered softly: "Yes; please."

Cate nodded to the lieutenant. "Let her," he said.

Then he moved on into the inner office, where the man from the Park Department was waiting.

It may have been fifteen minutes later that a patrolman came into the room where Colley and Eileen were talking, under the eye of a guard. "Chief wants you," he said to Colley.

Dapper got up cheerfully. Eileen hung to his arm for a moment. The patrolman said to her: "You're to come too."

As they passed through the outer office Klox grinned at them. In the chief's room they found the chief and Inspector Cate and a stenographer. Cate nodded to them.

"Sit down," he said. "Over there."

They took the chairs he indicated, at the side of the room. Cate whispered to the chief, then he crossed to where they sat. "Dapper," he asked, "you know Klox?"

"Sure. The rat!"

"What's wrong with him?"

Colley glanced toward Eileen. "He's after her."

Cate nodded. "Thought so," he said; and went back to his chair. "Send Klox in," he bade the patrolman at the door.

Klox came in, his cap in his hand. He grinned at Dapper.

Cate said: "Klox, let's see your gun."

There was no menace in his tone. Nevertheless, for an instant Klox hesitated. He looked at Cate and the inspector mildly returned his gaze.

He looked at the chief and the chief nodded pleasantly. So Klox produced his revolver and handed it to Cate.

The inspector broke it, squinted through the barrel. "Haven't cleaned it, have you, Klox?"

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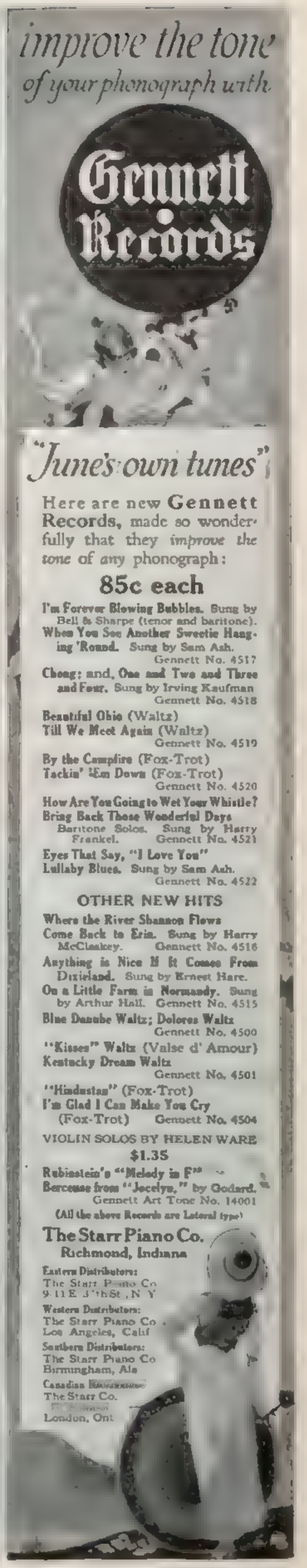
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When You See Another Sweetie Hanging 'Round. Sung by Sam Ash.
Gennett No. 4517
Chong; and, One and Two and Three and Four. Sung by Irving Kaufman
Gennett No. 4518
Beautiful Ohio (Waltz)
Till We Meet Again (Waltz)
Gennett No. 4519
By the Campfire (Fox-Trot)
Tackin' 'Em Down (Fox-Trot)
Gennett No. 4520
How Are You Going to Wet Your Whistle?
Bring Back Those Wonderful Days
Baritone Solos. Sung by Harry Frankel. Gennett No. 4521
Eyes That Say, "I Love You"
Lullaby Blues. Sung by Sam Ash.
Gennett No. 4522
OTHER NEW HITS
Where the River Shannon Flows
Come Back to Erin. Sung by Harry McClaskey. Gennett No. 4516
Anything is Nice If It Comes From Dixieland. Sung by Ernest Hare.
On a Little Farm in Normandy. Sung by Arthur Hall. Gennett No. 4515
Blue Danube Waltz; Dolores Waltz
Gennett No. 4500
"Kisses" Waltz (Valse d' Amour)
Kentucky Dream Waltz
Gennett No. 4501
"Hindustan" (Fox-Trot)
I'm Glad I Can Make You Cry
(Fox-Trot) Gennett No. 4504
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INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY, MERIDEN, CONN.
The Family Plate for Seventy Years
Queen Anne Pattern

(Concluded from Page 59)

Klox seemed surprised. "That's right," he said. "Not since I took a crack at this guy. I forgot it."

Cate wagged his head. "Klox," he said, "you can't get away with it."

The patrolman's eyes shifted ever so little. "What's the idea?" he demanded.

"Idea is—you killed Warren," said Cate.

Klox laughed. "Like hell I did! I saw Colley do it."

Cate tilted back in his chair. "That note Colley got," he said "Jake Dauber didn't write it. It isn't his writing."

"He'd change his writing, wouldn't he?" Klox demanded.

"If he changed his writing why did he sign his name?" Cate shook his head. "No, he didn't write it. He'd have used a pencil, anyway. Not a pen. And Jake could spell 'Dapper,' and 'burn,' and 'this,' and 'to-night.' But he couldn't spell Hildebrand—prob'ly. And he wouldn't put the apostrophe in 'o'clock.' No, Jake didn't write that note."

Klox grinned uneasily. "Well, what's that got to do with me?"

"You wrote the note."

"That's a pipe dream, inspector."

"Another thing," said Cate insistently: "The lights were on in Warren's room. The button that turned them on was right near the door. Warren couldn't turn them on from the bed. Dapper wouldn't have turned them on and given himself away. Not if he's as good a burglar as they say he is. No sense in that."

"He did it," said Klox. "That's the sense of it."

"How'd you get hold of Dapper's gun, Klox?"

"I never saw it till you picked it up in the hall."

"You put it there."

"No."

Cate tapped softly on the desk; his voice was gentle.

"I figured," he said, "that you got the gun, that you wrote the note, that you planned to lay it on Dapper. Get him up there; maybe nab him on the spot, after you shot Warren. That would be all right. So I wondered where the hitch would come.

"Seemed to me you wouldn't want anyone noticing you'd fired two shots. So I figured you'd reload, shoot the second from the same barrel. Quicker than cleaning your gun."

"I shot just once," said Klox.

"It would have looked that way," Cate agreed. "If you only shot once I couldn't hang it on you. This was all guess, you understand, Klox. You came near getting away with it. Only for one thing. One little thing."

He stopped; and he looked at Klox steadily. "I'd wondered at the marks on the window sill, Klox," he said. "That was rough work. Dapper's work would have been smooth. No gouges in the wood. I couldn't fit that in. And—if you'd shot twice there'd be another empty cartridge somewhere. You wouldn't keep it in your pocket—in case you and your gun were searched on the spot. I wondered what became of it."

He paused again; and Klox tried to speak. But there was something working in the man. The craven beneath his ratlike courage was boiling to the surface. He was shaken and afraid.

"I might not have thought of it, Klox," said Cate. "But the fountain in the park got out of order last night. They had to drain the pool in order to fix it. And they found the iron bar you used to jimmy the window; and they found the empty cartridge you threw in there when you reloaded, Klox. That empty cartridge finished you. Klox, what did you kill Warren for?"

After a silent moment the little room filled with clamor. This was the clamor of Klox telling them what he had killed Warren for.

He was begging for mercy; but there was no mercy for him.

After Klox had been taken away Cate turned to Dapper Colley, and he smiled in a friendly way.

"We've got nothing on you, Dapper," he said. "But we will have, some day. You can go."

Dapper got up; and Eileen slid her arm through his. She laughed at the inspector, and she shook her head. "You'll never have anything on my man, inspector," she said. "You'll never get anything on him; because there's never going to be anything to get, again."

Cate hesitated, then he crossed and shook them both by the hand.

"That's fair," he said. "Good luck. Good-by."

As they went out through the office they heard Klox screaming in his cell. But outside the sun was shining, and the earth was fair, and the sparrows chattering in the street sang sweetly as nightingales for them.

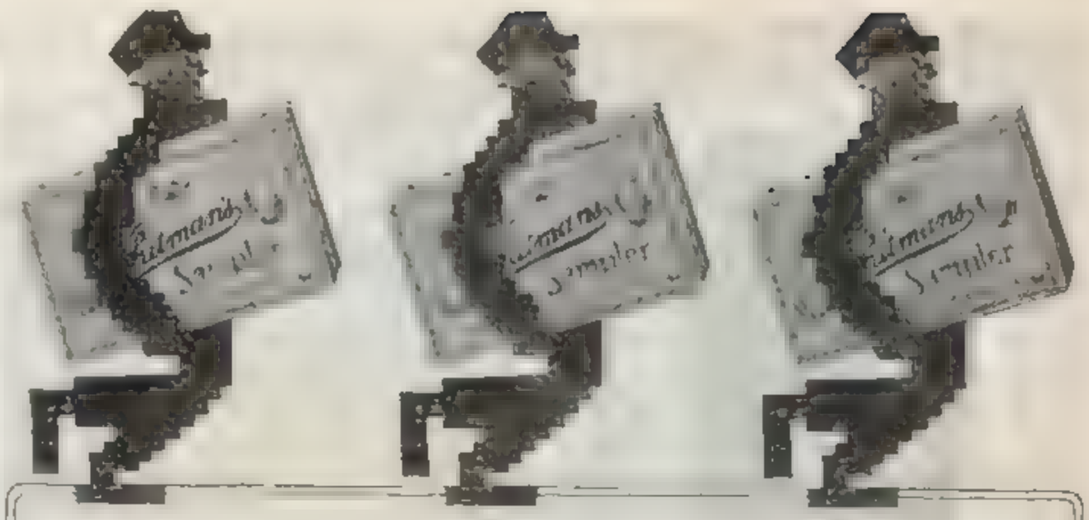
They were able to forget Klox before very long; and after a little the world forgot him too.

HEALTH AND INDUSTRY

(Continued from Page 7)

valuable and so wonderfully made that a clinical thermometer placed under the tongue of the human machine in the far-off Arctics will register precisely the same as it will if similarly tested in the state of New York or in the tropical jungles of Central Africa?

In intellect man is supreme. He is the most intelligent organism on this planet. He has harnessed the forces of Nature and annihilated many of the limitations of time and space; but nowhere in creation can we find a race of organisms so diseased and physically maimed as the human being. No other animal at early maturity shows fifty per cent of the individuals with decayed teeth and infected gums. No other living thing has such defective vision, crippled feet and poorly balanced muscular system. The remedy for all this lies in a



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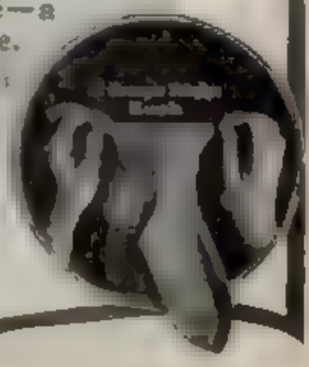

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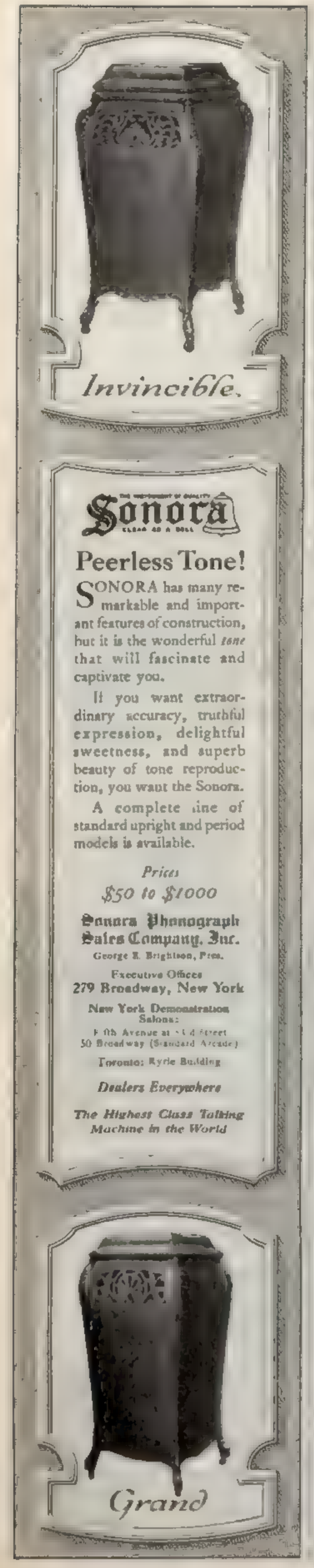
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Dealers Everywhere
The Highest Class Talking Machine in the World
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national system of periodic inspection, repair and regulation of the body to prolong its life and keep it efficient.

Human life cannot be indefinitely extended, but the antagonistic forces that surround us can be neutralized to a considerable extent

One thing is sure—the chief causes of early physical decay and ultimate death are largely subject to human control. The scientists no longer ascribe the life cycle of animal species to some immutable law.

Earthworms have been kept alive for a decade, and turtles have been known to live two hundred years. Legs may be made to grow prematurely in tadpoles by administering thyroid extract. All of which helps to prove that the life of organisms can be prolonged if the problem is approached in the right way.

The total cost of the war to the United States up to June 30, 1919, will be $30,205,000,000. Such a sum can hardly be comprehended, yet the nation would profit to that extent if we could but add a single year to the lives of our adult workers.

Though the leaders of medicine to-day fully recognize that the doctors of the future must deal very largely with personal hygiene and preventive medicine rather than emergency treatment, this important change, like most revolutions in policy, will be brought about not by the medical profession but by business men to satisfy the urgent needs of industry. The new power of the working people alone makes it necessary that our present health ideals be changed. Only a few years ago there was not one employer in ten who believed that a company would be held legally responsible for each and every accident occurring to an employee in one of its plants. But this dream of idealists came true, and no owner would now care to return to the old system, in which it was every man for himself. Similar laws with reference to sickness will soon appear, and the state and corporations will likewise have to assume responsibility for the health of the nation's workers.

Less Pneumonia Because Clothes Dried Out Better in the Open Air

All this does not mean that there have been no gains in past years from the application of scientific principles by medical men to the preservation of health. During the three years 1909-11, in England and Wales 1,529,060 deaths occurred. This number is 772,811 fewer than would have occurred had the average death rate of 1871-80 held good for those three years. Great benefits have been derived from the work of factory health inspectors and municipal medical officers. Take typhus fever, for instance. In England and Wales for the three years 1871-73 there were 4000 deaths from this disease, while for the three years 1909-11, with a larger population, typhus caused only thirty deaths. But there has been an exaggeration of achievements of public-health administrations which has led to a glossing over of serious evils that still exist

In the United States especially there should be no undue optimism, for here we have health conditions comparable to those in an individual who has grown too rapidly. The skeleton system has outgrown the circulation, and the circulation must be given a chance to catch up. In no other nation has population increased so rapidly and adaptation to occupation been so little studied

Our improvement has been less than in the older countries of Europe, for there life moves in a rut and men more frequently enter occupations for which they have a hereditary fitting.

Not many people are aware that the death rate from organic diseases has been rising in the United States since 1880. It is also a fact that this same serious situation does not exist in European countries having a corresponding degree of civilization. The last report of the United States Census Bureau for 1916 shows 1,001,921 deaths in the entire registration area of this country. Of these nearly one-third were due to three causes—heart disease, tuberculosis and pneumonia.

To emphasize the seriousness of the situation, let us look at the deaths from heart disease. In 1900 this ailment claimed 123.1 victims per 100,000 of our population. In 1916 the same disease killed 159.4 people in each 100,000. For Bright's disease the figures were 89 in 1900 and 105.2 in 1916. And so it was with most other organic diseases.

Tuberculosis is an ailment that can be eradicated, yet this disease kills more people each year than any other malady except heart disease. The records show that 37 per cent more people die in this country from consumption than from accidents, homicides, suicides and all other external causes combined. During the last thirty years the death rate from organic diseases has increased 86 per cent in Massachusetts and 94 per cent in fifteen large American cities.

During this same period the deaths from organic troubles have been decreasing in England, Germany, Sweden and France. What improvement there has been in the United States in the matter of mortality has occurred chiefly in infancy, childhood and early adult life.

At the age of forty the expectation of life for an American is less to-day than it was thirty years ago, and this is true for both men and women.

The report of the Committee of One Hundred on National Health states:

"There are 625,000 deaths annually in the United States which could be prevented, and at least one-half of the 3,000,000 sick beds now constantly filled would be empty if the existing knowledge of hygiene were applied."

Here are some of the things civilization has done for us: The consumption of coffee has increased 54 per cent in two generations, and amazing as it may seem we now consume 75,000,000 pounds of drugs annually, mostly without the advice of a physician, while the yearly consumption of patent medicines has increased 365 per cent per capita beyond that of thirty-five years ago.

The physical deterioration of American youth is shown by numerous facts. The Harvard Illustrated says that in an examination of 746 Harvard freshmen it was found that four out of every five stood and walked in a slumping posture. It was also discovered that the students affecting the slouch were more prone to sickness than those who stood erect. Just another case in point: In 1914, of 562 candidates for West Point, 142 were found physically unfit. There is no doubt that year by year the human race is reaching a higher plane of intelligence, but if anyone thinks we have solved the problem of longevity let him dismiss the idea. In the Russian almanac for 1816 it is stated: "In the Russian Empire there died last year 760 persons at the age of 100 years, 223 of 105, 106 of 110, 53 of 115, 20 of 120, 5 of 125, 4 of 130 and 1 of 160." Evidently life in Russia was much more attractive then than now.

But what has all this to do with the nation's industry? Just this: A science is made no less scientific by applying its discoveries. A true chemist is more interested in solving the technical problem before him than in applying his final discovery to practical life. There are two classes of people—those who discover and those who apply. Medical knowledge is abundant; its application is deficient. It is a common vice of human nature to accept any kind of condition or environment as a matter of

(Continued on Page 65)

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A million and a half women have chosen Hoosier because of its many wanted features, scientifically arranged—conveniences that make any kitchen modern.

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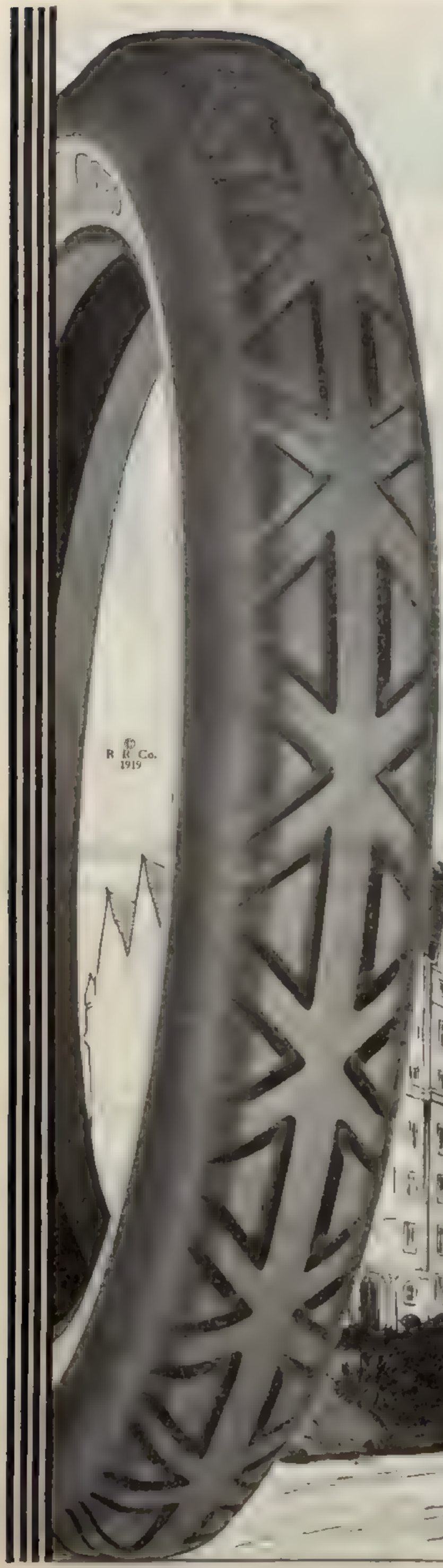

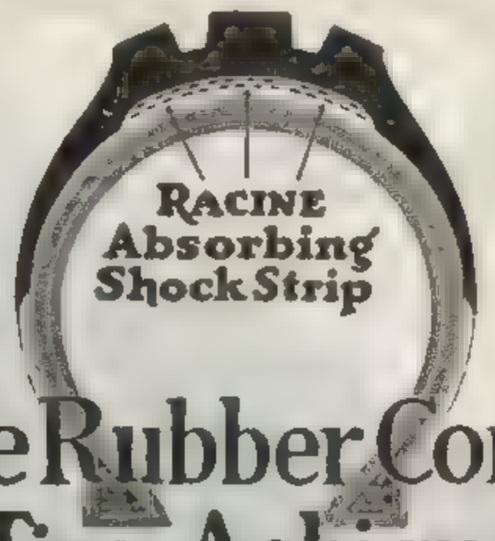

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THE deeper a man goes into the study of cord tires, the greater an enthusiast he becomes for Racine Multi-Mile Cord Tires.

Racine Rubber Company chemists have succeeded in solving the one big cord tire problem. Development of the Racine Absorbing Shock Strip—found only in Racine Multi-Mile Cord Tires—has created a neutral zone in these tires. This neutral zone equalizes the flex of the tough rubber tread and resilient cord carcass. It completely smothers the shocks of road blows. It means smoother riding—less gasoline consumption, and most important, *it means far greater mileage.*

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Racine Absorbing Shock Strip is an extra strip of rubber, of graduated resiliency. It welds the cord carcass and tread into a rugged, inseparable whole.

Like the famous Racine "Country Road" Tire, the Racine "Multi-Mile Cord" is Extra Tested. Every Racine Rubber Company product is Extra Tested—tires, tubes, and Racine Supreme Tire Sundries. This extra care in the factory means extra wear on the road.

Racine Extra Tested Tires are sold by the best dealer in your locality.

For Your Own Protection Be Certain Every Racine Tire You Buy Bears the Name

RACINE RUBBER COMPANY

RACINE, WISCONSIN

Makers also of Racine "Country Road" Tires

(Continued from Page 62)

course. During the war, habit and association were so strong in some people that they continued to live in devastated French villages, occasionally hiding but often going and coming while the surrounding areas were being torn by bursting shells. Here was an extreme type of human adaptation. It was in a sense heroic, but it came mostly from fear of going forth, traveling a new road and meeting a new environment.

In the past men have usually waited for something to turn up and then tried to adapt themselves to the new conditions. Most improvements in business have developed from the slow and expensive trial-and-error method. Knowledge has been painfully accumulated through the unintentional elimination of errors. We hear a lot about scientific management, which is a serious effort to increase business intelligence and drive men out of ruts. But so far science in management has progressed only a short distance beyond the government of a few factories in various states. Business men generally are still antagonistic to things that are new. We have wise and respected citizens in our midst to-day who would want to put Faraday in jail, just as did the wise solons of Oxford years ago who were opposed to his development of induced electrical currents.

Half Pay for Sick Workers

No longer can we be satisfied with results that meet only the lowest requirements of the situation.

Men can no longer be poured into a factory or mine as metal is poured into a mold. The manager who attempts to do this will find that there is a decided difference between getting a real working force and filling a plant with men. We hear corporation officials advocating a superior kind of industrial democracy, but on investigation we find they are more concerned about the grade of oil that is fed into the company's mechanical equipment than they are about the quality of the water that the employees drink. We cannot move toward ideal conditions in any establishment where the workman who runs a lathe is permitted to feel that he is the assistant to a machine.

Everyone who is familiar with industrial problems knows that workmen are resentful and suspicious of plans that appear to be based on charity. Therefore the only safe plan for humanizing industry is to base all actions on a foundation of simple justice. One great corporation has plants throughout the country and large offices in New York. This company has asked itself, Is it right to discriminate between the stenographer or clerk here in the main office and the industrial worker at one of our plants? When any member of the New York force fell ill the company did not think of cutting off pay for the time of enforced absence, but if the laborer got sick he received nothing for the time he was away from his task. The result of this self-examination caused a change in practice and now the corporation pays half-time wages to any factory employee who falls ill. The company's medical officer visits the man and sees to it that he secures proper medical attention, at the same time leaving it entirely to the employee to select whatever doctor he prefers. The corporation has found that their men generally went without medical attention for the sole reason that in the old days during illness they were without earnings and felt they could not afford a doctor.

This same concern has gone ahead rapidly in its plans to meet the new industrial era that is upon us. It has inaugurated a system of physical examinations so that no man can enter its employ in a diseased condition and thus be a menace to other workmen. Also, in this way it tries to prevent being imposed upon by persons who are inefficient through physical causes and who are trying to secure benefits they are not entitled to get. When a man or woman is accepted for employment and has been with the company for one year an insurance policy is given to the individual. The amount of this insurance increases, until at the end of five years the policy calls for one year's pay. Last year this corporation settled 146 death policies and has already paid out several million dollars in such benefits.

It is also a fact that the company referred to does not refuse to employ workmen who are not robust. In many cases it has engaged men who were cripples, but has set them tasks that they could perform satisfactorily and without discomfort. The whole idea of the company's plan is to prevent a man from getting into the wrong job. Some of their employees have to work in high heat, and here the management endeavors to see that no man with a weak heart is engaged for this work. The company has a hospital for its consumptives, and employees are sent there on the first indications of tuberculosis.

Watching the Water Supply

Another corporation—one of the greatest in America—has made an enviable reputation for itself in the matter of successfully handling its labor problems. This concern and its subsidiaries are leaders in dealing with the health question. The method employed is to work through employees' committees, some of them made up of local officials at the various plants, and others composed of workmen drawn from the rank and file of the forces at the different operations. The safety measures adopted by this company have reduced the accident rate more than fifty per cent and have saved 23,195 persons from injury in twelve years.

In preserving the health of workmen this same corporation annually makes a bacteriological analysis of all water used for drinking purposes at each plant. It has banished the use of the common drinking cup, and as far as practicable has installed sanitary drinking fountains. The roller or common towel was pronounced a prolific source of disease and was eliminated in favor of the individual towel. It was ordered that no more washbasins or troughs

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There are several handsome models—light, comfortable—for outing purposes, glass of restful colors

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The wonderful character of this man-made amber, its beauty, luster, and transparency; its toughness, non-inflammability, and durability; and because it is remarkably adaptable to hand-cutting and fashioning into beautiful forms, make it the fastidious smoker's preference everywhere.

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DEALERS—Write for our proposition.

SALESMEN—We have openings for capable men.

The Florsheim Shoe

FLORSHEIM Oxfords are cool and perfect fitting—They're ready to wear with comfort at every step—no slipping at the heel. Look for the quality mark "Florsheim."

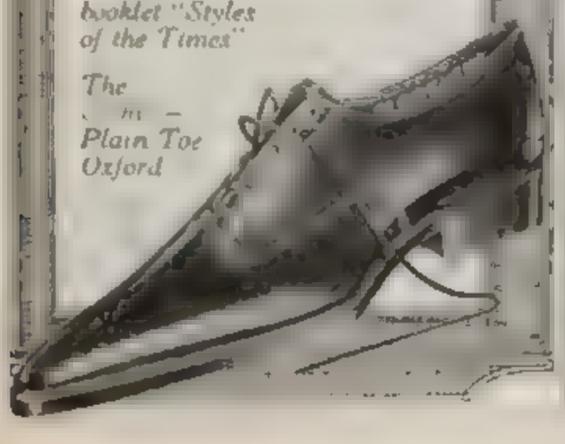
Ten Dollars and up

Consider the wear, not the price per pair.

The Florsheim Shoe Company
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Write for booklet "Styles of the Times"

The [illegible] Plain Toe Oxford



for common use should be installed. In all new equipment the facilities for cleansing hands and face necessitate that the employee must wash from a flowing stream. In lieu of lockers for workmen's clothes there are overhead hangers, so that when the employee changes at the end of his shift his wet clothes have an opportunity to dry and air.

This doing away with lockers appears to have reduced the number of cases of pneumonia, some of which were undoubtedly contracted from putting on damp clothes. I might further call attention to an added refinement in the scheme of hoisting clothes to the ceiling instead of putting them in lockers, and that is the plan of having wire boxes or receptacles overhead so that one person's clothing when hoisted will not come into contact with the clothes of another person. Each user, of course, locks his belongings in position.

The company operates plant restaurants and has derived many benefits therefrom. These eating places relieve the housewife of the burden of filling one or more dinner pails, and when the wife is sick or away from home the man does not have to undertake the rôle of household cook, which he has been known to do with disastrous results. The most desirable forms of food are not always adapted to packing in a dinner pail, nor will they retain their palatability after standing for several hours in unsuitable temperatures. For the unmarried men especially are these restaurants a boon. The higher prices generally prevailing in public restaurants are not an easy problem for the young workman to solve. The company sells the food at cost.

Among other features tending to better health for employees is a visiting nurse whose services are offered free by the company. She is not, however, permitted to visit any home unless requested to do so by a member of the family. Her duty is to give advice in matters of household sanitation, economical purchasing of home necessaries, care of children, especially in infancy, and to help in cases of sickness. She instructs the mothers in the preparation of food for the sick child, in the feeding of infants, supervises the special courses in practical housekeeping, and conducts the classes in cooking, dressmaking and many other phases of domestic science, even to the proper methods of making beds.

Dental Work at Low Prices

Nearly four years ago the same corporation made its first attempt to do dental work among employees and their families. Dental surgeons were employed, and they moved with their portable outfits from place to place. Later dental clinics were established at many points. The teeth of all the school children were examined, and on receipt of written permission from the child's parents any necessary dental work was performed. Toothbrush drills were established in all company schools, and each child was required to furnish his own toothbrush and cup, the articles being sold to the children at cost prices. Dustproof cabinets were placed in every schoolroom for the storage of brushes and cups. The toothbrush drill is the opening exercise of each school every day and lasts twelve minutes. The drill is popular with the children, and the company has evidence to prove that great benefits in health have resulted from the plan. A schedule of charges averaging fifty per cent less than the charges made by city dentists, is posted

in every dispensary. Then there is the time and expense saved by employees through not having to travel to some near-by city to have dental work done. The dental force works in close coöperation with the medical organization and immediately takes care of all cases where bad teeth are discovered on physical examination for employment.

I will not stop to take up the details of the extensive program this concern is following with relation to playgrounds, swimming pools, musical organizations, gardens and clubs, all of which are calculated to increase the health and happiness of the employees. However, as a suggestion to other employers who encourage workmen's gardens I would like to call attention to the splendid results the company has obtained from building vegetable cellars. Generally the quantity of vegetables raised in the gardens of employees exceeds their immediate needs and much food is thus wasted for lack of storage facilities. To overcome this difficulty, cellars were constructed so that vegetables could be stored during the winter months. In these cellars each employee has an individual locked bin. No artificial heat is used and even in the coldest weather up in our Northern States the inside temperature of such storehouses remained safely above the freezing point. Vegetables stored in the fall were kept in good condition until the following summer. These cellars are constructed of wood covered with tarred felt to shed moisture. Five to seven feet of earth is used to cover any exposed sides. Ventilators made of pipe or wood are employed, and the entrance is provided with three wooden doors and a screen door. In mild weather the screen door is locked and the other doors are left open.

Type of Automatic Oil Drip

Of all the efforts put forth by the company in question none designed to foster health has been more uniformly successful than the campaign to eliminate mosquitoes and flies. In one large Southern district, where the corporation operates many plants, the normal total for malaria cases was 6000 annually. According to C. L. Close, manager of safety and welfare for the company, doing away with the mosquito has reduced the cases of malaria to less than fifty a year. This remarkable result was accomplished through properly draining streets and alleys; and, where practical, pools and lowlands were drained and filled in; if this could not be done they were covered with oil.

More than 200,000 circulars explaining the dangers from the fly were distributed among the employees last summer. Metal garbage cans equipped with tight-fitting covers were placed at the rear of each house at all outlying camps and at convenient places throughout the mills. Garbage and other waste materials are collected periodically and burned. There is also careful inspection of stables and prompt disposal of all stable manure for fly prevention. These measures have brought about an enormous reduction in flies, with the result that typhoid cases are now down to almost zero. The sanitation committee in charge of all this work has undertaken various other studies that will be apt to furnish new and illuminating information on health topics for American industries.

Pleasant Prescriptions

Of all our business organizations few have done as much to preserve the physical and mental energy of their employees as some of the large financial institutions. The heads of these companies now ask, "Is the man physically reliable?" whereas in the past the chief question was, "Is he morally fitted for the work?" As proof of the need for a careful physical examination of all applicants for positions one bank says that last year three cases of trachoma—a loathsome and contagious disease that is almost incurable—were discovered among the bank's applicants. It is impossible to estimate the loss that would have resulted to the concern if these diseased persons had been employed.

These company health officers do not attempt to dictate concerning the private life of any individual. If the employees stay well a corporation does not care how they do it. Furthermore, a concern's health administration does not supplant the family doctor and gives advice on other things than pills. It may decide that the employee's illness is due to worry and will then prescribe a vacation on full pay or perhaps advise a raise in salary. In other words, these doctors are required to know as much about psychology as they do about medicine. Only through such knowledge can the physician arrive at the initial cause of the breakdown and discover whether it is physical or mental. If it is psychic the next move is to hand the employer a full dose of sound economics. The big boss is asked to figure out what a real live worker is worth to the company if a half-dead employee is worth so much. This line of argument usually stimulates the pay envelope.

One of these industrial doctors was called in by a large corporation to look over conditions and suggest improvements, for it was evident to the management that things

(Concluded on Page 68)

Ordinary oil after use

Veedol after use

Showing sediment formed after 500 miles of running

Don't let inferior oil hold up your trucks

Work in the reconstruction period demands extreme service from each unit of your fleet

Solution of tractor problems

The special problem of tractor lubrication arises from the fact that a tractor runs at full engine speed for eight or ten hours a day. Tremendous heat is developed. The entire supply of oil may attain a heat of 180° F. Very much higher temperatures are reached in the cylinders. Evaporation losses are much higher than in trucks or passenger cars.

Ordinary oil forms large quantities of sediment as it breaks down under this intense heat. Veedol reduces sediment 85%. This is the reason why it reduces friction and wear, gives more power and keeps the tractor running much cooler.

Veedol Special Heavy is recommended by many Fordson Tractor and International Harvester Company dealers. Many other tractor manufacturers have found by exhaustive tests that Veedol Special Heavy holds up under the most severe conditions and prevents excessive dilution of lubricating oil in the crankcase.

WHETHER you use one truck or a fleet—profits from your motor equipment depend on continuous running without layups for repairs. How can you make sure of day-in and day-out efficiency for your trucks?

Scientific checking has proved that 90% of truck engine troubles are due to *faulty lubrication*. Because the engine of a truck is geared low and often must pull great overloads, it develops intense heat.

Heat is the foe of lubrication. Heat is one of the most important reasons why the average truck uses from six to twelve barrels of oil every year. The passenger car uses not more than a quarter or one-half barrel.

Layups with passenger cars usually mean a loss of convenience or pleasure—layups with motor trucks mean the loss of a transportation unit or that another truck must be hired at a cost of perhaps $25.00 a day. Oil is even more important in trucks than in passenger cars. Use of the very finest lubricating oil is necessary to reduce repairs and layups to a minimum.

The hidden toll taken by sediment

The critical task of oil is to maintain the lubricating film between the flying pistons and the cylinder walls where the heat attains a temperature of 350°. If this film of oil—no thicker than a thin sheet of paper—is destroyed by heat, a chain of engine troubles begins. At this point ordinary oil breaks down, forming black sediment that has *no lubricating value*.

This sediment crowds out the good oil from the fast moving parts. Damage is done which requires costly replacements and long layups. This is the hidden toll taken by sediment in your oil.

How the sediment problem was solved

That Veedol engineers have solved the sediment problem is illustrated clearly by the two bottles above showing the Sediment Test. Veedol, the lubricant that resists heat, reduces sediment 86%.

Veedol not only resists destruction by heat but also minimizes loss by evaporation. You will get from 25% to 50% greater mileage per gallon with Veedol for this reason. This means a large saving in dollars and cents to the truck user, as well as to the owner of a passenger car.

Make this simple test

Drain oil from crankcase and fill with kerosene. Run engine *very slowly* on its own power for thirty seconds. Drain all kerosene. To remove kerosene remaining in the engine refill with *one quart* Veedol and turn the engine over about ten times. Then drain mixture of kerosene and oil and refill to proper level with correct grade of Veedol.

A short run will show the driver that he has new power and pick-up under loads. Gasoline and oil consumption will be greatly decreased. Continued use of Veedol will lower repair charges and lessen time lost by layups.

Buy Veedol today

Leading dealers have Veedol in stock.

The new 100-page Veedol book will save you many dollars and help you to keep your engines running at minimum cost.

Send 10c for a copy.

Tide Water Oil Company
Veedol Department
810 Bowling Green Bldg.
New York

LASTLONG
FEATHER-WEIGHT FLAT-KNIT
Union Suits

THE man who has never worn Lastlong **Flat-Knit** Union Suits is invited to avoid much discomfort during the warm spell by wearing them.

They are knitted from yarn so fine that an athletic style, size 40, weighs but six ounces and yet they are durable.

This means cool comfort because this flat-knit fabric allows perspiration to evaporate—no damp, clammy feeling.

Those who know prefer inexpensive Lastlong flat-knit suits instead of expensive imported underwear.

Made in ankle length, three-quarter and athletic styles for men and boys.

If your dealer hasn't them in stock, send us his name and we will see that you are supplied.

Booklet and sample of the fabric on request.

Lastlong Underwear Co.
149 Broadway, New York
Dept. I

PRICE'S
VANILLA

Look for Price's Trademarked Label

Absolutely *pure*—there's no substitute flavoring, artificial vanillin nor coumarin in Price's Vanilla.

PRICE FLAVORING EXTRACT COMPANY
Chicago U. S. A.
In Business 66 Years

(Concluded from Page 66)

were not right. The doctor's investigation brought out that the inefficiency in one whole department was due to headaches and general irritability, caused by eye-strain from bad light and by poor air from overcrowding. In another branch of the business it was discovered that the department head possessed a temperament adapted solely for a barren island. No one could get along with this boss, and as a consequence the workers were totally inefficient through their worries.

But notwithstanding all that is being done to conserve health the great field for this work is yet virgin soil. No company should approach the problem in a spirit of philanthropy. It is strictly a matter of good business looking toward increased operating efficiency. The amount of time lost by employees through illness is far greater than that lost as the result of industrial accidents. Every corporation has an investment of two thousand dollars to twenty-five thousand dollars in each man employed. Hardly one in ten of these workmen has any idea of what may be termed a balanced diet on which he can do his work with greatest efficiency and least effort. An investigation of the dinner pails of employees at several large mines and mills showed an astonishing situation. Not five per cent of the men had in their buckets the proper rations on which to base a maximum physical effort.

What kind of corporation is it that pays absolutely no attention to the character of the coal that goes into the company's boilers? And yet food bears the same relation to the body that fuel does to the locomotive. It is the basis of all human energy. Looking at the problem in this way we see the closest possible connection between diet and efficiency. The man whose habits of eating are wrong must eventually lose his speed and endurance. Three so-called "square meals" a day mean nothing, for in the matter of food it is quality not quantity that counts. It is for this reason that intelligent industrial leaders are now giving more attention to food values. Condiments that cause blistering of the skin are taken freely into the stomach with utter disregard. No corporation has any right to try to force workmen to eat things that they do not want. But every management has an unusual opportunity to reduce sickness among its employees by carrying on a carefully planned campaign of education designed to foster scientific systems of dieting. Disease is caused by a violation of Nature's laws, and the only way to get rid of it is to return to those laws.

Clean Hands and Good Health

Nothing that has to do with the industrial life of a nation is more important or more deserving of careful study than human fatigue. Energy in the body is very much like steam in a boiler. In order to develop muscular energy the worker must be fed plenty of fuel, have sufficient oxygen with which to burn it and possess a system with ability to carry off the ashes or waste. Failure of any one of these functions results in body fatigue. Not much can be accomplished unless there is care of the individual by himself. The workman should be educated to know the importance of regular meals, thorough mastication, hours of rest and sleep, ventilation of rooms, regularity of movements of the bowels, the cultivation of cheerfulness, and above all the necessity of keeping a clean nose and mouth. The time is coming when no man—capitalist or laborer—will eat a meal without first washing his teeth and hands.

More than fifty different varieties of disease-producing microörganisms have been found to inhabit the mouth. When these bacteria are swallowed with food they cause fermentation in the stomach, and then passing into the intestines produce poisons that are absorbed and create body fatigue. At the same time they lower the individual's resistance to disease. As to hands, it has been found that though there is no known method of perfect disinfection of the hand, culture tests prove that the number of germs remaining on the hands after washing is very much less when the man uses a brush and afterward rubs with a rough sterile towel than when only soap and water are used.

Here I will leave the purely medical phases of the subject and discuss that class of human fatigue resulting from the ineffective physical efforts of workers. A little fatigue is remedied by a little rest, but when the amount of fatigue is doubled we require more than twice the same amount of rest. It is this fact that renders the problem of accumulated fatigue so serious. If we can materially lessen the worker's fatigue we are attacking much of our industrial disease at its very roots, for we are eliminating the poison wastes that are generated by excessively stimulated muscles. Sugars, glycogen, fats and even protein are burned in producing energy, and the waste products of this action when too rapidly formed pass into the blood and weaken all parts of the body, including the nervous system.

Studies in management have shown that greater output can be achieved by applying oneself steadily for short periods and then resting than by working less steadily and having no rest periods. Most people know that shower baths help eliminate the products of waste in the body and increase the capacity for muscular work. This is accomplished by the shower affecting the circulation, producing a redistribution of the blood in the body and for the time being actually changing it. A benefit somewhat akin to this in its physiological effects may be brought about by the change in blood pressure that results when the workman spends even a few minutes in a reclining position. More rest is thus provided than could be gained in a much longer time by the workman if seated upright.

Funny Chairs That Made Good

The manager of one of our largest factories was the object of some ridicule when he caused the installation of some rather funny-looking chairs in his plant. At first even the employees thought it was a good joke, but they liked the manager and began to use the chairs out of friendliness toward him. It was not long, however, before all this was changed, and to-day during the rest periods all the chairs are used, and the workmen have discovered that the plan has actually increased their productive capacity as well as lessened the apparent labor attending their work. As an eliminator of fatigue it will be found that the couch ranks first, then come the reclining chair, the armchair and lastly the bench. Flat couches without even a pillow are a part of the working equipment of some of our wise men.

No form of fatigue is more serious than eye fatigue. In this connection it is well to remember that it is just as possible to have too much light as too little. When there is a glare the employee is obliged to adjust his eyes constantly in order to see distinctly. The big problem is to get the light distributed properly. The electric bulb over the head or shoulder of the worker may be located at the right angle, and yet other lights at a distance and reflected light from highly polished machinery or other equipment may be very tiring. The time is coming when the finish of machinery will not be so largely affected by the problem of salesmanship. The manager will look upon a dull finish as an asset, and he will balance the matter of the workman's efficiency against the question of ornamental appearance. Beneficial results have been attained in a number of shops by giving a coat of dull paint to all nickel and other glaring parts of the plant equipment.

Recent investigations in the matter of ventilation have also brought about material changes in some of our old ideas. We know now that humidity and temperature are as important as the quantity of air available. These are questions that require the attention of an expert; in the meantime too much air will not do any damage. Far-seeing managers to-day try to adjust the work to the worker rather than the reverse process. Some of them believe there is no more reason to provide the employee with working tools than there is to provide him with working clothes. If it is possible to standardize the best in a tool why is it not possible to standardize the best in clothes? There is of course the prejudice of the workman to overcome, but this, as in all such matters, must be accomplished by showing the employee that the change is to his personal advantage.

It is impossible in the space here available to do more than suggest thoughts on this subject for the reader to pursue to a practical end. A full page could easily be devoted to nothing but designs of work chairs that have been devised solely to reduce fatigue. Some chairs have been constructed with the idea of doing away with the vibration of floors that carry high-speed machinery. Other chairs are for office work, while some are for tasks that have heretofore been done standing and now may be done sitting. Some chairs have casters which permit them to be pushed away easily or drawn back into position with little effort. A few chairs have foot rests, others none, but all are designed to fit the convenience and comfort of the worker at his special task.

In many occupations the installation of a few devices, the elimination of unnecessary movements and the introduction of rest periods will often double and quadruple the output of a worker, at the same time saving his health and strength.

As in all work that attempts to govern the actions of human beings the final test of success is the amount of happiness that is created. Present-day industrial leaders are abandoning the term "welfare work" and are substituting in its place the phrase "betterment work." The former implies that what is done is the gift of the company to the employees; the latter tends to create the understanding that all the efforts expended are put forth by everyone for the good and profit of the organization. The workman must be taught that it is his duty to rest when he needs it, otherwise he is not playing the game fair with his employer. Above all else it must be made plain that with the increase in output there will come added compensation in the way of wages. If this is not done the employee is justified in claiming that the fatigue-eliminating campaign is only another new scheme for exploiting the workman.

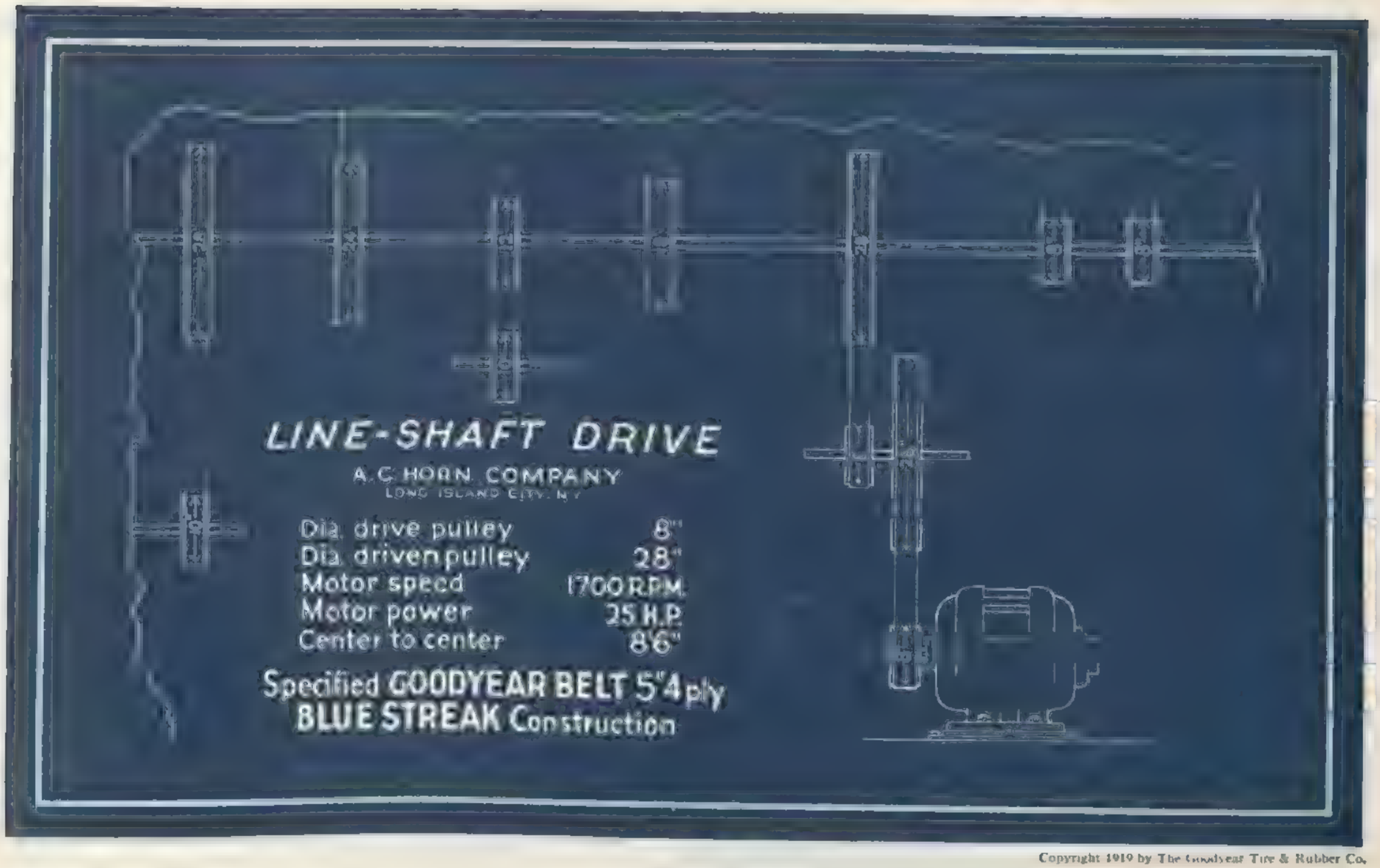
In succeeding years the modern industrial corporation will voluntarily establish medical laboratories at their works so that the same research may be applied to men as has heretofore been applied to material things. We have passed through centuries of careless general observation of our bodies, but this will be no more, and the laboratories will stand behind the officials who are running our great industries. Demonstrated facts will be substituted for mere speculation. Corporations will no longer guess about the effects of certain dusts on employees, or hold uncertain opinions concerning objectionable fumes, or even rest in doubt as to the actual cost to the company of continuous jarring noises that upset the nerves of their workers. The chemist and the psychologist will settle such matters.

Foot and Mouth Troubles

It may seem foolish at first glance, but from the standpoint of our industrial welfare there is no more sense in wearing some of the styles of shoes that are now sold than there is in savages wearing rings in their noses. Foot abuse, next to mouth infection, is the most widespread of the many unhygienic practices of civilized people. A faulty shoe means faulty posture, and here we have the commencement of body impairment. Of all the benefits of army training probably none will exceed in value the knowledge that young Americans have accumulated concerning the proper care of their feet. Perhaps these returned soldiers will refuse again to submit to the barbarities of fashion. Perhaps the Government will some day awaken to the needs of the situation and view the things we wear in the same light that it does the things we eat. If it does, then we may have shoes that will be labeled so many per cent correct in principle, just as food is marked so many per cent pure. Then at least the purchaser will wear the shoe at his own risk, and the maker can conscientiously follow a harmful practice under the protection of the law.

The privilege of enjoying healthful conditions is a basic human right that has not been permitted to working people to the fullest extent. No one can deny that in the final analysis wages are generally controlled by output, and the worker's ability to produce is dependent on his health as represented by his brain and muscle. Let it be understood further that mental health is as important as physical health, and the only way we can have a nation of individuals with sound minds is through developing the worker's individuality—giving him an opportunity for self-expression.

It makes little difference to a workman whether the head of his government is a democrat if the head of his company is an autocrat. The new watchwords are co-operation and conciliation. A careful study of the problems relating to the health of employees will do as much as anything to substitute peace and plenty for boiling discontent.



Copyright 1919 by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

That Line-Shaft Drive, an Advertisement—and the G. T. M.

The A. C. Horn Company, Long Island City, N. Y., used to have much trouble with one of their line-shaft drives. On it even the most expensive double belts wore out in six months. Before they wore out they often slipped off the pulleys, or broke, leaving idle all the labor and machines depending on that line-shaft for power. The drive was costing a lot of money for belts and belt repairs, and more in lost production. One day Mr. Horn saw an advertisement telling about what a G. T. M., Goodyear Technical Man, had done in solving a difficult belting problem—reducing costs and increasing production.

He sent for a G. T. M. Our Mr. Miller came, studied the drive, measured pulleys, horsepower, speed and the like. He noted that the air was exceedingly dry and that there was a great amount of lime dust—which accounted in part for the rotting and wear of the belts previously used. So he specified a Goodyear Belt of Blue Streak Construction—designed to operate under just such conditions—and an inch narrower than those formerly used.

The price was much less than Mr. Horn had expected—so much less that there was some doubt as to whether a belt of such modest price could meet the exacting conditions. But one was ordered and installed.

That 5-inch 4-ply Blue Streak has already given half again as much service as the most expensive belt they had ever used. Still more important, it has done away with the delays and diminished production that used to be so common. And it looks good for many more months of trouble-free service.

After that the G. T. M. made a plant analysis—analyzing every drive in the plant and prescribing the proper belt for it. Five of the recommended belts have already been installed. Every one of them has proved to be a strong endorsement for the value of the G. T. M.'s service.

If you have a difficult drive that either devours too many belts or interrupts production too often—or both—ask a G. T. M. to call. He'll do it without charge when next he is in your vicinity. There are many of them—all trained in the Goodyear Technical School—all with experience in plants similar to yours—all trained to sell belts to meet conditions and not as a grocer sells sugar.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

GOODYEAR
AKRON

HYATT
QUIET
THE POETRY
OF MOTION
HYATT ROLLER BEARINGS FOR MOTOR CARS

OUT-OF-DOORS

Tents and Shelters

WE ARE informed that lumber is going to advance in price in the near future. There is no reason to doubt it. Had all the rest of the world treated its forests as America has treated hers we should have no lumber to-day—except corrugated iron and concrete. We are advised also that canvas has gone up in price, like everything else—on account of the war. Therefore, putting one thing with another, we may draw the conclusion that it is going to cost us more to live under cover, whether out-of-doors or indoors

If we go to the country we need some sort of a house, and ordinarily that transient shelter is made either of wood or of canvas or of both.

The tent-house idea has been well worked out in many Western regions, especially in the national parks, where tourist parties are entertained. With board floors, screen doors and sash windows—preferably with half walls made of boards and a part of the upper story made of wire screening—a very excellent summer palace may be made which doesn't cost so much, or would not have cost so much at one stage of the world's history. The trouble with the regular summer cottage, the sort which costs forty or fifty thousand dollars, is that your girls all grow up and get married, and then you have it left on your hands. If made partly of canvas the matrimonial loss on the cottage is not so much.

Of all permanent summer structures the log house is the one which ranks highest in our out-of-doors dreams. A friend of mine wrote me a few days ago and asked what sort of log house he ought to build and what it ought to cost. I told him he perhaps could build a very simple log house for about fifty thousand dollars—that is to say, if he put up the kind of log house which some rich men fancy. It is not necessarily true that you can build a log house very cheaply—even one of two rooms with a dog walk between.

For a longish but inexpensive trip in the country, especially with womenfolks along, the board cottage is better than the tent, for the latter is cold when it rains and sometimes hot when it doesn't rain. Even a cheap board cottage of one or two rooms, with a fireplace and a floor made of concrete and perhaps a porch floor of the same material, is much easier to keep clean and neat than any tent. Of course it costs more than a tent, and you can't move it.

The one care-free tent is the tepee, which makes no pretenses at any floor. You go straight in on the dirt and don't have to take off your boots. You build your fire in the middle and you don't have any floor or floor cloth. Your bed is built between the wall and a retaining log, and you sit on the log or the bed when you want to warm your feet. A good tepee properly put up is the cleanest of all the temporary camps. It is, however, very heavy and complicated for the average white camper. It will hardly ever achieve popularity as a camping tent, though it has an ancient and honorable history as a home among many of the savage tribes in this country.

The best tent for a permanent camp is, of course, the big wall tent with comfortable roof room and a good deep wall. This is the tent used by troops in army cantonments, by laborers on railroads and engineers on construction. Made of good heavy canvas and bought large enough it can be made into about as comfortable a transient home as the white man ever has invented. That is the form used on safari in Africa, and indeed in pretty much every part of the world.

A wall tent can get very mussy if not cared for. Ordinarily the floor cloth is not sewed in to the bottom of the wall tent, and sometimes it is impossible to use the board floor which makes it so much more comfortable. Therefore things get underfoot. The careful camper will have some housewife pockets to hang on the wall; some hooks or ropes to hang up clothing along the roof. Pots and pans should have their own corner and be kept there religiously. If the ground is hard about the tent make a broom of boughs or switches and keep the front yard of the tent swept off clean. Keep the beds covered up with their tarpaulins. If you have room enough the folding cot makes the best bed for a wall tent, though not good for cold weather. This is the army man's tent bed in cantonments; and he usually has a board floor in his wall tent. The asperities of a cot bed can be much mitigated by one of the kapok mattresses which have been developed for the use of officers. It has a cover, so that there is no excuse for leaving your bed looking mussy. Keep it neat always, and don't let your personal kit lie round all over the shop.

(Continued on Page 73)

ARROW
TROY TAILORED
SOFT COLLARS
are made of selected fabrics in smart styles possessing exclusive features that assure easy laundering, good fit and long service. *Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Makers, Troy, N.Y.*

"Mum"
as easy to use as to say

takes all the odor out of perspiration

A little "Mum", applied after the morning bath, preserves the soap-and-water freshness of the skin all day long.

No matter how hot the weather, or how crowded the gathering, both body and clothing are kept free from all body odors.

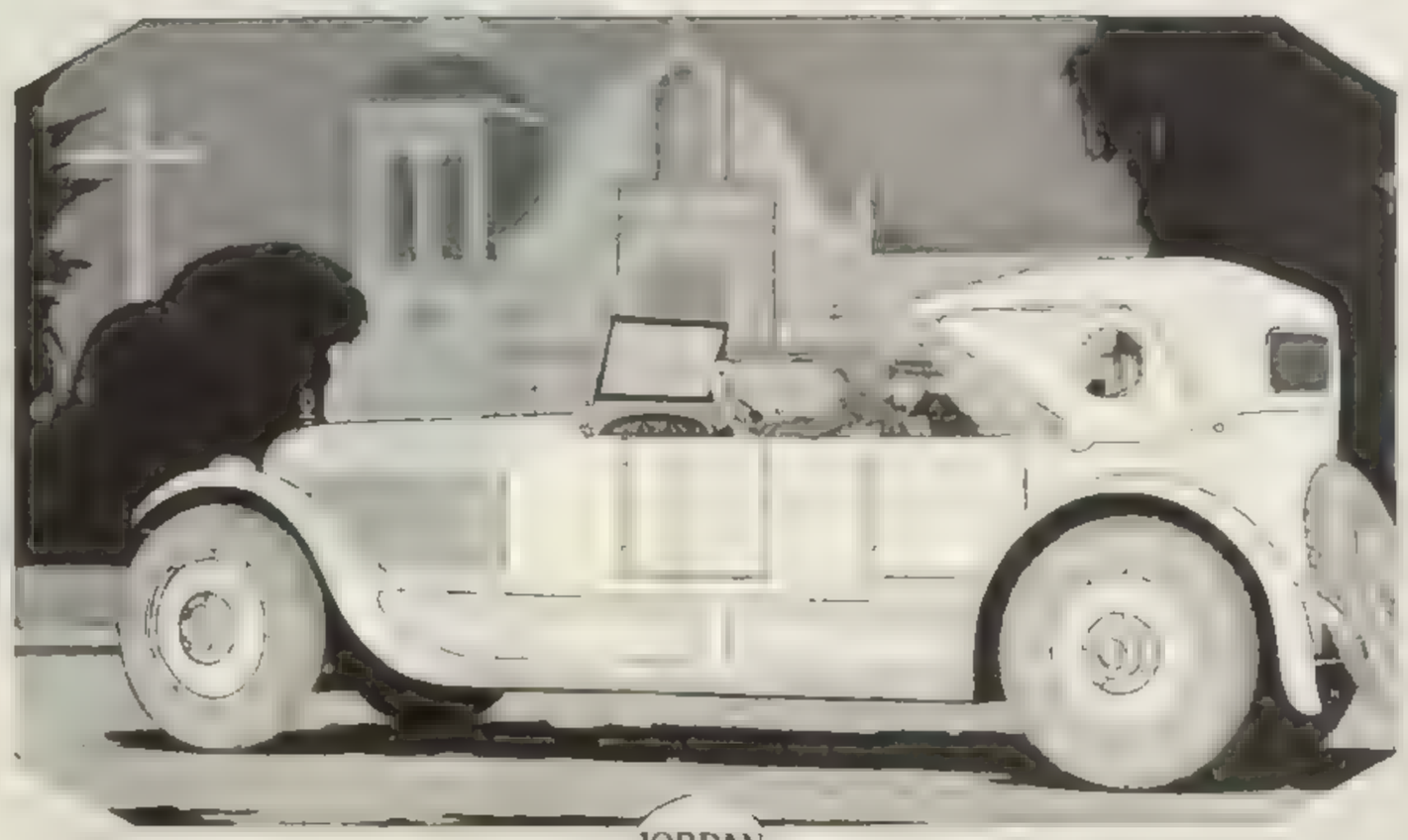
"Mum" is harmless to the skin and clothes.

25 cents, including war tax, at Drug and Department Stores, or from us by mail, postage paid.

"Mum" is a trademark registered in U. S. Patent Office.

"Mum" Manufacturing Company
1106 Chestnut Street Philadelphia

JORDAN



Sturdy and Substantial—*but Light*

THE motor-wise are demanding lighter cars—yet not so light and short that they bounce up and down.

They want cars that *look* heavier, but without the surplus side-sway so characteristic of the *really* heavy car.

Jordan has produced, in the Silhouette, a new kind of a car—a car possessing the sturdy, substantial appearance of the finest heavy cars, with the beautiful contour, lightness, lowness and balanced character of the trim, thoroughbred racing job.

This Jordan Silhouette is the lightest car on the road—for its wheelbase—*and the best balanced.*

Its whole tendency is toward forward motion.

And to its dominant qualities of balance and lightness, which are the secret of Jordan reliability, little detailed improvements have been added which give the Jordan chassis a new superiority.

The long rear springs, for instance, permit high speed over rough roads—yet allow the car to be hung exceedingly low.

The spring shackles, which on other cars generally chatter sooner or later, have completely lost their power of speech on the Jordan, because of a patented method of construction.

A new way of supporting the radiator takes the strain off the shell and eliminates that ruinous vibration which so often results in leaks.

There are new full-crown fenders—with lamps attractively mounted inside, eliminating rattles and providing substantial support.

It is a distinctly new kind of car for America—refreshingly European in design—sturdy and substantial—but *light*.

A standard chassis of finished mechanical excellence.

A body—long, low, slender and built entirely of aluminum. A new French angle at the dash. Clean flat top-edge. Square wide opening doors—with smart rectangular mouldings. Tall hood. Low slanting wind shield. Gun metal instrument board. Artistic silver hardware. Cordovan leather boot and saddle bag built into the tonneau. Carefully tailored top with plate glass rear vision light.

Deep soft-cushioned seats of narrow French pleated leather over Marshall springs. Pedals, wheel, arm rests, just where you want them.

A car for comfort-loving, particular people.

In Brewster Green or Burgundy Old Wine. Built in four or seven passenger.

JORDAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *CLEVELAND, OHIO*

(Continued from Page 71)

I should think that a very good business could be built up—now that the war is over—by some firm who would offer to sportsmen many of the standard articles which have been used by the Army; some of which will be scrapped by the Government as condemned and much of which in one way or another will get on the market—such things as tents, tarpaulins, ponchos, blanket rolls, mattresses, sleeping bags and many other articles of that sort. The army and navy stores ought to be able to supply the sportsmen of the country with articles of that kind at less than the prices which lately have prevailed.

In the making of tents the English generally beat the Americans. One of the best tents sold is that used in Africa by English sportsmen. It is made of khaki, cut very true and built very practically. The Englishman has not invented so many tents as have the Americans, and in the last few years there has been a sort of efflorescence of new tent ideas in this country.

I had a big zephyrene tent—silk, silkaline and zephyrene tent materials are usually made of Egyptian cotton—which I had devised as the last thing in tents. It was a Baker model, open front, twelve feet by eight, with a low wall in the rear, and of course open across the entire front. The front flap I had made so that it could be stretched in front as an awning or porch cover, though it could be dropped and buttoned to the sides and bottom of the tent when desired. A detachable mosquito bar went clear across the tent and there were four windows at the back and one at each gable in the ends—all provided with flaps to button down in case of rain. The floor cloth was sewed in and there was a little sill of about four inches in front, so that a good joint could be made with the mosquito bar when it was dropped.

All in all, my tent was fine in theory. But when we pitched it there was such a sag in the ridgerope which supported the top edge that the roof, instead of being flat, bellied down like a sail and would have collected water like a tub had it rained. Moreover, as to the zephyrene aforesaid, we found that our awning in the morning was wetter on the underside than it was on the top.

I shudder to think what would have happened had we encountered a real rain with that particular tent. I took it back to the maker and had him reconstruct it entirely, on the same lines but using khaki instead of zephyrene, the khaki having been made waterproof. I also had a fly made of the same material to stretch over the tent. Now I have an outdoor house which is bulkier than the old one; but it sits true, is waterproof, bug-proof, sunproof and light-proof in the morning. The trouble with all tents of light material is that they make you get up with the sun, whether you wish to do so or not; and very likely that is one thing you are trying to avoid when you go to the country.

The Matter of Tent Poles

The size and complications of this tent are the main arguments against it. It is about as comfortable for all weathers as any sporting tent is apt to be. For all-round camping, summer and winter, it is not so good as the wall tent, because you can put a stove in the wall tent. In ordinary cold weather a log fire in front of the open-front tent will keep you warm enough, but not in winter at long continued low temperatures.

It is to be borne in mind, of course, that a good many of these light materials for tents are waterproofed by the use of paraffin; and it should be remembered that such a tent must have ventilation by means of doors or windows, otherwise you will freeze to death in it in cold weather—or even cool weather—since the moisture will collect on the inside of the tent.

Civilized man has to have tent poles which will go in a taxicab. Jointed tent poles go into the long round dunnage bag with the tent itself—that is to say they will do so for the single-pole tent or the two-pole Baker tent.

There has been no satisfactory way invented to joint the poles of a wall tent, and the ridgepole will not go in a taxicab. For portability, convenience and compactness, therefore, we city week-enders are pretty much obliged to accept one of the many modern light-tent inventions. For a movable camp or hike or a brief trip of any sort the single-pole tent is the thing.

The heaviest single-pole tent is the modified tepee, or Sibley, which cuts out the old fifteen lodge poles and is erected by a center pole supporting an iron ring at the top of the tent. This is a heavy and complicated tent to put up and it doesn't have very much room inside. The center pole stands where the fire ought to be. We practically may dismiss this tent from our plans—indeed, we may agree that the best place for any and all tent poles is on the outside of the tent.

The A tent or even the wall tent may be pitched with a rope or a wire for a ridgepole, which cuts out that long and unjointable ridgepole; and there are tents which have a single pole standing in front, others which have two poles—both outside of the tent—and yet others which may be pitched by a rope thrown up over the limb of a tree, pulling the peak of the tent up with it and no pole at all being used.

Again, you may pitch one of the light-model tents by means of two crotches or shears over which the guy rope is passed at the peak—in short you can get almost any kind of light tent you like. If you get it with a little window somewhere, the floor cloth sewed in and the flaps made extra wide so that they will lap over in the front of the tent and can be used to extend the floor space of the tent—you will have about as practical a light tent as you can get to-day. There need not be any tent pole inside such a tent at all.

The sewed-in floor cloth is not essential if you can always find level ground or if you can always find country where there are no mosquitoes. There should be a good sod cloth for any tent that does not have a ground cloth sewed in. If you put down your ground cloth over the edges of your sod cloth and then pile on hay or your blankets or anything which will make a tight joint all round the tent you may be able to keep the mosquitoes from finding their way in round the bottom of the tent—though that is a very difficult thing to do. It is difficult to keep them out even with a good drop curtain in front.

A Luxurious Camp

The most luxurious camp I ever saw was made of several big silkaline wall tents, twelve by fourteen feet in size and eight feet at the ridge. These tents had sewed-in floor cloths, cots and air mattresses. There was a drop for the front of the tent, fitted with a shotted tape to hold it down, and inside—reefed up to the ridgepole for use in very bad mosquito weather—there was a complete inside tent of bobbinet. When this was dropped down about the beds the mosquito had no chance, and at the same time the netting was not close to the face as it is in most bed bars.

At one time I was entertained at a good home in Tennessee during the month of September, when the weather was very hot. There were many mosquitoes and my four-poster bed was fitted with a bar which completely inclosed it. I almost died before morning. You can sleep for a while with a bar close round your bed, but there is no fun in that. For your summer home you want all the room inside your tent there is. This means poles outside and screens for the entire tent—not for the bed alone.

The wall tent, it will be seen, is a strong competitor for first rank in the camp. But you can't well build a fire in front of a wall tent. Let us refer again to the discovery of the wire ridgerope mentioned in these columns some years ago. With this wire to support the top of your wall tent you can go out fifteen feet in front of your tent, pass the wire over a crotch and guy it fast to a tree or a peg. Then you can build a fire in front of your tent and throw the flaps open. You have no danger of burning off your ridgerope in front.

How much should a two-man tent weigh? For a simple camping trip, let us say about ten pounds without the poles. How much should a man's bed weigh? Let us say about eleven pounds. How much should his grip weigh—say for a three weeks' supply? Let us allow twenty to thirty pounds for three weeks. Now, put on top of that a gun and ammunition, a rod and some tackle, a few toilet articles and a change or so of clothes, and you begin to see why the rich cave-man cussed when the first of May came round.

Cut out all the fads you can and get down to common-sense stuff in your outfit. You can't buy or use all the things which are offered you in good outfitting stores. Determine what you want to do and where

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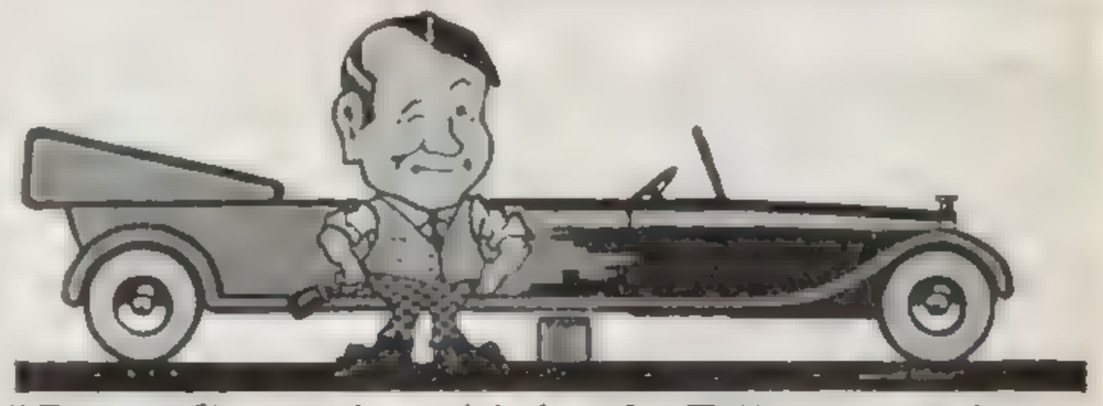

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you want to go, and use your own judgment as to the kind of outfit you will need in view of the transportation you are going to have. Don't let anybody tell you how to make your camp. It is your home, and every man ought to insist on building his own home to suit himself.

Of motor-car tents there is no lack—some good, some bad and some neither. The other day I saw a good one. It was an open-front Baker model, seven-by-nine in size, with flap in front, which could be used as a fly or as a drop door to close the entire front. The material was light drilling, waterproofed with paraffin—very workmanlike. The floor cloth was sewed in and there was a deep front sill of about ten inches.

One point of excellence regarding this sill I noted especially as one which I am going to adopt in my own open-front tent. There were a couple of cords dropped down from the top of the tent to hold this canvas sill up in place. Ordinarily the sill of an open-front tent sags down in use, so that it might as well not be there. These two cords show you that the sill is there, do not interfere with access to the tent, and act as supports for the mosquito bar when it is dropped across the front of the tent. A mighty good idea.

I may add that this tent had two very good-sized windows in it, each covered with a wide flap outside which would keep out rain. There were cords arranged, workable from the inside of the tent, by which this window cover could be lowered or raised in case of rain or otherwise, leaving it unnecessary to go out in the rain. An excellent idea which also is certainly going on in my own tent.

This tent was arranged so that the fly would go entirely across the top of a motor car. It was advertised as a poleless tent, though on the floor of the sporting-goods house it was pitched over a frame. In use the front would come so close up to the side of the car that access would need to be through the side doors of the car itself. The high sill of the tent would come up about to the edge of the running board. Of course, everything inside the car also would be kept dry. Not at all a bad tent idea, though I believe I would rather not be bothered with any car if I were pitching a tent.

On the floor of the same sporting-goods house I saw another tent which was new to me. It was simply a wide cot of the folding type, standing about a foot or so above the ground and a little more than thirty-six inches in width. At the front and back of this cot were two extensible bows built of steel, like wagon bows. Over all went a waterproof canvas which could be pegged at the sides of the cot. It looked very cozy inside for one man, though I think it had no window at the rear. As pitched it was not mosquito-proof, but could be made so. There was a little room under the cot for one's duffle. Not a bad—though rather a fanciful—combination of tent and bed in one.

Keeping Fish

NO DOUBT it frequently has been a matter of regret to you that you couldn't get home from camp—to your family or friends—the trout or other fish you have taken. This is especially difficult to-day when express service is so much slowed up. Of course much of the success in shipment depends on the way the fish are prepared for their journey.

There are a dozen orthodox ways for taking care of one's catch of fish. To put so delicate a fish as a trout directly on the ice—in the round, as the dealers say—as most of the market fishes are shipped, is little less than sacrilege and desecration. A trout should never be wet an instant after he has left the water. He should never be handled to the extent of a single touch more than is absolutely necessary. If you go to scraping and cleaning a trout and shaking the water off him and engaging in a general laundrying of your trout, he will look all right then—but not when he gets to your home in the city.

To get your trout home you really need ice and plenty of it, but the ice must not touch the trout. You need some kind of a dry container for the fish, whether of glass or zinc or tin. There are special suitcases made to beat the nonexport laws, built like the average suitcase; and in each end there are roomy zinc boxes with screw tops intended to hold ice in such a way that the water will not spill out on the floor of the Pullman. Midway between these two ice containers is the compartment in which the trout are kept. Properly they should be wrapped in paraffined paper or still better in cheesecloth. The latter will soak up any moisture or blood. Before putting the fish into the shipping or carrying receptacle always keep in mind that you ought not to roll round or muss up or handle a trout an instant more than you must. Keep him dry and cool—and that is all there is to it.

Moss is good because it is a crude nonconductor, and for no other reason. Green grass, green ferns or green leaves are not good because they discolor the fish. Once more, if you want to keep the sun from your fish in the creel carry a bunch of loose cheesecloth in your basket and cover them with it loosely. It is clean and dry and better than any fresh vegetation. When you stop at midday for your luncheon clean your catch and wrap each trout in cheesecloth.

Never handle him again after that except to put him in the ice basket. To carry a basketful of trout, all crushed and mussed together, doesn't show any true valuation of this splendid and beautiful creature. He is worth loving and caring for.

If you have been out all day in the hot sun with a basket of trout, better eat those trout and not ship them. Ship those trout you have caught latest and have kept coolest and driest. Of course you will not undertake to ship fish by parcel post—they might get round too late.

Filing Trout for Reference

IN KEEPING fish while in camp at the sporting clubhouse or lodge for day-to-day use or for daily shipment the same rules apply as for shipping—keep your fish dry and cool. If you are on a trip which means movable camps, but where ice is obtainable, you can make a good ice house by digging a box into a bank and covering it over with hay or blankets, perhaps with earth on top. The best place to excavate an ice house of this sort is near a spring or in a bog or deep cool shady part of the forest. Never put your fish down on a board they will take on the taste of wood. Use a dish or platter. If possible have the dish slanted so that the dish can drain clean all the time.

The best dish to use in putting trout away on ice is the wire basket which you use for holding your letters on the office desk. These things don't cost very much and they are ideal for trout—far better for trout than for letters. You can half fill one of these wire baskets with trout; and the little legs of the baskets will go directly on the ice and yet keep the trout from getting wet, while the open wires will let all the moisture drain off. The result is that your fish will be cool, clean and free of moisture. You can put one basket on top of another in your ice house, after the fish have once drained clean.

This idea of the wire letter basket I first saw at the fishing lodge of a dear personal friend who passed on nearly two years ago. Would it be wrong to mention one whom so very many sportsmen knew and loved in a region which was covered by several states? That was old Neal Brown, of Wausau, Wisconsin, a wealthy lawyer and successful business man. By middle age he had made all the money he wanted and from that time devoted more and more of each year to the practice of the field sports which he had always so much loved. This gentleman years ago built a roomy lodge on his favorite stream, and since that time hundreds of his friends and acquaintances have had the hospitality of its open doors. No attempt was ever made to keep out the public from the fishing in that region, and all comers were welcome also at this private lodge. I have often seen a carload of entire strangers drive up and leave their car and come back to luncheon. They were always welcome at table. One day there were more than forty people at this lodge, but few of whom were invited. Not a cent could be paid to Mr. Brown by anybody. His lodge was the greatest example of broad-gauge sportmanship and hospitality of which I have any knowledge.

Neal Brown had worked out his sporting methods to a very practical basis. It was his custom to motor far and wide, perhaps fifty miles out and back on some of the many Wisconsin streams, for his always varying fishing. There were always trout in camp. To preserve these the owner constructed an ice house which was laid out on generous lines, as was everything he did. It would hold two or three tons of ice and

(Continued on Page 77)

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IPSWICH MILLS, Ipswich, Mass. Founded in 1822

Oldest and one of the largest Hosiery Mills in the United States

(Continued from Page 74)

was arranged with deep shelves. A man could walk directly into the ice house, and there you could see, almost any day, a number of these wire letter baskets full of trout. It is the best possible way to handle correspondence.

This and many another thing are remembered by the friends of Neal Brown. He was a large-handed and open-hearted man, always thinking not of his public, but of the public. When he first began to fish for trout there were no trout in the streams near to his home. It was due to his early efforts, begun more than thirty years ago, that all that country was stocked with trout. To-day thousands of fishermen go there, of whom perhaps hundreds never heard of Neal Brown. They might well remember him and his ways. The old lodge which he founded still is open under the charge of a few of his friends, the property having been given by his heirs in perpetuity and dedicated to sport and sportsmanship. A fine memorial for a good man.

Smoking Fish

THERE are ways of keeping almost all sorts of fish for daily use as food for an indefinite time. It is perfectly simple to smoke fish so that they will keep for months. Not long ago on a summer trouting trip in Wisconsin I ate some cisco which had been smoked and put down in the month of November preceding. These fish were smoked in a rude sort of contrivance made of a store box and an iron pot. It just chanced that the lot we ate had been smoked with corncobs and done a little too thoroughly. Hickory wood is better. Any kind of hardwood will do. The main idea is to have the fire not too hot, and the smoke steady and abundant as well as clean and sweet. My host told me that he took care of a half barrel of cisco every fall in this way.

I have sometimes helped smoke trout by the use of a barrel with the head knocked out, and its lower end supported by rocks so as to allow ventilation. We built a fire in an old kettle, hung the trout from wires on sticks at the top of the barrel and covered the top of the barrel with an old sack. Of course such a contrivance needs watching, as once in a while the fire will go out; but with attention even so rude a smokehouse as this will save your trout for later use.

The rancher at whose place this operation was conducted often sent trout to his home in New York City, where they were very much enjoyed. I mention this again because it is a good thing to keep in mind. I have known of so-called sportsmen who, in the early days of Wisconsin when muskellunge were everywhere, had taken in a week as much as a ton of muskellunge and buried them in the sand beaches and let them rot. They said they could not get them out.

No comment would seem necessary. Our fish and game have gone pretty much the way our forests went.

Who does not recall the old family smokehouse? Ours was built of boards and shingled, with no opening except one door. It was about fifteen feet square and stood not so far from the kitchen door, for it had much to do with the operations of the kitchen. Inside the smokehouse was a little cast-iron stove with no pipe. We burned hickory wood in this—wood which was not too dry. Sometimes we put in a corncob or two, but not too many. The watching of the smokehouse was one of the chores which we boys had assigned to us. In this smokehouse we cured all the hams that the family used, and they were better than any that any money could buy to-day. No doubt we could have smoked fish also had we thought of it. Perhaps also we could have smoked rabbits, though I don't remember ever to have tasted rabbits smoked. Will someone test that and report on it?

We always cleaned and split our rabbits and hung them up on nails outside of the smokehouse, where they froze solid—and were all the better for it.

All of which is only by way of saying that if you live near a good fish supply you very probably can run a little smokehouse of your own. Bass, pike, catfish—any of the edible fishes—can be preserved in this way. In preparing your fish for smoking open them along the belly if they are small—say, of a pound weight. We nearly always open all of our fish in that way in this country. North of Fifty-three they always open a fish along the back and always cut off the head. In that shape it will spread out on the drying racks much better. For a fish of two or three pounds' weight it is better to open it along the back, so that the smoke can get into it more thoroughly.

Before you put your fish into the smokehouse dip them in brine—about a pound of salt to a gallon of water. Leave your fish overnight in the brine. The men who ship fish commercially put them in with the skin side down in the brine—and they ought to know.

Take your fish out of the brine and let them drain thoroughly before you expose them to the smoke. Start up the smoke and heat pretty strong, then let it go a little slower and keep it as steady as you can. A fish of several pounds' weight may take two or three days. A small fish of a pound or so will be cured in twenty-four hours, and for very small ones ten or twelve hours will do in all probability. Don't rush your smokehouse or try to do it all at once. When you think your fish are done—and you can tell by opening the flesh—let the smoke gradually cool down, and then take out your fish and put them away in a clean vessel where nothing can get at them. They will taste mighty good in the wintertime and be much cheaper than any fish you can buy in the market.

A Good Guide

MENTION was made of the sunny and helpful life of Neal Brown, up in Wisconsin. One doesn't like to do this sort of thing, but perhaps I may mention also another man, just now passed on, who had a wide acquaintance with the sportsmen of the Middle West. Last January Henry Henning, of Alma, Wisconsin, died; and in the month of April his wife died also. Thus ended one of the best known little fishing establishments on the Upper Mississippi River, where scores of anglers have for years had great sport and good fare.

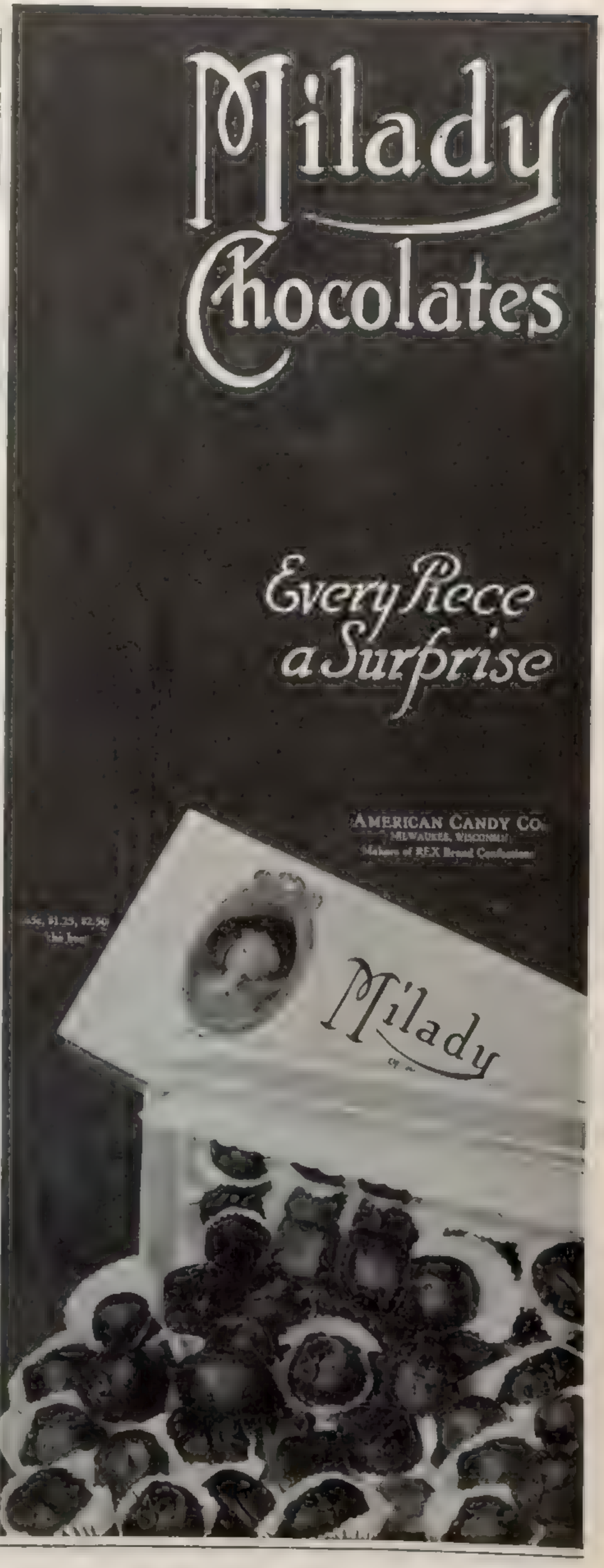
I mention Henry Henning because, something like thirty years ago, in a way of speaking I discovered him and did somewhat toward making him famous. He was at that time a market fisherman who sometimes would take out an angler fly-fishing for bass. I always considered that the Mississippi River small-mouthed bass offered the best fly-fishing to be found anywhere in America, and often said so.

Other writers following from time to time, the Mississippi River bass fishing with the fly grew into a sort of cult. Hundreds of anglers have gone there since and more or less ruined the angling, so far as that goes. Henry Henning, still professional and not amateur angler, grew up with this industry. From two dollars a day his price rose to three, three and a half and five. His wife doubled her boarding charges. I presume many anglers have paid Old Hank, as we called him, ten dollars a day for boat, guiding and board.

Henning was the best of the bass guides on the Upper Mississippi. He knew every bar and riprap on the river; knew where the bass were moving every day and every week of the year. He was widely known as the worst crank that anyone ever went fishing with—he had no patience with a poor caster or with a man who would not do as he told him. His idea was to put bass in the boat; and I suspect that he rather took himself to be the main part in the transaction, no matter what company he had and how much revenue he might expect therefrom. Now he is gone, leaving behind him quite a tradition of keen angling. More than five hundred angling friends will miss him.

Care of Tackle

IT IS to be hoped that last fall you loosened the draw strings of your fly rods' cloth cases and hung up the bags on nails clear of the floor, following earlier instructions herein; that you did your fly books up in paper, sealed, or in metal boxes whose lids were sealed with adhesive tape; and that your leaders were laid down in chamois pockets. However, as to chamois leather, we might heed this word of warning from a California angler: "In keeping gut in chamois leather pockets the leather must be unbleached. The process of bleaching leaves a residue of some chemical substance which destroys the life of the gut. If one buys a gut case with chamois pockets from a reliable firm he will be happy, but if he goes out and buys the chamois at a store and has friend wife sew up the pockets for him it is good night to his gut casts."



Good words are worth remembering in these times when good leaders cost so much.

Another tip about the care of a fly rod comes to mind just now, as I read the tag of instructions attached by the maker of an English fly rod just at hand. I had resolved never to buy another fly rod, since my collection is large enough, but this one came from a friend and is perhaps the best one I have ever owned or ever seen. Such a rod now retails at ninety-five dollars, with few obtainable at that absurd price

Here is what the maker of that rod says to the users of all fly rods: "We cannot too strongly impress on our clients the necessity of using our lubricant or clean mutton suet on all joints before putting them together, especially if a rod is to remain up for a period of two or three days. In fixing the joints grip only the metal parts." Pure mutton tallow has always been recognized by wise anglers as the proper lubricant for this purpose.

Many a rod has been ruined by trying to get tight ferrules apart Sometimes the wood is pulled clean out of the ferrule, and that means trouble. Keep your ferrules greased. It is easy to ruin a fly rod which, of wonderful strength when properly used, is after all a light and delicate thing.

The rod maker speaks of leaving a rod up for two or three days. I don't think that ought to be considered as a possibility. A rod ought not to be left up overnight. It is a lazy man's custom to hang his fly rod on nails out under the clubhouse porch roof or on the side of a wall somewhere. The moisture of the outside air is bad for the rod. A good rod will stand that sort of thing for a while, yes, but no rod is the better for it. You ought to take your fly rod down when you cease fishing, wipe it dry with a clean handkerchief or cloth, and then put it back in its case after straightening the joints.

Another thing this maker ought to have said was this: No fly rod ought to be used two days in succession The structure of the fly rod is wonderful, but it is delicate. To fish day after day with a heavy casting line is to weaken and set its fiber and destroy that wonderful resiliency which is the soul of the fly rod. If you can't afford two fly rods at least change the tips of your fly rod every day. If you don't, by and by your pet rod will have a hump in it and the next season it will be gone It will no longer pick up the line as it ought to or will not lay the line straight. Then you will blame the rod, when you ought to blame yourself

I have trout rods whose tips are almost straight to-day, after fifteen or twenty years of use, and I have in mind a good salmon rod which had one tip used steadily for many days and which in one season acquired a permanent sag Much of the use, beauty and utility of our sporting equipment depends on ourselves. We ought to prize a fine fly rod as much as we do a picture.

Stovepipe

REGARDING a chance mention of camp stoves and stovepipes a Missouri gentleman writes: "Practically all of the fishing and camping I do is on Thursday evening in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. Now the next time you start out with one of your famous stoves don't depend on picking up stovepipes on the way. There is a firm in St Louis which makes stovepipe that is not rolled, but left open. By means of a patented detail it can be snapped together. After use you just snap it apart again. You could easily have half a dozen joints to occupy no more space than one ordinary joint requires."

That is a good tip worth remembering. I suppose that even one's local tin shop could fix one up some such pipe before one started away from home

Daily Bread

COMPARING the equipment of the soldier and the sportsman, there may be interest in looking over the bill of fare of the downtrod doughboy, as reported not long since Breakfast Stewed fruit, prunes, apricots or the like, flavored with cinnamon or lemon peel, cereal, bread or toast, jam, jelly; coffee, canned milk, sugar; butter or oleomargarine, usually. Noon meal Stew with meat, usually; all sorts of vegetables, such as turnips, onions, potatoes, carrots, tomatoes, beans, bread without butter, fruit pudding or some other dessert, tea, usually without milk. Evening meal Hash, steak or minced meats, potatoes or beans, beets, carrots, cabbage; dessert of canned or fresh fruit, pie or cake; coffee with canned milk. Hard luck, isn't it, to have nothing to eat but just those little simple things? But if we could have them in camp most of us could struggle along.

On the whole, it would seem better to be in the Army than in the penitentiary. It is an open question whether it would not be better to be in the penitentiary than at the head of a household these days. I see by government reports that in the penitentiary at McNeil Island, Washington, the average cost of feeding a man for a year was two hundred and eighty-nine dollars and seventy-seven cents, or about seventy-nine cents a day for each man. It used to cost about sixty-five cents a day, but everything is higher. How about your own family if you have not been found guilty of any outright crime sufficient to imprison you for life?

Mysteries in Bears

DR. C. HART MERRIAM, of Washington, always has contended that there were a great many species of bears and has named a great many of them from examinations of specimens submitted to him. Scientists usually, however, classify bears in two great groups—the long-toed grizzly and the short-toed black bear. The United States Government rather throws in with the distinguished naturalist than with the average scientist.

A cabinet officer one time asked the question: "When is a brown bear a brown bear?"

In Alaskan administration some brown bears are under the jurisdiction of the Department of Agriculture, while others are in charge of the Department of Commerce. Brown bear, which belong to the black bear family, may be killed at any time. The hide of the black bear may be exported, but the brown cub is a brown bear and is taboo. No official recognition can be taken of the fact that a black bear may have two cubs, one of which is black and the other red, brown or yellow. Fur-bearing animals are under the jurisdiction of the Department of Commerce; game animals are controlled by the Department of Agriculture These interesting details of natural history one culls from the report of the Secretary of the Interior.

American Manhood

WE HAVE always been of the comfortable belief that there was nothing wrong with America or Americans; that both were perfect, as a matter of course. In the early medical examinations for the first army draft it was found that only one man out of three, within the draft ages, could get into the Army as he was. Flat feet, bad teeth, bad eyes, bad toes, hernia, many other common defects—cut down the percentage of acceptances very sharply. Medical officers began to study a great many things about physiology and psychology. They recognized jealousy, wrath, doubt, fear and uncertainty as factors of bad health, but especially proved that a bad liver is the cause of many mental breakdowns and nearly all melancholia and mental depression. Then the experts began to suggest remedies for the poor average of the American physique.

They first of all recommended moderation in everything, eating and drinking included. The young man who went into the Army was placed under the influence of men who tried to improve him in every way. He was supplied with good food and plenty of it, and plenty of exercise in the open air. In nine cases out of ten he was better when he came out than when he went in. Perhaps the greatest influence for improvement was the open-air exercise, which he was obliged to take whether he wanted it or not. The Army medical men advise for all of us plenty of coarse food, plenty of water and plenty of work in the open air. They ought to know what they are talking about.

Awfully Cold

SYMPATHY is expressed for our troops in Siberia, and very rightfully, for more reasons than one. But at worst it can hardly be as cold in Siberia as it used to be in Alaska, if we are to believe the story a veracious friend of mine—who never was in Alaska—once told about the peculiarities of that far-off country.

"It gets so dang cold up there," said he, "that the snakes have to hibernate in the summer time, or else they would freeze to death. You only see them in the wintertime, when they move round to keep up their circulation—and every snake you see will have fur on him more than a foot long. It gets awfully cold up there in Alaska."

Taper in Lines

THE price of good tapered fly-casting lines has gone up very sharply. The English list has had fifty per cent added to it. This, plus the war tax, makes a good fly-casting line cost real money. An American firm is said to contemplate putting out a tapered line of eccentric proportions, which none the less will stand careful consideration.

The ordinary tapered line is drawn fine for a few feet at each end, but all the middle of the line runs very heavy. It is necessary to get weight in order to cast a long line, but too much weight makes it very hard for the rod or the caster to handle the line after it gets out fifty or sixty feet. The design of this new casting line will be to have ten feet or more drawn fine, then a swell of fifteen, twenty or thirty feet, and then the rest of the line drawn fine.

This will give a sufficient body of line to carry forward all the weight needed in the cast. Once this long section of heavy line is ahead of the rod it is figured it will carry out the latter part of the line without any more weight, and so add to the distance gained by a given amount of rod action. Some tournament casters have figured this out before, but it is worth looking into in actual fishing. It is certain that you need a heavy line if you are to get distance, and equally certain that a stiff tournament rod is not a pleasant fishing rod. The happy medium in rods and the line adjusted to that rod is what the actual angler desires.

Cutting Down a Rod

NOT long ago I mentioned the fact that a good imported English fly rod retailed in America at seventy-seven dollars. Let us revise the figures. I saw two of these rods the other day, and each had been marked up to ninety-five dollars. There seems to be no limit to the price of fishing tackle and everything else these days.

As to my own English rod, in this same first quality, I found it ten feet in length and a shade more than six ounces in weight. In that length it ought to have been at least a half ounce heavier because it had a whippy midsection and was entirely too soft to pick up or deliver a good line at any distance or in any sort of wind. With much regret I resolved to cut this rod down and remembering an experience with a similar rod of American make I took my trusty ax and cut just four and a half inches off the top of the middle joint. Experts advised me to take two inches off each joint, but experts rarely know anything, and I had the advantage of one lucky accident to my credit in shortening the rod. I found the rod beautifully well built and the ferrules set to stay, but finally got a good job and took out the rod to try it.

The result is a second miracle in whippy rods. I have a second freak in real fishing rods, and no money at all will buy this one. It now delivers a perfectly straight and perfectly easy line. As shortened it is now nine feet seven and a half inches in length. It will cast up to sixty feet with ease, and I presume I could get seventy-five feet out of it if pushed. In ranges of thirty to fifty feet, about average trout-fishing distance, the rod is perfect.

I find the tips of these English rods a trifle heavier than those of our American rods. I now have two high-class rods among my other high-class ones one American and one English of the same weight, the English one with just a little heavier feeling forward than the American; but both with great backbone. Either of them will cast fifty feet with almost no exertion at all.

No one ought to suppose from this, however, that it is safe to monkey with a good fly rod done by a good maker. If I had cut another inch out of my English rod I should have ruined it. I could have left an inch more in and still have had a sweet casting rod, though just a shade weak in the back for our American taste. The English use the dry fly more than we do, and I don't believe are so often obliged to put out a long line, as they more often fish upstream. There are places in my own fishing where sixty feet is barely far enough, and I know one place where I need ninety feet. It takes a special rod to do that, however, and of course everyone knows that it is very difficult to hook a rising trout at seventy-five, seventy or even sixty feet, and I consider those above the proper fishing distances.

You can get a little additional power by shortening a willowy rod, but can easily go too far with it, so be very careful. Better not take out more than two inches from the total length at the first trial. Usually the trouble is in the middle joint. In my English rod the trouble was in the lower third of the middle joint; but as I was after power I did not shorten the thicker part of that joint, but the thinner part—that at the top. The result was that the entire joint was stiffened up and the arc of the rod made very fine. In nine cases out of ten the place to cut a rod is at the top of the second joint, and not at the top of the butt piece or the bottom of the tip. You should remember that a stiff or clubby rod is just as bad as one that is too whippy, and indeed worse, because you cannot do anything for it except to build an entire new joint. So be careful. Of course your crack rod maker will shed tears of protest if you speak to him about touching a rod, once he has made it.

Makers ought not to send out at all some of the rods they do send out, but most makers know more than most amateurs; so once more, be very careful how you cut.

Bull Market in Reels

THE market for decent fly-casting reels is very stiff, with few offerings. Some of the best fly reels we have are made in England. I don't know why some more American firms do not learn something from an examination of the best English models with their large barrel, light aluminum construction and large end plates. Some of these reels have a large agate ring in front for the line aperture; others have this ring made of hardened steel. All of them have the adjustable click or drag—or both—so that the tension on the line can be regulated and one can strike on the reel, and not on the rod or on the hand while using light gut in delicate fishing. I don't know of any American reel that has all of these qualities. However, when we started out to buy such a reel in one of the largest cities in America we found just one reel in stock, and that was grilse steel, rather heavy for trout fishing. Price, twenty-five dollars.

Inquiry in New York did not develop any better market. There were few American reels worth carrying home in the three largest stocks of the second city of America. This is an extraordinary trade situation and, I believe, suggests a good business opening to some good American firm now engaged in making fly-casting reels. There is, of course, no use in telling an angler that anything is good enough for him, unless he thinks it is good enough. A good many of us cranks think that the American reel makers might extend their line of models to very good advantage. I saw in stock one fly-casting reel, one plate made of wood and painted a nice red. No click and no adjustment. Price, five dollars.

Fly Patterns

ENGLISH and Scotch flies, especially in dry-fly patterns, beat the American product badly. Of late, however, we have been getting all kinds of wire in our flies. It is very difficult now to get the very thin and light bronze wire which we formerly had in the best of imported flies, though such wire is needed in all dry-fly patterns especially. The English and Scotch flies, unless specially ordered, are mounted on shorter hooks than some Americans fancy. Some years ago an American firm began to put out what they called stream-pattern flies tied on a long-shank hook of very light wire. I got to using these flies a great deal because they looked rather large, yet handled light.

In looking over stock that just came from the other side this month I don't see the usual number of these long-shank patterns, which to a limited extent the English have taken on from us. A good many of the Scotch and English firms now tie flies for American use, doing them very beautifully after patterns furnished them by our anglers. Once in a while you run across a dry-fly purist in America whose little boxes will show the full Halford series of dry flies, all imported. For the most part American waters are too rapid for successful dry-fly work.

A 30-Shave Trial Tube Offer To End Mistakes in Shaving

By V. K. CASSADY, B. S., M. S., *Chief Chemist*

IN the Palmolive Laboratories we studied many years to overcome the daily faults in shaving. We tried 130 formulas before we mastered the last remaining problem.

Palmolive Shaving Cream is the final formula—the scientific solution to all This cream does what every man strives for when he applies hot towels or lotions, or rubs with the fingers.

Hot towels make the skin too tender, and with Palmolive are not needed. Finger rubbing means delay, and just when men are most in a hurry. Lotions are expensive—and, with Palmolive Shaving Cream, wholly unnecessary.

Both Lather and Lotion

Our cream contains both Palm and Olive Oils, hailed since earliest history as the prized toilet luxuries. So Palmolive is both lather and lotion, and it gives the face a satin smoothness when shaved.

Moreover, this lather lubricates the skin, so the razor can't scrape or irritate.

Stays Foamy 10 Minutes

Palmolive Cream removes the oil-coat quickly, so the water penetrates the stiffest beard. We knew there was a scientific way to make each hair cut easily, and we found it.

Ours is a lather that need not be replaced, because it stays moist and foamy 10 minutes. A mere bit is ample. For Palmolive multiplies itself in lather 250 times. A cream so active, as you know, has never been heard of before. There's enough for 152 shaves in our 35c size.

Send for Trial Tube

Step by step, we accomplished each astonishing result. One by one, we combined them all in Palmolive Shaving Cream. These amazing discoveries are hard to conceive, but very easy to prove by shaving with it. That is why we make this unusual offer—

We'll pay the postage and packing and mail you a 30-shave trial tube if you send us the coupon and 10 cents.

When science gives you the right way to shave, surely you do not care to continue wrong ways. For 35c you can get a full sized tube at your dealer's. For a trial, send the coupon. Send now so you won't forget.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, Milwaukee, U. S. A.

PALMOLIVE Shaving Cream

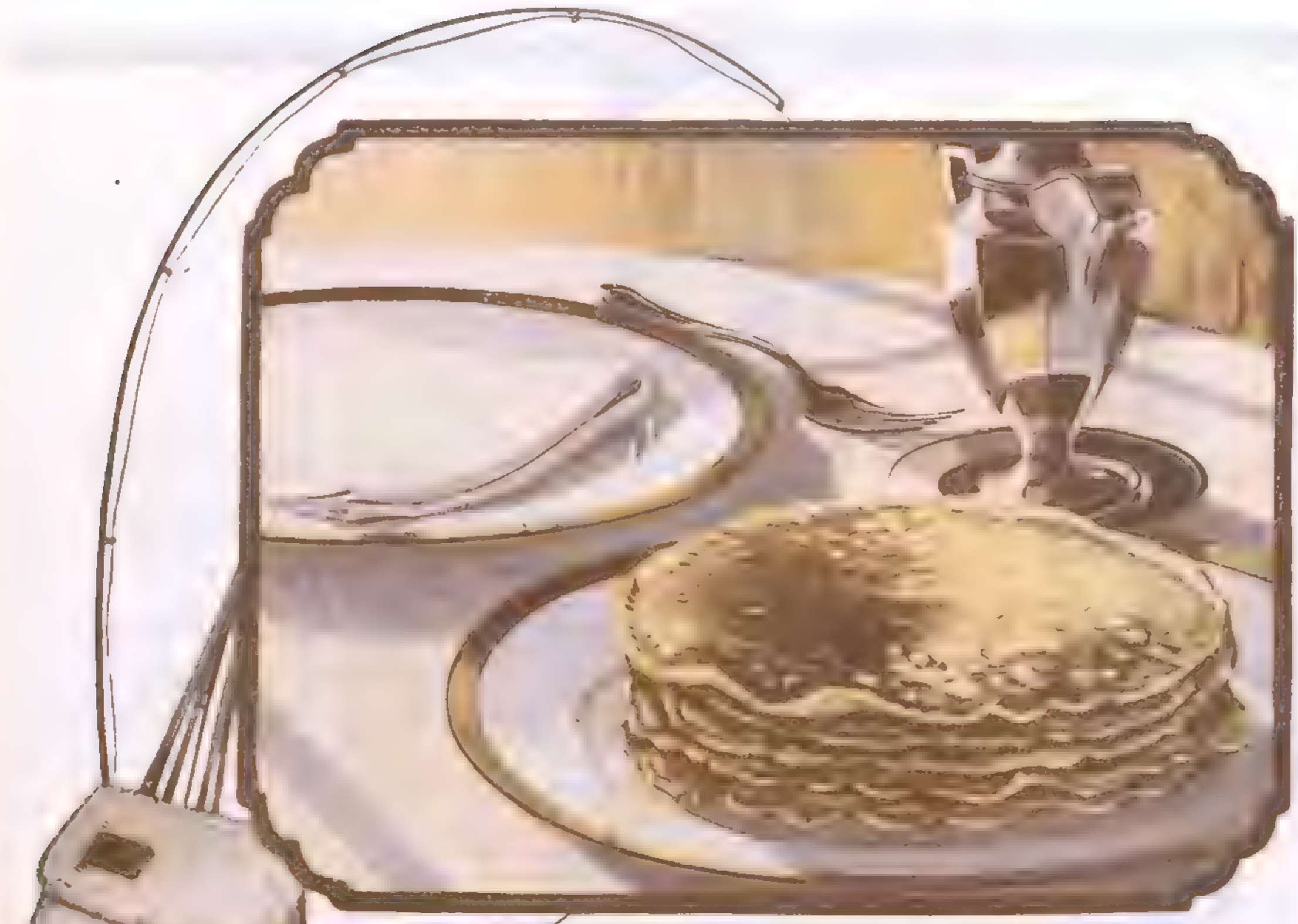
Large Size Tube at Druggists', 35c

FOR A 30-SHAVE TUBE

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY,
Milwaukee, U. S. A. Address Advertising Department

Enclosed find 10 cents for a 30-Day Tube of Palmolive Shaving Cream

6-7-19—S.E.P.



Here's the breakfast for you outdoor fellows!

Going fishing tomorrow morning? Start with a real breakfast under your belt—a big piping hot "stack" of Aunt Jemima Pancakes, swimmin' in maple sirup and yellow butter.

Satisfying, this breakfast! It's real nourishment that will bridge that long gap from 4 a. m. until noon.

Don't bother to wake "the wife" so early—make 'em yourself. It doesn't take an expert to prepare an Aunt Jemima meal—because every ingredient is ready mixed—even the powdered sweet milk. It's so rich it needs no eggs. Pour out a little pancake flour from the red package; stir in water to make a batter and *zzzzzz*! the luscious brown pancakes are leaping off the hot griddle.

Order today a package of Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour. Learn what humdinger waffles, muffins, and breadsticks it makes. For a change try Aunt Jemima Buckwheat Flour—it makes the very best buckwheat cakes!

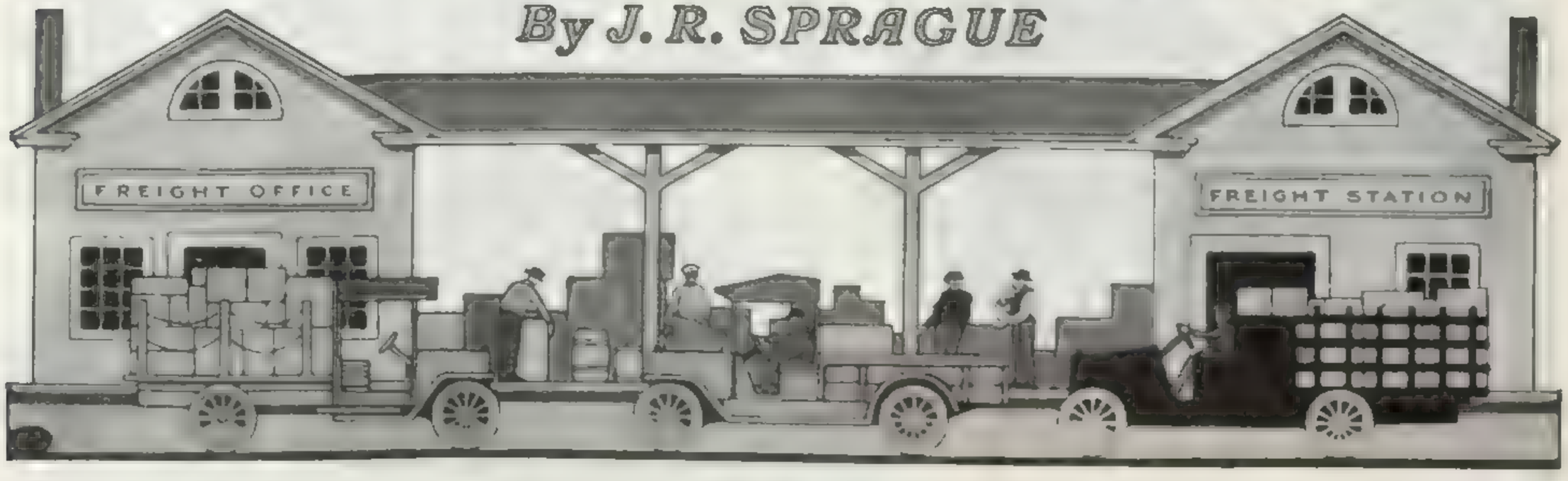
"I'se in town, Honey!"

AUNT JEMIMA PANCAKE FLOUR

Copyright 1919, Aunt Jemima Mills Company, St. Joseph, Missouri

BUILDING UP YOUR TOWN

By J. R. SPRAGUE



DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

THE chamber of commerce in a Southern city invited a certain captain of industry to make an address at its annual banquet. The big man accepted and came to town in a special car with a party of friends. Local business men felt that the affair marked an epoch in the development of their city, because the visitors represented capital of many millions of dollars, and if properly impressed might favor the community with a couple of new interurban lines or half a dozen manufacturing plants.

The banquet afforded a splendid opportunity for local orators to show their talents. The toastmaster evidently mistook himself for the speaker of the evening, because he held the floor for more than half an hour to state that he did not know why the committee should have chosen him to preside.

Next on the program was a local orator who began by saying that he was no speech maker; then he got right down to business and tried to prove that he was one. He stated impetuously that he stood for civic progress and that civic progress meant the whir of machinery, the tramp of the dinner-pail brigade and the rattle of freight trains pulling out of the railroad yards loaded with goods made in local factories.

The Words of the Great Man

"WE MUST have more factories!" exclaimed the speaker. "It is factories that build great cities! Let us force factories to come here! If necessary we must spend our good money to get them. The thing for us to do is to raise a fund—a big fund—a million dollars if necessary—to go right out in the open market and bid for factories!"

He spoke more than an hour. Then the man who was to introduce the out-of-town capitalist in a five-minute talk got up to perform his duty and went on introducing for forty minutes.

It was midnight when the captain of industry was called to his feet. He was tired and the excess of oratory had made him feel mean and plain-spoken. His audience was shocked at his opening words.

"Gentlemen," he said, "it is now too late for me to make the speech which I came here to deliver. My train leaves in a little more than half an hour. But perhaps I can say a few words," he continued, "which will do more good than the complimentary address my secretary fixed up for me.

"Your town here is all right. It is the center of a good agricultural section and is bound to grow. Your principal speaker this evening spoke of raising a big fund to go out and hire manufacturers to locate in your city. Factories are all right, too, but not when you go after them indiscriminately. You can start a thousand factories, but unless conditions are just right every one of them will fail.

"Suppose you raise a few hundred thousand dollars and start a plant to manufacture harvesting machinery. That would seem a logical product for this community, because you are an agricultural section and as things are now you send your good money up North to buy the machinery that is used on your farms. You build your factory, which supplies work for two hundred hands. After a while some rush work comes in which requires a hundred extra hands. There is no other concern using the same kind of labor within a thousand miles, so you have to send all that distance for your extra men, and pay their traveling expenses.

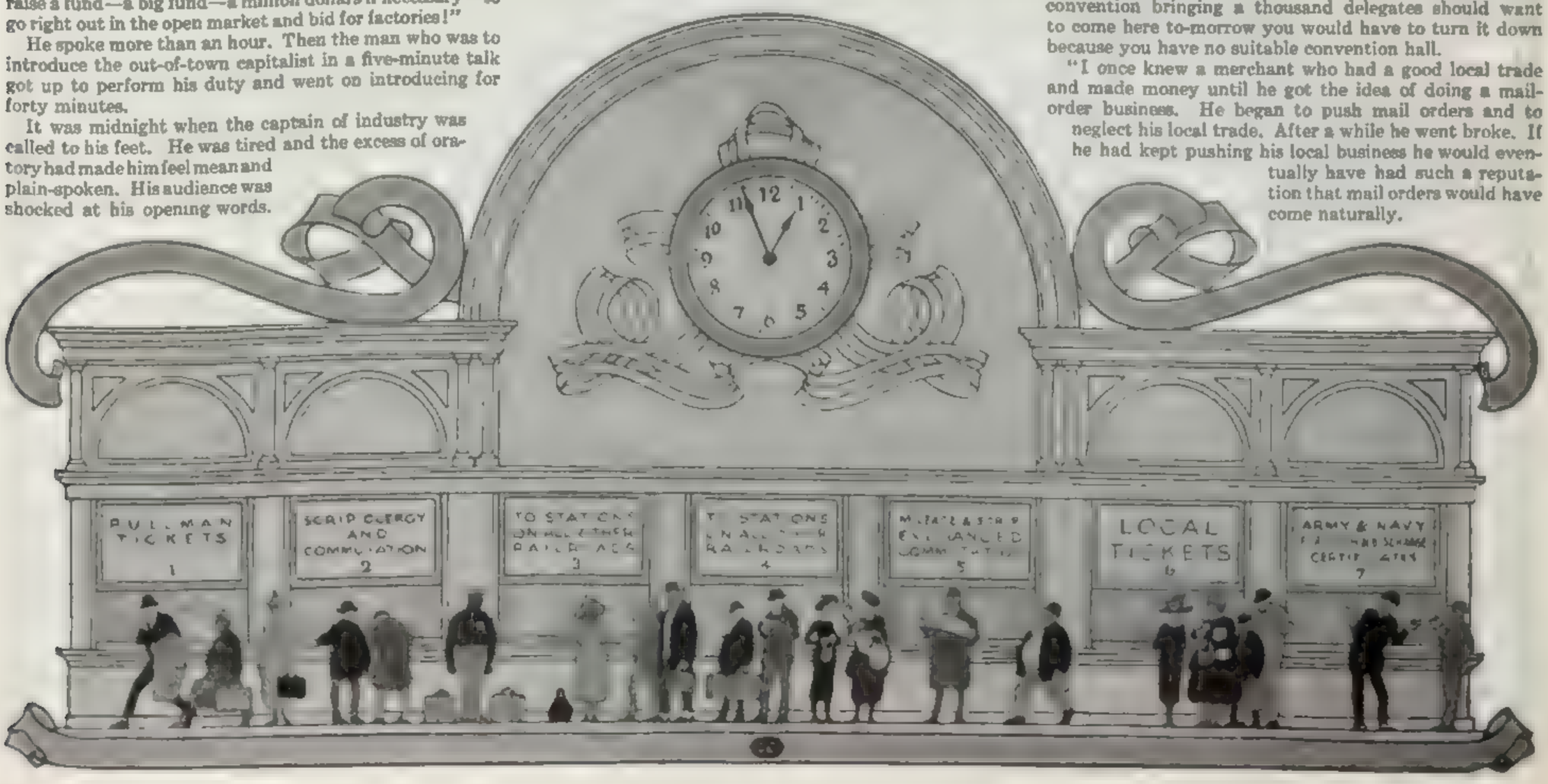
"Or you have a slack season during which there is work for only a hundred and fifty of your men. What are you going to do with the fifty whom you have to lay off? They can't sit round and wait for things to pick up, and you can't afford to pay them while they are not working. They are going to drift back to the Middle West, where they can get work; and you will have to pay that thousand miles of traveling expense every time you need a workman. After a while all this extra expense eats up your capital, and then your factory becomes merely another building standing idle alongside the railroad tracks with all the windows broken out.

"The trouble with a lot of business men's organizations everywhere is they think they must be pulling off grandstand plays all the time. It looks well when the local newspapers come out in big headlines and state that another enterprise has been located by our live-wire boosters. Towns are just like individuals. Once in a while a man gets rich by pulling off spectacular deals, but nine-tenths of the solid men of any community are those who just stuck to the store or office every day and made the most of what they had.

Work From the Inside Out

"YOU have a great farming section round here, but out of the car window this morning I saw a four-horse load of produce which a farmer was trying to bring to town stuck in a mudhole. I have talked to-day with a man who has a little plant employing a dozen hands and making money, who wants to enlarge but cannot interest any local capital. One of your principal downtown corners, where the ground is valued at three thousand dollars a front foot, is occupied by a one-story wooden building. If a convention bringing a thousand delegates should want to come here to-morrow you would have to turn it down because you have no suitable convention hall.

"I once knew a merchant who had a good local trade and made money until he got the idea of doing a mail-order business. He began to push mail orders and to neglect his local trade. After a while he went broke. If he had kept pushing his local business he would eventually have had such a reputation that mail orders would have come naturally.

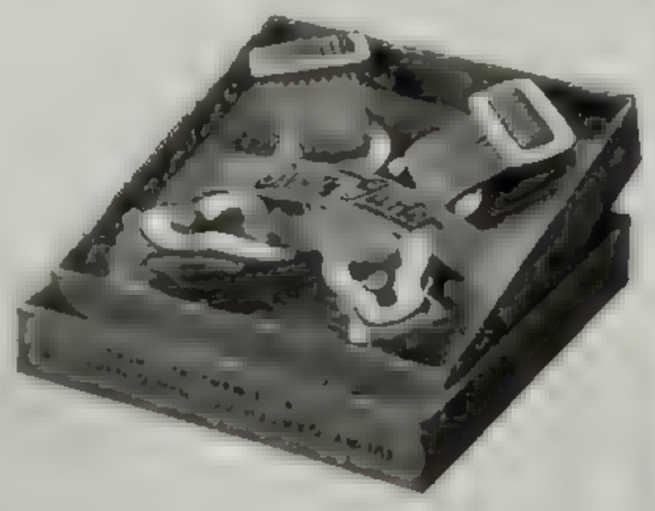


Ivory Garters Keep Your Legs Young!

No "garter bind" about Ivory Garters to stifle your business pep. In them you walk with the spring of Seventeen. They set so gently, you hardly know you're wearing garters, except your socks stay put so comfortably, smoothly and smartly.

Ivory REGISTERED Garter U.S. & FOREIGN

In Ivory Garters you don't feel the dent of metal because there is no metal in Ivory Garters. They have no pads. They are light as a silk sock, cool as lisle, yet durable, and long-lasting. When you first put Ivory Garters on you shake off years of leg fret. Your legs renew their youth.



Ask for them where you buy men's wear.

IVORY GARTER CO.
New Orleans, U. S. A.

"Towns are like that. If you make the most of what you have enterprises will come to you anyhow. Work from the inside out, instead of from outside in."

The big man left the hall and went back to his special car, leaving some pained orators and disturbed chamber-of-commerce members. It was not the sort of talk his audience had expected to hear, but it bore fruit. Later on, through the efforts of the chamber a county bond issue was voted and every main road in the county put in first-class condition. It was found by a careful survey that there were more than thirty small industrial plants in the town, and several of them showed enough merit to warrant pushing along. A committee was appointed to call on each one and find out if extra capital could be used to advantage. Where a plant seemed solid and well conducted the chamber officially recommended the purchase of stock as an investment. One man operating a trunk factory with six hands was able to expand into a fifty-man shop and sell his goods throughout the state; another man making gas engines increased from a twenty to a seventy man shop. Altogether the industrial population of the town was increased by a thousand workers inside of two years.

Business men's organizations everywhere are coming to a belief in working their own field thoroughly before going after outside enterprises, but it often happens that ambition will run away with judgment. This occurs most frequently in towns that are just beginning to feel themselves cities, and consequently full of ambition.

A local merchant goes to market on his annual buying trip; he walks round the busy retail streets of the big city, envious of the handsome plate glass and marble store fronts and the elaborate rosewood fixtures of the metropolitan merchants. He sees the big-city merchant sitting grandly in his private office, and he reflects bitterly that in his own store back home he must wait on customers himself, wrap up packages and write his own letters on top of a showcase. Of course the big-city merchant in his private office may be dictating letters to his creditors asking for more time on his debts, but the small-town man cannot know that, and he fervently wants his own community to grow so that he too may do business in the metropolitan manner.

When he gets back home he finds his chamber of commerce considering a proposition to bring a new enterprise to town, and still full of what he has seen in the great city he is strong for the undertaking. He makes a speech in meeting stating that it is about time for this old town to get busy, and moves that a committee be appointed to put the thing over.

The Orphan Shoe Factory

The committee is appointed. It is a deplorable fact, but true, that even serious business men will sometimes refuse to look into a business proposition too closely for fear that it may not appear as favorable as they would like to have it. The committee makes a trip to investigate the new enterprise and comes back home to recommend that the deal be closed at once before some other community lands the prize. The prize is landed by prying twenty or thirty thousand dollars out of property owners and business men as a bonus to the new enterprise, which locates in their midst and very probably peters out in the next year or so.

Not long ago a certain Southern town of twenty thousand population became anxious to shine as a manufacturing center. This town was unfortunately located from a business standpoint because it was less than an hour's ride from a city of a hundred thousand population, with an interurban car going every thirty minutes. Such a situation is always hard on the merchants of the smaller place. Any man who has ever run a store in a small town near a large city knows how it is. He may beggar himself on a fancy electric sign, trim his show windows twice a day and carry the most up-to-date stock in the state; but some of his fellow townsmen will nevertheless say that it is impossible to buy anything in these small-town stores and that one must go to the city to be really suited.

The merchants in this Southern town did all they could to combat the tendency of their fellow citizens to spend money in the larger city. They advertised that they could sell cheaper because their expenses were less; they got their local newspaper to print biting editorials against the ingratitude of certain people who make their money in one place and spend it in another. A policeman was put off the force upon complaint of a local jeweler, when it was proved that the officer had taken his salary to the rival city and riotously spent it for a gold-filled watch and chain. A big sign was placed in the interurban station where everyone had to see it as he took the car to the big town, bearing these accusing words: "Have you tried to buy it at home?"

But in spite of everything the town was handicapped by its nearness to the larger city, and so it is no wonder that the business men were enthusiastic over the plan to bring in new enterprises which should increase the population and thus defeat competition by weight of numbers.

About this time an orphan shoe factory was seeking a new home. It was a concern of thirty years' standing and had done a profitable business, but the founder had retired and under his successors it had gradually gone down. For five years it had been pressed for capital; its local bankers had held it down to a very limited line of credit. It had not been able to employ really efficient traveling men, and it had constantly antagonized its customers by asking for settlement of accounts not yet due, because it needed money.

In this kind of a fix the concern heard of the ambitions of the town referred to, which wanted to become a manufacturing center, and the manager of the company went there to look things over. He cultivated the acquaintance of the president of the newly organized chamber of commerce and let it be known that his concern might be induced to move if proper arrangements could be made. A special meeting of the chamber was called and the manufacturer stated his terms, which were that the factory would come to town if the local interests would make a present of a suitable factory building and a bonus of thirty thousand dollars in money.

Another Bankrupt Enterprise

It was unanimously voted to accept the terms if an examination showed everything to be all right, and a committee was named to investigate. This committee was composed of a banker, an expert accountant and a retail shoe dealer. Upon their return the committeemen reported severally and collectively that the proposition was all right. The shoe dealer stated that the concern made good shoes and that it would be a great thing for the local shoe merchants to have a factory right in town, where the freight would cost nothing. The accountant stated that the concern must be A1 because it had a hundred thousand dollars' worth of accounts on its ledger and he had never seen a prettier-kept set of books. The banker reported that the factory did not owe its local banks more than it ought. Acting on the report of its committee the chamber of commerce put on a money-raising campaign and after much travail the money was secured and the shoe factory brought to town.

In a year the factory had closed up shop, bankrupt in spite of the free building and the thirty-thousand-dollar bonus. The banker had reported that the concern did not owe its banks any more than it ought, which was true; but that was due to the fact that the banks would not lend much. Not having good bank credit the concern had borrowed from private sources, mostly from relatives of the partners, and a great part of the bonus money was used to pay off those private debts. A great deal of the money which the accountant saw standing so neatly on the books in the form of accounts owing by customers was never paid. Because the concern was in bad shape itself it could not get business from the best retailers, but had to sell those with poor ratings. And lastly, the concern had not been able to keep its equipment up to date, and so from the standpoint of efficiency it was mostly junk that was installed in the new building.

A chamber-of-commerce secretary who began his profession in a small Pennsylvania town and has since served in many of the larger cities throughout the country recently talked to the writer.

"It is a universally favorite sport to blame the chamber of commerce because the home town does not grow faster," said this man. "Did you ever go out on a committee to solicit funds for your chamber?

(Continued on Page 85

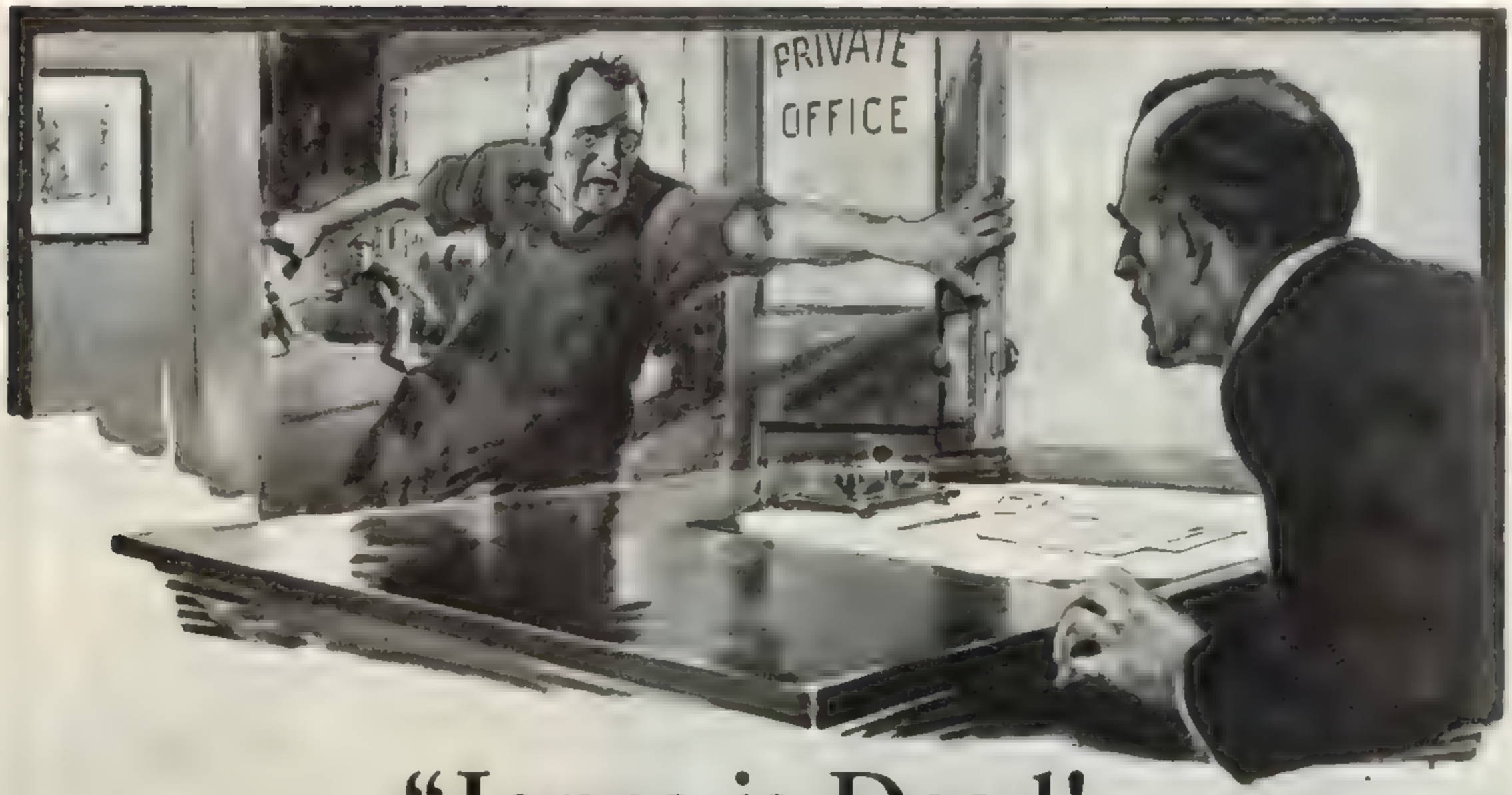
Ball Bearings

NOTHING moves so easily as a ball, whether carrying a load or rolling free.

The pleasures afforded by a motor-car are real and constant, because the ball bearings hidden away in the mechanism carry the loads and resist the stresses with greatest ease and least friction.

Ball Bearings in Front Wheel of Automobile

NEW DEPARTURE MANUFACTURING COMPANY
BRISTOL, CONN.



"Jones is Dead!

He bumped against an exposed electric switch"

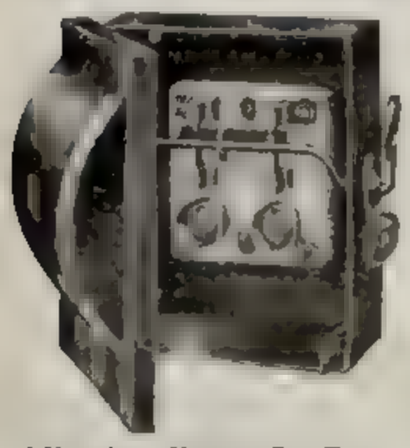
THE man with that message is on his way to your office this minute. It may take him months to get there—but if you have dangerous open-knife switches in your factory or home, the bearer of bad news is coming.

The cuts on the left show the operation of the Square D Safety Switch. The switch is enclosed in an insulated, drawn-steel box. It can be operated safely by a child, fumbled for in the dark, touched with copper wire, bracelets, finger rings, wet hands; bumped accidentally with steel tools, and no one will ever be hurt. It is strong and safe. It is operated by a handle on the outside of the box. It can be locked shut if desired, or locked in the "off" position to prevent careless closing of the switch when repairs are being made on the line or equipment it controls.

Square D Safety Switches make electricity safe for everyone

Build Now
Production depends on conservation
U. S. Dept. of Labor,
W. B. Wilson, Sec'y

Square D Safety Switch



"Number Ninety-Six-Two-Eleven," special size for homes. Order one put in your home today. Costs less than $2.00. A little more in Canada and the West Coast States

Prevents Unnecessary Death from Electric Shock

Is it better to have your contractor or your electrician replace your old-fashioned open-knife switches with Square D Switches, or to wait at your desk for the inevitable accident?

It is nearer than you think. New production methods, new machinery, green work-people who do not know these dangers, all are combining to electrocute some poor man or woman and the insurance companies know it.

Large industrial firms that employ Safety Engineers have already installed Square D Safety Switches. A few are: American Steel & Wire Co., American Car & Foundry Co., Bethlehem Steel Co., Carnegie Steel Co., Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co., Goodrich Rubber Co., Hudson Motor Car Co., National Tube Co., Ford Motor Co., Packard Motor Car Co., and Pennsylvania Railroad.

Installed by your electrical dealer or contractor. Get information from him about Square D Safety Switches, or write us direct. Over 300 sizes for homes, office buildings, factories.

SQUARE D COMPANY, Detroit, Mich.

Canadian Works: WALKERVILLE, ONT.

New York Chicago Philadelphia Pittsburgh Atlanta St. Louis San Francisco Portland, Ore. Toronto, Ont.

(Continued from Page 82)

Your town may be in Massachusetts, Kentucky or Montana, but I can tell in advance just what you will hear when you go out to ask for the money:

"'What has that dog-gone chamber of commerce done anyhow?'

"'People in this town don't pull together as they do in other places.'

"'The chamber of commerce in this town is run for the benefit of a few real-estate grafters.'

"'That chamber of commerce is nothing in the world but a meal ticket for the secretary.'

"Chamber of commerce secretaries are under constant temptation to pull off something spectacular so as to confound these critics, for almost any place can locate new industries if it is willing to spend money enough. In the West and South people say it is a shame to send their raw products to the manufacturing states and then buy them back again at a long profit. Hundreds of factories have been built on that argument in places where they did not have a chance of success.

"Here is one small angle: Before you can develop a manufacturing center out of a farming community you must first train your bankers to think in terms of manufacturing. Bankers in Texas, for instance, have for seventy-five years been used to loaning money to farmers and cattlemen. They know farming and cattle raising about as well as the men who actually work at those pursuits. If there is a drought for a couple of years the banker knows he has got to carry his customers until it rains; it is all a part of the game and he doesn't worry.

"But suppose a Texas banker were called upon to carry the account of a jewelry manufacturer up in Providence or Newark. This jewelry manufacturer begins making up his Christmas rings and brooches and lavallières early in May. By the first of July his salesmen are out on the road calling on the retail jewelers. But during the summer months the retail jeweler has little use for new merchandise; he is taking in about enough cash to pay his electric-light bill and his watchmakers' wages. This being the case the manufacturer has to offer some special terms in order to get the retailer to buy anything. It has come to be the custom in the jewelry trade to sell the retailer all the goods he wants from July until Christmas, and let him pay the bills the first of January."

Bonuses Out of Fashion

"This means that the jewelry manufacturer must operate at full blast from June until January with practically nothing coming in. He has to pay spot cash for his platinum, gold and silver; his pay roll has to be met every Saturday night. And so, unless he is a millionaire himself, the jewelry manufacturer must borrow steadily from his banker during all that time.

"Someone might figure that as Texas buys more expensive jewelry per capita than any other section it would be a good idea to establish jewelry factories in Texas. The first trouble would be to educate the Texas banker into believing that it might be good business to lend money to a jewelry manufacturer. The financier who loans money on land and cattle can at least go out and look at his security when things seem uncertain; but the banker who does business with a jewelry manufacturer has very little to look at in the way of security. There is practically no jewelry in sight, for it is shipped out to customers as fast as finished. The banker would have only the poor satisfaction of looking at a ledger in which was charged many thousand dollars' worth of goods to retail jewelers all over America.

"The accounts might be owing by the best-rated jewelers in the country and would be perfectly satisfying to a Providence banker; but no ledger in the world would look quite so good to a Texas financier as a nice bunch of steers grazing in the mesquite brush."

The practice of giving bonuses for factories to come to town has been abandoned by most experienced chambers of commerce except in unusual cases. But once in a while something so good turns up that it pays to make an exception. A man who is now commercial secretary in one of the largest cities of the country got his start by locating a factory in a little New York State village. Recently he told how he did it.

"It was one of those places which are found about every ten miles along the main roads of Western New York," he said, "with three thousand inhabitants, big maple trees meeting across the streets, two blocks of brick stores and the Eagle Hotel. When the town boys got through high school they usually went away to seek Fortune because there was not much chance at home. About the only business openings were jobs at clerking in the stores on Main Street, and none of the stores did enough business to warrant paying much salary. Most of the merchants had rather a hard time of it. The townspeople had a disagreeable habit of going to the neighboring large city to spend their money, because there was a theory that big-city stores sold things cheaper. About the only increase of population coming to the town was from retired farmers who moved in to educate the children and spend the balance of their lives worrying over the shiftless ways of the renter who worked the old farm.

"Some years ago the town had its big chance. A certain manufacturing concern in the neighboring city planned a branch factory and conceived the idea of locating it in some small town where living conditions might be better, expenses of operation less, and the chances of labor troubles lessened by the men owning their own homes. A proposition was put up to this New York State town by which it might get the factory, guaranteed to employ at least two hundred and fifty men, by giving a free factory site and twenty-five thousand dollars in cash as a bonus. This meant the raising of about forty thousand dollars—a big job for a community of three thousand people, but undoubtedly worth the money."

The Drive for Funds

"The same offer had been made to two other towns, which had tried to meet the conditions and failed. But they did not have a chamber of commerce; our town did. It was not much of an organization, to be sure, but it was better than nothing. I had been trying to earn a living in town by practicing law, and not having much luck had conceived the idea of starting a chamber of commerce and getting myself elected secretary so as to earn an extra twenty dollars a month which the office paid.

"When the proposition came from the manufacturing concern I called the members together and told them how much it would mean to the town. The majority said it couldn't be done; that forty thousand dollars meant a fifteen-dollar subscription from every man, woman and child in town. The township had bonded itself for a new high-school building only a few years before and the taxpayers were still grumbling over that expense.

"But I talked them into making the effort. There were only forty members in my chamber of commerce, but we organized the campaign in regular big-league style; we set up a big dial in front of the post office with numerals running from one to forty, and the pointer was moved from day to day to show how far we had gone. No man was allowed to retain a shred of popularity among his townsmen if he refused to make a subscription. And it was no use for a man, seeing a committee coming, to slip out his back door, because he was called on until found and made to come out with a flat-footed yes or no.

"A good many of the merchants were in shaky financial condition, as is likely to be the case in a small town which is near a big city; practically no storekeeper in town discounted his bills and most of them paid their accounts just in time to head off lawsuits. But with the prospect of an increased population of several hundred wage-earners the merchants would have a chance to get on a more solid footing; and so the two banks agreed to accept the note of any business man who could not make a cash subscription, giving him two years to pay the amount.

"The retired-farmer class was our hardest proposition; most of them did not care whether the town grew or not. Our only argument was that a big industrial plant would increase the value of both town and farm property. I put on a parade which included an old lumber wagon drawn by a broken-down horse and mule and manned by a very ragged farmer who was labeled 'Dead Broke, No Factory.' Another farmer all dressed up in a silk hat and Prince Albert coat rode in an automobile which bore the legend, 'Rich! The Factory Did It.' I also borrowed an old hearse into which

Diamond Construction for Strength
in the Eiffel Tower
in Storage Batteries
SEE how the innumerable angle members cross each other in every direction, bracing against every possible strain and forming Diamonds everywhere.
For more than thirty years, the Eiffel tower has reared its proud height against the ravages of the elements—compelling proof of the soundness of the engineering principle, "Diamond Construction for Strength." The plates of the
PHILADELPHIA DIAMOND GRID BATTERY
have the same Diamond Construction. The Diamond Grid or framework braces the plates against the strains of starting the engine and against the shock and vibration of rough roads.
The Diamond Grid, together with the almost indestructible quarter-sawed hard wood separators, assure maximum battery life.
The battery for your Automobile
Guaranteed for 18 months
More than a thousand service stations, selected because of their integrity and ability, are ready to repair your old battery, or to replace it with a new Philadelphia Diamond Grid Battery.
PHILADELPHIA STORAGE BATTERY CO.
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BATTERY

That's All That's Needed

THE Rie Nie Tube and Casing Patch, your two hands and a flat spot, and the repair is made. It is a permanent repair that never has to be touched again. It may also be used for effective repairs to casings.

Will mend anything made of rubber or rubberized fabric. See your dealer or mail the coupon below.

For Everything from a Pinhole to a Blowout

This for a Leak in the Radiator

Rie Nie Liquid Radiator Cement is a good, sensible, permanent repair that is easy to apply, sure in its effect and of benefit to the cooling system. Proved successful by thousands of car owners.

Permanently repairs all leaks in steam and hot water heating plants.

Send coupon below or ask your dealer for it.

SEND THE COUPON

Durkee-Atwood Co., Minneapolis, Minn.; Cleveland, Ohio
Canadian Durkee-Atwood Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada, Manufacturers of Rie Nie Products

Please send me prepaid, articles checked:

Rie Nie Auto Patch [ ] $1.00 size . . [ ] 50c size

Rie Nie Radiator Cement . . . . [ ] 75c Remittance enclosed

Write your name and address on margin of this page.

I put a dummy figure with long whiskers, this pleasing feature being labeled 'We Are Burying Old Man Mossback.' I admit that my parade was rough stuff, but it was effective. We marched round town for a whole week, headed by the Hook and Ladder brass band, and while our solicitors went into the home of any backward citizen to talk him into a subscription the parade would stand outside and make all the noise possible.

"As I look back it seems incredible that we should have raised forty thousand dollars in a community of three thousand people where business opportunities were so poor that nearly everyone had lost ambition; but somehow we managed it. The factory was built and inside of a few years was employing more than twelve hundred people. The town now has fifteen thousand inhabitants. Farmers have a market for their products at home instead of being obliged to ship thirty miles to the city; owners of business property get a hundred dollars a month rent instead of thirty, for a twenty-foot front on Main Street. Merchants can now afford to carry stocks so complete that they can compete with the city, and the boys graduating from high school have opportunities at home."

Enterprise Rewarded

Probably the most striking example of a community building itself up by one big stroke is that of a city in one of the newer Southwestern states. Ten years ago there were several towns in the state which aspired to be the metropolis, but none had definitely outstripped the others, and it looked to be anybody's race.

One morning a stranger walked into the office of the chamber of commerce in the city mentioned and inquired for the secretary. In ten minutes he had made known to that official that a great manufacturing plant was looking for a location for a branch factory which could take care of the firm's business in the Southwest. The factory would employ two thousand men to start, which would mean an immediate addition of ten thousand population to the community where it located. The concern would expect the city into which it came to supply a free factory site of fifty acres and pay a bonus of two hundred thousand dollars.

The secretary got his president on the phone. "Come right over," he said. "It looks as if we might land something big."

In another five minutes the president was in the office and the situation was explained to him. He called up a real-estate man and summoned him into the conference.

"We want a good-sized factory location," said the president, "which is surrounded by at least five hundred acres of land suitable for home sites. Is there any such property available?"

The real-estate man believed there was.

The next few hours were spent in an automobile looking at likely locations. By noon a tract of five hundred and fifty acres was found, near enough to the city for convenience and at a price which seemed reasonable. Option money had to be put up. There was no chamber of commerce fund for such a purpose, and no time to call the board of directors together to authorize one, so the president wrote out his personal check for the amount. It had to be fast work because agents of the manufacturing concern were at that moment scouting in rival cities. A full-page advertisement was inserted in the local newspapers of that evening and next morning, calling for a mass meeting of every man interested in the city, to be held in the chamber of commerce rooms at ten o'clock the following morning.

At five minutes of ten exactly four citizens had responded; the chamber of commerce men began to think they were on a hopeless case, and the president wondered uneasily if his board of directors would make good the option money he had put up out of his own pocket. But ten minutes later there was a trampling noise on the stairway and the president looking down seemed to see the whole citizenship of his town on the way to his meeting. They poured up the stairway and crowded into the assembly room. When the hall had been filled they clogged up the stairway and overflowed out into the street, where they demanded to know why in thunder the meeting was not held in a bigger hall.

The business men were asked for five hundred thousand dollars. In an hour more than half the amount was subscribed. Then the meeting was adjourned until afternoon, when every store and office in town was closed while committees went after the money. In that one afternoon the money was oversubscribed, the total running up to more than five hundred and sixty thousand dollars.

The purchase of the property was completed and a sufficient space deeded to the manufacturing concern for its plant. The bonus money was paid over when the buildings had been finished and two thousand men were actually at work. The balance of the property, belonging to the subscribers, was laid out as an attractive addition and sold on easy terms to the employees of the plant.

Inside of five years the subscribers had got their money back along with a twenty per cent dividend. The factory brought a far greater number of employees to town than the two thousand promised. Other industries followed the big plant, and at the last official census the city showed more than double the population of any other place in the state.

One of the largest cities of the Middle West, which is having a remarkably fast growth, will not give a cash bonus to any enterprise, but has developed a very successful plan for bringing in new factories and helping those already established. The secretary of the chamber of commerce in this city recently explained the plan to the writer.

"Oh, yes, we used to be the livest wires you ever saw when it came to getting new enterprises," said this secretary. "We had some optimists on our board of directors who thought progress meant kicking up a lot of dust and spending money. We never stopped to find out if our city was a logical location for any enterprise that considered establishing itself in our midst; all we asked was how many employees would it bring? We were, in short, professional factory chasers. But after we had seen a watch factory, a paint factory and a couple of truck factories die on our hands we began to figure if there wasn't some better way of spending our money than giving it out in bonuses. We found there was."

Reformed Factory Chasers

"First, we decided that we would see what we could do to help the enterprises we already had before hiring outsiders to come in. Like every other city in the country we had numbers of small manufacturing concerns which were doing well in a modest way; but whose owners did not have the capital to expand to the limit of their opportunities. We investigated such concerns thoroughly and where we found one worthy of it we helped it to get credit or recommended our members to invest in its stock. Last year we increased our industrial population by more than five thousand workers by this method alone.

"For the bringing in of new enterprises we raised a fund of a million dollars—not to give away, but to lend on good security. For instance, a manufacturer in another state thinks he can do better in some other location and comes to us to see what we will offer him to move to our city. If upon investigation we find him to be solvent and progressive we make him a proposition something like this: 'All right, we sure would like to have you come and locate here. But we won't pay you a bonus for coming. We won't give you a free site. And we won't advise our citizens to buy your stock. You will have to come here at your own expense and operate on your own capital.

"'But when you have been here a while and demonstrated that you can make good then we will help you in a very substantial way. If you find your business is growing and needs more capital we will have a careful appraisement made of your plant and lend you as much as fifty per cent of its value at a low rate of interest. This is better than selling stock because you do not have a lot of stockholders who may hamper you in carrying out your own ideas. And when the time comes that you can pay back this loan the plant is yours without any strings tied to it.'

"This plan has worked out well. No enterprise comes to town hoping to save its life by means of a cash bonus or by selling its stock to our citizens. But to a man who has faith in his enterprise the lure of a million-dollar fund to be borrowed at a low rate of interest is a strong one."

Toyland's Happiest Thought

If your dealer can't supply you we will ship direct, postage prepaid

Horsie Toddler is made in four sizes:

No. 2—10 months to 1½ years	$2 75
No. 3—1½ years to 3½ years	3 25
No. 4—3½ years to 5 years	3 75
No. 5—5 years to 7 years	4 25

Add 50c to above prices west of Rockies.

Dealers Please Note: The Horsie Toddler is breaking all sales records. Present demand proves it to be Toyland's greatest midsummer merchandise. If you haven't placed orders for your season's requirements, write us for prices and details, or any one of the 50 largest hardware and toy jobbers can supply you from stock, but act now!

Horsie-Toddler: What a world of fun for the kiddies. It's the happiest thought toyland ever had. With the Horsie-Toddler for company how delightfully the needed healthy outdoor periods stretch into joy hours. The kiddies never tire of riding horseback on this safe, sensible, four-wheeled horsie that steers.

Under the Spell of their imagination you, too, will see the charge of the cavalry, the gallop down town to dad's office, and perhaps you'll have to obey the orders of the mounted police; all on the front porch or sidewalk.

To the Very Little Ones it takes the place of the baby walker. You'll marvel at how quickly their tiny feet find their use; and without strain, for the saddle carries their weight. That's why physicians recommend it for the building of straight, sturdy limbs.

The sunshine, the outdoors and a Horsie-Toddler is a healthful combination that brings color to the cheeks, a sparkle to the eye and an appetite. You'll wonder how you ever did without this little builder of men and women. To them it's a Hobby Horse, a racer and finally, a wonderful coaster. To you it's Toyland's greatest joy bringer.

The Horsie-Toddler is Sturdily Built to stand the rough uses of childhood. The scarlet red blanket and leather colored saddle together with the white and black of the horsie make a striking effect that appeals to the heart of any child. Nothing to get out of order. No sharp corners to bump. It's a dependable, durable toy. Obtainable wherever toys are sold. Take a Horsie-Toddler home to your kiddies. What a welcome you'll get.

THE RICHARDS-SCOTT COMPANY

200 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY

WANTED: TEN MILLION NEW AMERICANS—By Edward G. Lowry

ONE night in the winter of 1916 I chanced to be at dinner in a great house in London. One of the company was a distinguished old gentleman whose name I never learned. He was treated with great deference by all the others. I remember him because he wore a canary-colored waistcoat and because of what he said. We were talking—as everybody in England in those days was talking—about the United States and whether she would come into the war and why she was delaying so long in taking part. My old gentleman spoke up strongly:

"Don't you bother about the United States. That is a deceiving country; and interesting. I know about the United States. I have watched it for fifty years with my own eyes, and I know its history prior to the time I have had it under my own personal observation. In any time of emergency or crisis all the Americans begin by talking foolishly and running round in circles. They say things they don't mean. They talk at random. They make false starts. But in the end, when they settle down for action, they have never failed to do the right thing for themselves and the right thing for the world. They will do the right thing now.

"They have one possession, one quality which makes them what they are. They believe absolutely in the United States and in its future. They believe it to be the greatest and the best country in the world. They believe their political institutions to be the soundest and the safest that the intelligence of man has yet devised. They accept the United States and its form of government as they do the fundamental facts of Nature—the wetness of rain, the coldness of ice, the heat of the sun. It has never occurred to them to question their destiny."

Aliens Who Won't Learn English

I LIKE to think that was true when it was said. We all wanted it to be true. The war has disclosed that there are about ten million or probably more people in the United States who are not Americans, who either don't believe in or don't know anything about our ideals or our institutions. The most immediate and one of the gravest reconstruction problems growing out of the war is to make homefolks of these foreign-born and native-born who cannot speak or read or write English and who because of the mental darkness in which they live cannot share in the common opportunity for the pursuit of happiness which this country offers to all its citizens. These stagnant groups, isolated from the common life of this country, are rich pastures for the agitator, the preacher of discontent, anarchy and Bolshevism.

In the twenty years preceding the outbreak of the war in 1914 about 14,000,000 immigrants came into the United States. I have seen as many as 30,000 in a single day packed in the ships lying in New York Harbor waiting for an opportunity to pass through the immigration station at Ellis Island. All of them were poor, all of them had been denied opportunity; all of them were fleeing oppression; most of them were ignorant and uneducated; and virtually none of them had the faintest conception of what was meant by a free government or by self-government.

These poor bewildered creatures, thrown unprepared into a new and strange environment, we undertook to receive in any quantity and assimilate to our standard of living, provided only they had not trachoma or some scalp disease, and were not anarchists or insane. If they could pass that elementary test they could become one of us, subject to the common perils of life in a democratic country.

We never paid much heed to them after they got here. Great numbers of them naturally huddled themselves into racial groups. Unless by sheer force of character they Americanized themselves we never sought to make homefolks out of them, but instead applied such terms to them as dago, wop, spigotty, heinie, guinea, greaser, bohunk, hunky. We swallowed them whole; we did not digest or assimilate them. When the test and strain of the war came to us in 1917 we had a lump in our chest, a sort of national indigestion. We had swallowed something that did not agree with us. We know what it is. The present problem is to break up that lump. It has been undertaken by the Federal Government, aided by state, municipal and private agencies.

A startling and almost incredible number of the drafted men were unable to read a newspaper or write a letter home. Eight and a half millions of people were found who could not read the newspapers or the laws of their country. Three millions were discovered who by actual test could not speak a word of English. Some of them had been in this country more than ten years. More than 15 per cent of the people in Passaic, New Jersey, cannot speak, read or write English. Nearly 15 per cent of the people of Lawrence and Fall River, Massachusetts, are illiterates. The number of persons already discovered in the United States who are illiterate or who cannot speak English is greater than the population of any state in the Union except one. In the little state of Delaware there are about 20,000 foreign-born persons. A little more than 8 per cent of the total population of the state are illiterate. Of another small state, Rhode Island, nearly 34 per cent of the population are foreign-born. Thirty per cent of the population of New York State are foreign-born, and 31 per cent in Massachusetts. The number of illiterates among them is high. They are the sort of people you read about in the newspapers as having red-flag processions. They might be living in Mars for all they know about this country. If they cannot read or write or speak English they must believe whatever they are told. They cannot verify it. They know nothing whatever about our form of government, about municipal ordinances, about state laws, about their rights. They fairly invite, because of their helplessness and ignorance, the most ruthless exploitation.

Of 227 aliens employed in one industry in Delaware 216 have not been naturalized and 116 have not even taken out their first papers. Most of them have been in the country at least ten years. Only 36 of them can speak or write English. Fifty-one of them cannot even read or write their own language. Another industry in the same state employs under one roof 1181 foreign-born workmen speaking these languages: Polish, Italian, Spanish, Finnish, French, Dutch, Danish, Belgian, Rumanian, Serbian, Czechoslovak, Assyrian, Turkish, Norwegian and Japanese. I have left out of account in this list eight Mexicans and three South Americans who speak Spanish. Of this incredible congress of nations only 256 have been naturalized; 213 of them cannot even read or write their own language; 513 do not speak English. This condition can be duplicated anywhere in any of the states having a large foreign-born population. Can we wonder that these people could not understand the war or our participation in it; or why they should have been drafted from a job that might have been paying them as high as seven or eight dollars a day, to go abroad and fight? They do not even know what is going on in their own town. They do not know the mayor's name or how he became mayor.

A Grateful Homesteader

THE type of citizen we want to make is a homesteader—such a man, for example, as one out in Oregon who, while we were at war, received a letter from a firm of lawyers in Washington offering to recover for him from the Government $150 which had been overpaid in making an entry on public land. The lawyers offered to take the job and split fifty-fifty with the homesteader. This is the letter they received in reply:

I have yours inclosing contract relative to the claim of my father for the return of $150 overpaid the Government upon the entry of public land.

As I view the condition of this Government at this time it is no time for such items to be taken up and harassing the departments. You and your partner ought to be trying to do something to help the Government and yourselves.

I have given personally months of my time, and I venture it is worth as much to me as yours and your partner's is to yourselves, paid all my expenses, donated $500 to the Red Cross, purchased several hundred dollars' worth of Liberty Bonds, and was one of a party that raised $13,000 for the Red Cross from a population of 3300.

The reason I have been able to do this small amount is directly attributed to the fact that my father got title to the very 160 acres of land that you now seek to have the Government pay us back $75, and put $75 in your pocket.

I have lived in a very small community, and there is an old saying that men do not get bigger than the community they live in. Washington is a large community and there are a number of the largest men we have in the United States reside there during their term of office, such as the President and the senators. You have the advantage of growing and becoming very large. But I feel bigger than the whole bunch of lawyers sticking around the various departments and trying to suck something out of the ill-advised citizenry of the isolated districts.

Trusting that you will take this in the spirit I write and that I will sometime in the future hear of your firm doing something worth while.

Secretary Lane has drafted the ideal terms of the answer of the foreign-born to our invitation to them to live with us and become one of ourselves. We must make of these people men and women who can say: "We came to America to help in the making of this new land—for our own good and for the good of our children. The gate was open; we gave nothing to enter. The paths that other feet had beaten we followed. The lands others had found and fought for were given us if we would make them into homes. In the old land, the motherland, we worked for a living; here we worked that we might really live. Hope filled our hearts. In the old land, the motherland, our boys could be no more than we had been. Their way was barred by The Man Above, the man born to land and position and preference. Always there was The Man Above, to whom he must doff his hat in token of deference and subjection. Strive as he might, sacrifice as he would, there was always that Man Above—the man on the hill—whose place he could not reach. For that man's sons there were schools and professions and places of honor. For our sons there was work, work without hope, the work of stalwart healthy oxen, work for a living, not for the full life of the boy's yearning and his capacity. The girl of his heart he could not marry, for she lived on the hill, and the hill to him was a world never to be scaled by his aspiring impulse. The way of perfect service was closed to him save as the servitor of The Man Above. A soldier he could be—aye, he must be—under a captain who knew him only as a shield or a spear, under a king he had no part in choosing, under a flag that gave him bounty, not opportunity."

The Land of Equal Chance

"AND we, the foreign-born, are here now to do our part, our full part, in the making of America. All the thousands of years of upward struggle, the climb from serfdom up, has led to the Land of Equal Chance. We fled from The Man Above. Here we have no master but ourselves. Our hats come off to genius, not to rank. The great house on the hill is the home of one who once was a section hand. His money gave wages till we had money to pay wages. There was hope in our hearts and that hope was blossomed into bright-eyed boys and girls; into homes where pianos play, into schools and colleges and law courts and legislatures where our boys work beside all other boys and win ahead; into honors which come with talent; leadership which comes with character; into fellowship which knows no circle besides a common taste; into a pride, a compelling pride, a spurring, life-giving pride that we are of that which we are for—this Land of Equal Chance. If justice fails in this land ours is the fault. If the torch of liberty fails or fails ours be the blame. If our flag fails all the eager and struggling ones in other lands will lose heart, all those who painted its starry field in hopeful blue and drew its stripes in courageous red will reproach us forevermore. We know that this freedom is at once our glory and our danger. For now there is no Man Above; we have no will to guide but our own.

"We have come to the time of test. But we will not falter, we will not weaken. The Old World shall not see us break and run when challenged. What has been gained and given to us we hold for ourselves and our sons."

Aside from all social, moral and political considerations the great industries in this country, under the stress of war and the stimulation of quantity production, found a pressing, practical, selfish, business reason for putting light into the closed and dark mind of the uneducated and non-English-speaking foreign-born workingman. In the Pennsylvania anthracite mines 43 per cent of the employees are English-speaking, and this number is charged with only 28.8 per cent of the fatalities, whereas the remaining 57 per cent—representatives of Continental Europe—sustained 71.2 per cent of the fatalities. Likewise in the Pennsylvania bituminous mines the English-speaking employees represent 35 per cent of the total and are charged with 27 per cent of the fatalities, whereas the remaining 65 per cent—representatives of Continental Europe—are charged with 73 per cent of the fatalities. As regards the figures for West Virginia, the English-speaking employees represent 67 per cent, and notwithstanding the fact that this includes 17 per cent of colored employees only 58 per cent of the fatalities are charged to the English-speaking employees, whereas the remaining 33 per cent sustained 47 per cent of the fatalities. Had the fatality and injury rate for the English-speaking Americans been maintained throughout the three groups there would have been a saving of 716 fatalities and 900 very serious injuries—a strong argument for Americanization and education of the miner.

(Concluded on Page 93)

Baked So the Juice
Forms a Luscious Sauce

SCORES of bakeries and restaurants are baking raisin pie such as you have never tasted before.

Try it. Get it from your grocery or bake shop. Or ask for it down town at lunch today.

It is baked so the juice forms a succulent sauce.

The tender, flaky crust blends deliciously with the fruit.

Every bite is a tid bit of rare delicacy that melts into luscious flavor in the mouth.

Try it once and you'll never forget it—you'll have this raisin pie two or three times a week.

Ask for it by name—California Raisin Pie, made with Sun-Maid Raisins.

SUN-MAID Raisins

The Food-Dessert

For a light business lunch nothing surpasses a glass of milk and a piece of this nutritious pie.

The pie is rich in fruit-sugar, one of the most digestible of body fuels. It supplies quick-acting energy.

There is nothing better for men who work—men who must be at top speed all day.

Don't forget this. Let your next dessert-order at lunch be "California Raisin Pie."

California Raisin Pie is made with Sun-Maid Raisins. That's the reason why it's good.

These raisins are sweet, juicy, tender California grapes which have been cured in the open vineyards by the sun.

They are packed under the most sanitary conditions in our "Sunshine Plant" in California, a great building with glass walls.

Because of their quality and because most women prefer them, they now outsell all other brands.

Three varieties: Sun-Maid Seeded (seeds removed); Sun-Maid Seedless (grown without seeds); Sun-Maid Clusters (on the stem). All first-class dealers sell them. Use them whenever you cook with raisins.

CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATED RAISIN CO.

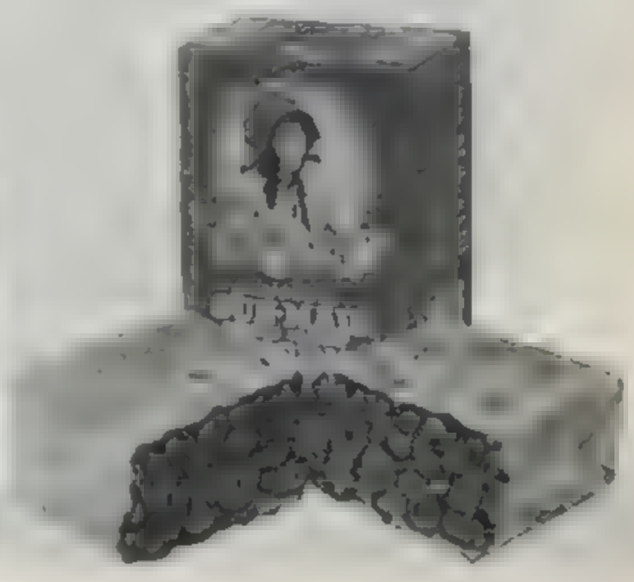
Membership 9,000 Growers — Fresno, California

Ask for Raisin Candy. Healthful and delicious. At all stores.

California Raisin Bread

Your grocery or bake shop will also furnish California Raisin Bread, made with Sun-Maid Raisins. This bread offers a delicious change from the usual plain bread.

The raisin flavor permeates the loaf. Children especially delight in this dainty bread.



FLOR

ENCE
Oil Cook Stoves

MORE HEAT LESS CARE

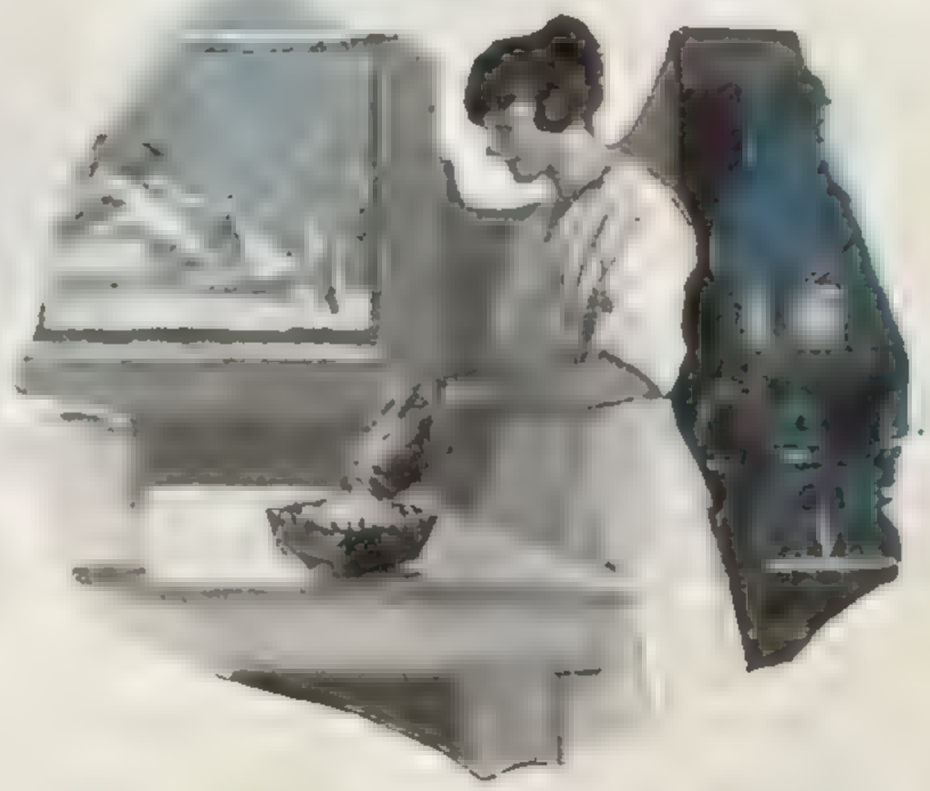
The woman who cans with a Florence Oil Stove has no stove troubles. Five minutes after she has touched a match to the asbestos kindler, she has the strong, even heat which is necessary for successful sterilization. Without effort on her part, this intense flame is steadily maintained all the long hours it is needed. She goes about the sterilizing, packing, or sealing of each relay of jars, knowing that her Florence Oil Stove is doing its share of the work just as earnestly and conscientiously as she is doing hers. Her kitchen is a cool workshop, for the heat from the powerful Florence burners is thrown directly under the boiler.

The Florence Oil Stove is as successful with the drying of fruits and vegetables as it is with canning. The automatic lever control of the heat enables the housewife to keep the required low temperature. The ribbed sides of the Florence Portable Oven permit the easy shifting of the drying-racks. The arch of the oven assures even distribution of the heat. The whole drying process may be watched through the glass-panelled door.

The Florence Oil Stove burns kerosene, which is the cheapest and cleanest fuel. The glass bull's-eye in the supply tank enables you to know instantly when the fuel supply is running short. There are no valves to leak; no wicks to trim. Complete directions accompany each stove, and any woman can easily fix any part of her stove and keep it always ready for instant use.

Your Florence dealer will gladly give you full information about the Florence Oil Stove. It will perform any cooking task with the minimum of labor and cost to you.

The Florence Tank Water Heater with its two powerful Florence wickless burners will supply you with ample hot water for kitchen and bathroom.



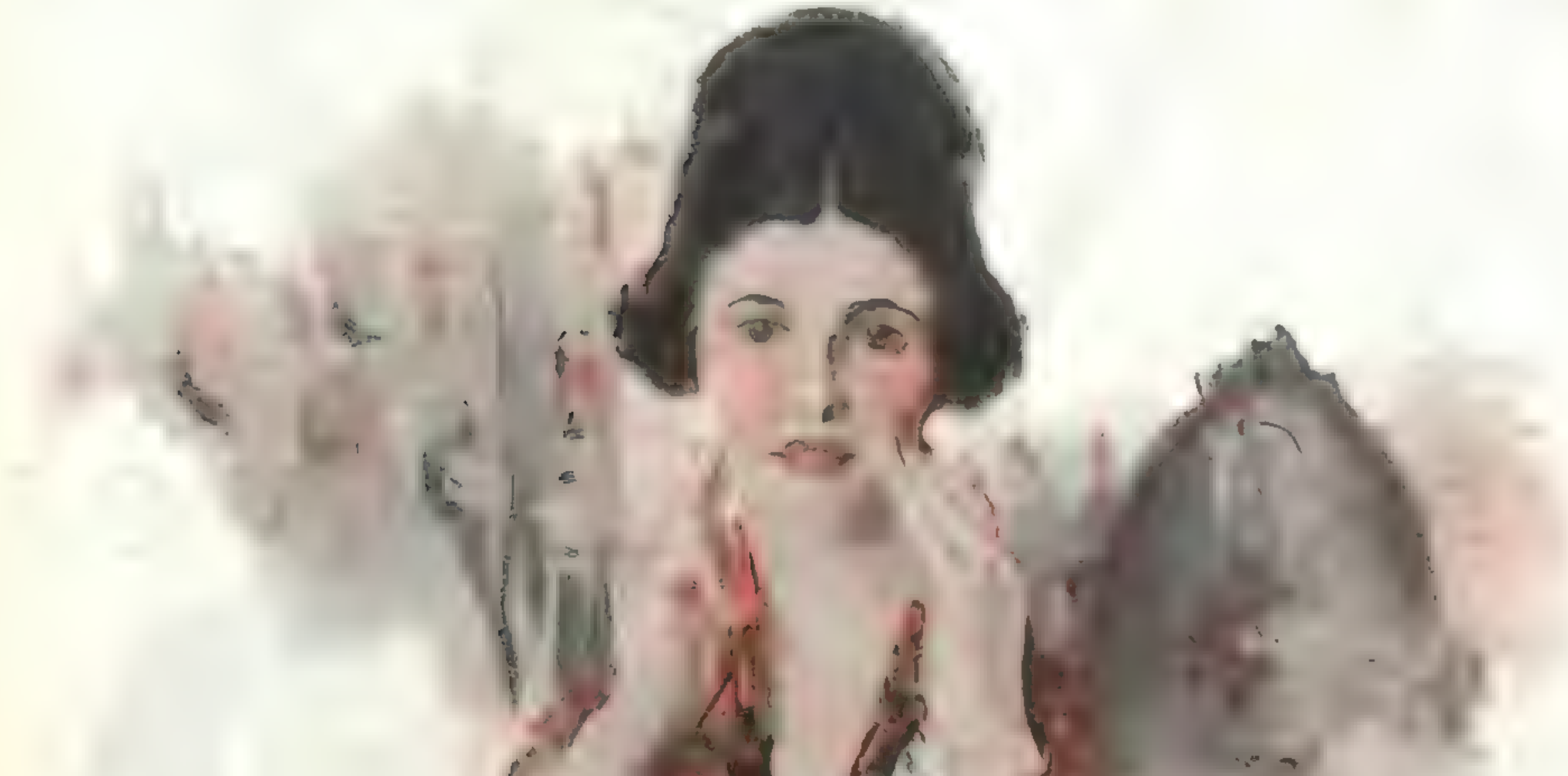
Send for the Home Canning and Drying edition of the "Household Helper," which tells you how to can by the cold-packed method and how to dry fruits and vegetables, using a Florence Oil Stove equipment. It is gladly mailed free upon request.

CENTRAL OIL & GAS STOVE COMPANY

328 School Street **Gardner, Massachusetts**

Manufacturers of Florence Oil Cook Stoves, Florence Tank Water Heaters, Florence Portable Baking Ovens, and Florence Oil Heaters

Made and sold in Canada by McClary's, London, Canada



Your skin is changing every day

This is your chance to make it what you will

A SKIN clear, radiant! If you would have a good complexion, you must take care continually of the new skin that is forming every day.

Every day, as old skin dies, new forms to take its place. By the proper care and treatment, you can make this new skin *what you will!*

Skin specialists say that the best way to keep the skin in a healthy, active condition, is by proper cleansing and stimulating treatments with a soap carefully prepared to suit the nature of the skin.

To make your skin soft and lovely, use the following treatment daily:

Lather your washcloth well with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap. Apply it to your face and distribute the lather thoroughly. Now with the tips of your fingers work up this cleansing, antiseptic lather into your skin, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse first with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. Finish by rubbing your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice. Always be careful to dry the skin thoroughly.

Get a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and begin today the treatment your skin needs.

A 25 cent cake is sufficient for a month or six weeks of any Woodbury facial treatment and for general cleansing use for that time. Woodbury's is on sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada.

Sample cake of soap, booklet of famous treatments, samples of Woodbury's Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream, sent to you for 15 cents.

For 6c we will send you a trial size cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury Facial treatment) together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 15c we will send you the booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream.

Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 607 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 607 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

For the commoner skin troubles

You will find complete treatments, as well as scientific advice on the skin and scalp, in the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch." This booklet is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Conspicuous Nose Pores
Blackheads
Skin Blemishes
Oily Skin and Shiny Nose
Coarsened Skin
Sluggish Skin
Pale, Sallow Skin, etc.

A soft, clear, radiant skin! Begin today to use the particular Woodbury treatment your skin needs

(Concluded from Page 88)

From a man employed by a great industry to make a study of its foreign-born employees and to devise a system for their complete Americanization I have gathered these conclusions: "In preparing the alien for citizenship we cannot lose sight of the fact that the taking out of his papers is by far the least important step. He should learn something definite concerning American ideals. He should understand that he can improve the conditions under which he is living. There should be a change in his attitude toward his work. He will grow to understand that the relation between capital and labor is one of reciprocal advantage and that each should be of economic advantage to the other. It is not enough to teach men to read and speak English, nor is it sufficient that they are able to answer the formal mechanical questions that are put to them in the naturalization court. They must eventually, if they are to become real Americans, take an intelligent part in the development of their own homes and of the community.

"The safety department of an industry should also become a factor in Americanization. To be careless is to be a poor citizen. To be made to feel that an industry has no interest in its employees beyond their work and wages tends to develop a spirit of *laissez faire* which is thoroughly un-American.

"Men and women who have worked among aliens have found that after all they are little different from our own people, except that they do not understand our language and ideals. We are too apt to assume that they differ in mental caliber as well. In every large community there are a certain number of foreign-born men and women who have sufficient initiative to avail themselves of whatever educational opportunities may be offered. They are eager to get on. They are eager to become Americans. But there is also a large group of these who will allow themselves to be educated and helped only as they are forced through economic or other necessity. It is these people which only the industry that employs them can reach.

"We establish certain requirements for an individual before he becomes a naturalized citizen, and without feeling that in any way we are menacing democracy. Indeed democracy depends upon the establishment of certain qualities of citizenship. But every individual living within a democracy has some effect upon its status and its standards. Consequently we have found that we must establish qualifications not only for those who become naturalized and vote but for those others who by their very existence among us help to color our social organization. This of course means that we must develop ideals of life quite different from those of the countries from which the majority of our foreign-born come. The first of course is to learn English, but that is only the beginning. If the principles of democracy upon which we base our Government are well founded there is only one way to make an American citizen, and that is to put the individual in an environment which will make him appreciate the responsibilities and advantages of a free popular self-government.

"With the great and quick growth of our industrial system we have found in our industry, as in others, a marked tendency toward the development of a thoroughly impersonal relation between the employer and the employee. But the time for this limited relationship has come to an end. Even the dullest among us have discovered that men can never be made to function as machines and that men are more valuable than machines even from a purely mechanical standpoint. Everywhere the industries are beginning to discover and estimate the cost of labor turnover and to look about for means of reducing it. We have found that one of the great factors in reducing the labor turnover is the establishment of a personal relationship between an employer and his industry.

"The most hard-headed men have come to see that the way to attract workmen is to attach them to the industry. For them to feel this attachment they must have fit, decent places for themselves and their families to live in. Their homes must be made physically attractive. In almost every industrial community we find the complaint that unscrupulous land speculators are renting insanitary houses to families that overcrowd the rooms with children and boarders. When considering actual floor area it is found in a startling number of instances that the foreign-born workingman is paying a high rate of rent and that his only way of meeting it is by overcrowding his house with boarders. It has become axiomatic with us who have studied the problem that a healthy condition of the body is closely related to a healthy state of mind. We now find that as employers of labor not only must we provide houses that can be maintained in a sanitary condition but we must provide also some means by which ignorant housewives may learn to maintain their houses in a cleanly way, and, if need be, we must insist on certain standards of living. Quite aside from the social aims of these housing schemes industries now appreciate their value from the standpoint of stabilizing their labor."

Esther Everett Lape has recently made a preliminary survey for an Americanization state policy in Delaware and has come to these conclusions:

"For years in America the great question in adult immigrant education has been the problem of who is to pay for it. In many industrial communities where the prosperity is built up on foreign-born labor the taxpayer has greatly resented any assumption that his taxes should cover the education of the foreign-born in his community. This is undoubtedly the reason why the education of the adult immigrant is even yet not uniformly regarded as an entirely legitimate function of the system of public education. The taxpayer argues that so long as the educational facilities for children are not ideal in the community it is unwarranted to spend money for night schools for adults from some other country.

"Here and there states and communities are beginning to look upon the matter in a new light. Local boards of education have within the past few years in a number of instances increased their appropriations for Americanization classes. Detroit is now spending $100,000 a year for them. A few years ago it was spending only $35,000. New York, though it gives very little state aid to industrial communities in the matter of adult immigrant education, last spring, by an act of the legislature, appropriated $20,000 to train teachers capable of teaching adult immigrants well. Arizona last spring passed a bill appropriating $25,000 as state aid to communities for the purpose of teaching the non-English-speaking residents of the state.

"The ideal form of educational legislation is contained in the bill introduced in Congress last October. It provides for annual appropriations amounting to $100,000,000, provided sums in equal amounts be appropriated by the states, for the purpose of aiding the states to carry on more successfully certain types of education which most vitally affect our national welfare. The provisions include $7,500,000 annually for the removal of illiteracy, the same amount for the Americanization of foreigners, and $50,000,000 for the equalization of educational opportunities within the several states, particularly in rural and village schools.

"Delaware had 9870 illiterates ten years of age and over in 1910. The Federal allotment, under this bill, for these illiterates would amount to $19,680.78, which the state would have to equal.

"The war made it clear to a surprised nation that as a war measure it was necessary to develop our entire population into an English-speaking people. It is none the less necessary, as a police measure, even in times of peace. Considering industrial accidents alone, for instance, the state would be justified in requiring, under its police power, that every person learn English, in order to put an end to a situation so fraught with possibilities of injury, death and consequent dependency among the workers of the state. The Commonwealth Steel Company, for instance, states that 80 per cent of the accidents in its plants happened to men who could not speak English, though such men constituted only 34 per cent of the employees.

"It may be questioned whether or not the years to come can be called a time of peace. The armistice has been signed, the rifles and guns have ceased to roar; but the ideas underneath the German plan for control of the world's trade, and the ideas they sowed to bring about the Russian Revolution and the chaos that followed it—these forces have not signed an armistice and are not asking for peace. They are mobilizing their forces in this country, as well as in other countries, to-day. The war to make the American conception of liberty, equality and democracy prevail remains to be won; the first campaign in that war must be to make everyone in this country understand it and believe in it; and this cannot be done until they can understand us when we speak to them, and know what it is that we are trying to say."

A fifth reader, a good arithmetic, a spelling book—a grammar-school education is the surest antidote to an unintelligent radicalism that has ever been devised. We can only move forward as fast as the slowest among us, and we can't carry millions on our backs who don't know where we are going or why. The restlessness that we are told exists—the divided mind that we have shown in time of stress and crisis—traces back directly to these bewildered foreigners who have come among us but not become of us and who will always be a menace until their minds are opened to the light of understanding.

Both are Goodyear; both built up layer-upon-layer

Copyright 1919 by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

GOODYEAR

AKRON

Built-Up *Layer-Upon-Layer*

JUST how important is the *layer-upon-layer* construction which Goodyear employs in the manufacture of tubes?

Does it make them stronger—longer-lived—better containers of air?

Well, for nine years we have been building balloons and dirigibles, in the construction of which our first and most complex problem was that of inflation. For gas is volatile, much more elusive than air, harder to capture and hold.

It was finally demonstrated, however, that rubberized fabrics, built up *layer-upon-layer*, formed the most practical container for this gas.

Once this fact was established, it seemed quite logical that the same principle should prove even more successful when applied to tubes. For a tube's sole function is to hold air.

We thus evolved the Goodyear Heavy Tourist Tube, making it of pure gum strips, building them up, *layer-upon-layer*, then curing them together, after which the valve-patch was vulcanized in.

The soundness of this method was immediately established.

The thin layers of rubber cured one upon the other, enabled the elimination of all defects, such as sand holes and porousness. This construction also gave the body of the tube a criss-cross grain which prevented splitting if punctured. Finally, by vulcanizing the valve-patch securely into the tube we prevented all leaks at this source.

There is an observable tendency among motorists everywhere to use Goodyear Heavy Tourist Tubes exclusively.

They have learned that the slightly added cost of these thick, grey tubes is more than justified by their longer life and by the protection which they undeniably give to casings.

More Goodyear Tubes are used than any other kind.

A section of a Goodyear Heavy Tourist Tube with plies separated to show layer-upon-layer construction.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

HEAVY TOURIST TUBES

How Famous Movie Stars Keep their Hair Beautiful

PROPER Shampooing is what makes beautiful hair. It brings out all the real life, lustre, natural wave and color, and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

Your hair simply needs frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, but it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it. This is why leading motion picture stars, theatrical people and discriminating women use

WATKINS
MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL
FOR
SHAMPOOING

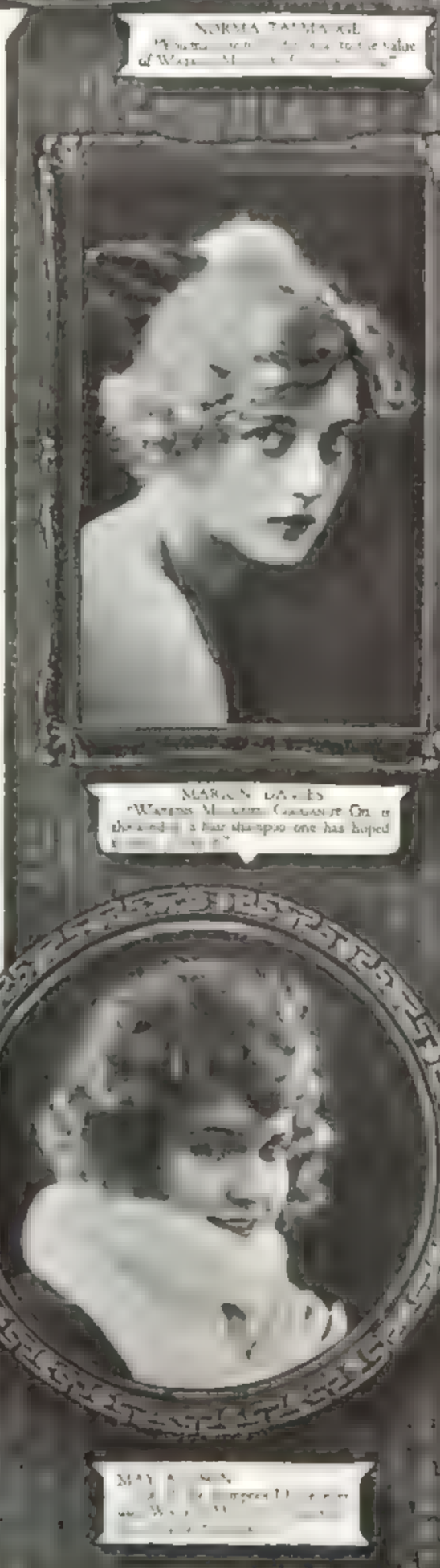
This clear, pure, and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and has the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is. It leaves the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.

You can get WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for Children

THE R. L. WATKINS CO., Cleveland, Ohio



LILLIAN WALKER
"It keeps my hair looking its best, ... very easy to use."

GET THE GENUINE
LOOK FOR THIS SIGNATURE
R. L. Watkins
ON EVERY ORIGINAL BOTTLE

FREE AIR

(Continued from Page 24)

knowledge and justice. It was they who showed the young men how to have their hair cut—and to wash behind the ears and shave daily; they who encouraged villagers to rise from scandal and gossip to a perception of the great world, of politics and sports, and some measure of art and science.

Claire, and indeed her father and Mr. Jeff Saxton as well, had vaguely concluded that because traveling men were always to be seen in soggy hotels and badly connecting trains and the headachy waiting rooms of stations, they must like these places. Milt knew that the travelers were martyrs; that for months of a trip, all the while thinking of the children back home, they suffered from landlords and train schedules; that they were Claire's best allies in fighting the Great American Frying Pan; that they knew good things and fought against the laziness and impositions of people who "kept hotel" because they had failed as farmers; and that when they did find a landlord who was cordial and efficient they went forth mightily advertising that glorious man.

He had not met enough traveling men at Schoenstrom. They scooped up what little business there was, and escaped from the Leipzig House to spend the night at St. Cloud or Sauk Center. It was to the traveling men, not to supercilious tourists in limousines, that Milt turned for suggestions as to how to perform the miracle of changing from an ambitious boy into what Claire would recognize as a charming man.

In the larger towns in Minnesota and Dakota, after evening movies, before slipping out to his roadside camp Milt inserted himself into a circle of traveling men in large leather chairs and ventured, "Saw a Gomez-Dep with a New York license down the line to-day."

"Oh. You driving through?"

"Yes. Going to Seattle."

That distinguished Milt from the ordinary young-men loafers, and he was admitted as one of the assembly of men who traveled and saw things and wondered about the ways of men. It was good talk he heard; too much of hotels, and too many tight banal little phrases suggesting the solution of all economic complexities by hanging "agitators," but with this an exciting accumulation of impressions of Vancouver and San Diego, Florida and K. C.

"That's a wonderful work farm they have at Duluth," said one. And the next: "Speaking of that, I was in Chicago last week and I saw a play ——"

Milt had, in his two years of high school in St. Cloud and in his boyhood under the genial but abstracted eye of the old doctor, learned that it was not well thought of to use the knife as a hod and to plaster mashed potatoes upon it, as was the custom in Mac's Old Home Lunch at Schoenstrom. But the arts of courteously approaching oysters, salad and peas were rather unfamiliar to him. Now he studied forks as he had once studied carburetors, and he gave spiritual devotion to the nice eating of a canned-shrimp cocktail a lost legion of shrimps, now two thousand miles and two years away from their ocean home.

He peeped with equal earnestness at the socks and the shirts of the traveling men. Socks had been to him not an article of faith, but a detail of economy. His attitude to socks had lacked in reverence and technic. He had not perceived that socks may be as sound a symbol of culture as the cello or even demountable rims. He had been able to think with respect of ties and damp linen collars secured by gold safety pins, and to the belted fawn overcoat that the St. Klopstock banker's son had brought back from St. Paul he had given jealous attention. But now he graduated into differential socks.

By his camp fire, sighing to the rather somnolent Vere de Vere, he scornfully yanked his extra pairs of thick, white-streaked, yellow cotton socks from the wicker suitcase and uttered anathema:

"Begone, ye unworthy and punk-looking raiment! I know ye! Ye werst a bargain at two pairs for two bits. But even as Adolph Zolzac and an agent for flivver accessories are ye become in my eyes, ye generation of wipers, ye clumsy, bag-footed, wrinkle-sided gunny sacking, ye!"

Next day in the woods a happy hobo found that the manna-bringing ravens had left him four pairs of socks.

Five quite expensive pairs of silk-and-lisle socks Milt purchased all that the general merchant at Jeppe had in stock. What they lacked in suitability to touring and to private laundering at creeks they possessed as symbols. Milt felt less shut out from the life of leisure. Now, in Seattle, say, he could go into a good hotel with less fear of the clerks.

He added attractive outing shirts; ties neither too blackly dull nor too flashily crimson; and a vicious nail brush that simply tore at the motor grease that had grown into the lines in his hands. Also he added a book.

The book was a rhetoric. Milt knew perfectly that there was an impertinence called grammar, but it had never annoyed him much. He knew that many persons preferred "They were" to "They was," and were nervous in the presence of "ain't." One teacher in St. Cloud had buzzed frightfully about these minutiæ. But Milt discovered that grammar was only the beginning of woes. He learned that there were such mental mortgages as figures of speech and the choice of synonyms. He had always known, but he had never passionately felt, that the invariable use of "hell," "dog-gone," and "You bet!" left certain subtleties unexpressed. Now he was expressing them.

As joyously adventurous as going on day after day was his experimentation in voicing his new observations. He gave far more eagerness to it than Claire Boltwood had. Gustily intoning to Vere de Vere, who was the perfect audience—inasmuch as she never had anything to say but "Mrwr," and didn't mind being interrupted in that—he clamored: "The prairies are the sea. In the distance they are kind of silvery—no, they are dim silver; and trembling on the sky line are the Islands of the—of the —— Now what the devil was them—were those islands in the mythology book in high school? Of the—Blessed? Great snakes' boots, you're an ignorant cat, Vere! Hesperyds? No! Hesperides! Yea, bo! Now that man in the hotel: 'May I trouble you for the train guide? Thanks so much!' But how much is 'so much'?"

As Claire's days were set free by her consciousness of sun and brown earth, so Milt's Odyssey was only the more valorous in his endeavor to criticize life. He saw that Mac's lunch room had not been an altogether satisfactory home; that Mac's habit of saying to dissatisfied customers, "If you don't like it get out," had lacked something of courtesy. Staring at towns along the way Milt saw that houses were not merely large and comfortable or small and stingy; but that there was an interesting thing he remembered hearing his teachers call "good taste."

He was not the preoccupied Milt of the garage, but a gay-eyed gallant the evening when he gave a lift to the school-teacher and drove her from the district school among the wild roses and the corn to her home in the next town. She was a neat, tripping, trim-sided school-teacher of nineteen or twenty.

"You're going out to Seattle? My! That's a wonderful trip! Don't you get tired?" she adored.

"Oh, no. And I'm seeing things. I used to think everything worth while was right near my own town."

"You're so wise to go places. Most of the boys I know don't think there is any world beyond Jimtown and Fargo."

She glowed at him. Milt was saying to himself: "Am I a fool? I probably could make this girl fall in love with me. And she's better than I am; so darn neat and clean and gentle. We'd be happy. She's a nice comfy fire, and here I go like a boob chasing after a lone, cold star like Miss Boltwood; and probably I'll fall into all the slews from hell to breakfast on the way. But—I'd get sleepy by a comfy fire."

"Are you thinking hard? You're frowning so," ventured the school-teacher.

"Didn't mean to. 'Scuse!" he laughed. One hand off the steering wheel he took her hand—a fresh, cool, virginal hand, snuggling into his, suddenly stirring him. He wanted to hold it tighter. The lamenting historian of love's pilgrimage must set down the fact that the pilgrim for at least a second forgot the divine tread of the goddess Claire, and made rapid calculation that he could in a pinch drive from Schoenstrom to the teacher's town in two days and a night; that therefore courtship and this sweet white hand resting in his were not impossible. Milt himself did not know what it was that made him lay down the hand and say, so softly that he was but half audible through the rattle of the engine:

"Isn't this a slick—mean to say, glorious evening? Sky rose and then that funny lavender. And that new little moon makes me think of—the girl I'm in love with."

"You're engaged?" wistfully.

"Not exactly, but —— Say, did you study rhetoric in normal school? I have a rhetoric that's got all kinds of poetic extracts, you know, and quotations and everything, from the big writers—Stevenson and all. Always been so practical making a garage pay, never thought much about how I said things as long as I could say 'No!' and say it quick. 'Cept maybe when I was talking to the prof there. But it's great sport to see how musical you can make things sound—words. Like Shenandoah. Gol-lee! Isn't that a wonderful word! Makes you see old white mansion, and mocking-birds. Wonder if a fellow could be a big engineer—you know, build bridges and so on—and still talk about—oh, beautiful things? What d'you think, girlie?"

"Oh, I'm sure you could!"

Her admiration and the proximity of her fragrant slightness were pleasant in the dusk, but he did not press her hand again, even when she whispered, "Good night, and thank you—oh, thank you."

If Milt had been driving at the rate at which he usually made his skipjack carom over the roads about Schoenstrom he would by now have been through Dakota into Montana. But he was deliberately holding down the speed. When he had been tempted by a smooth stretch to go too breathlessly he halted, teased Vere de Vere, climbed out, and sitting on a hilltop, his hands about his knees, drenched his soul with the vision of amber distances.

He tried so to time his progress that he might always be from three to five miles behind Claire—distant enough to be unnoticed, near enough to help in case of need. For behind poetic expression and the use of forks was the fact that his purpose in life was to know Claire.

When he was caught, when Claire informed him that he "mustn't worry about her," when slowly he understood that she wasn't being neighborly and interested in his making time, he wanted to escape, never to see her again.

For thirty miles his cheeks were fiery. He, most considerate of road men, crowded a woman in a flivver, passed a laboring car on an upgrade with such a burst that the uneasy driver bumped off into a ditch. He hadn't really seen them. Only mechanically had he got past them.

He was muttering: "She thought I was trying to butt in! Stung again! Like a small boy in love with teacher. And I thought I was so wise! Cussed out Mac—blamed Mac—no, damn all the fine words!—cussed out Mac for being the village rumhound. Boozing is twice as sensible as me. See a girl, nice dress—start for Seattle! Two thousand miles away! Of course she bawled me out. She was dead right. Boob! Yahoo! Goat!"

He caught up Vere de Vere, rubbed her fur against his cheek while he mourned: "Oh, puss, you got to be nice to me. I thought I'd do big things. And then the alarm clock went off. I'm back in Schoenstrom. For keeps, I guess. I didn't know I had feelings that could get hurt like this. Thought I had a rhinoceros hide. But—oh, it isn't just feeling ashamed over being a fool. It's that—won't ever see her again. Not once. Way I saw her through the window at that hotel in that blue silky dress—that funny long line of buttons, and her throat. Never have dinner—lunch—with her by the road ——"

In the reaction of anger he demanded of Vere de Vere: "What the deuce do I care? If she's chump enough to chase away a crack garage man that's gone batty and wants to work for nothing let her go on and hit some crook garage and get stuck for an entire overhauling. Had nice trip; that's all I wanted. Never did intend to go clear to Seattle anyway. Go on to Butte, then back home. No more fussing about fool table manners and books, and I certainly will cut out tagging behind her! No sir! Nev-er again!"

It was somewhat inconsistent to add: "There's a bully place! Sneak in and let her get past me again. Bet she won't catch me following next time!"

While he tried to keep up his virtuous anger he was steering into an abandoned farmyard, parking the car behind cottonwoods and neglected tall currant bushes that would conceal it from the road.

The windows of the deserted house stared at him; a splintered screen door banged in every breeze. Lichens leered from the cracks of the porch. The yard was filled with a litter of cottonwood twigs and over the flower garden hulked ragged weeds. In the rank grass about the slimy green lip of the well crickets piped derisively. The barn door was open. Stray kernels of wheat had sprouted between the spokes of a rusty binder wheel. A rat slipped across the edge of the shattered manger. As dusk came on gray things seemed to slither past the upper windows of the house, and somewhere under the roof there was a moaning. Milt was sure that it was the wind in a knothole. He told himself that he was absolutely sure about it. And every time it came he stroked Vere de Vere carefully, and once when the moaning ended in a slamming of the screen door he said "Jiminy!"

This boy of the unghostly cylinders and tangible magnetos had never seen a haunted house. To toil of the harvest field and machine shop and to trudging the sun-beaten road he was accustomed, but he had never crouched watching the slinking spirits of old hopes and broken aspirations: feeble phantoms of the first eager bridegroom who had come to this place, and the mortgage-crushed, rust-wheat-ruined man who had left it. He wanted to leap into the bug and go on. Yet this haunt of murmurous memories dignified his unhappiness. In the damp tree-dimmed dooryard among dry blazing plains it seemed indecent to go on growling "Gee!" and "Can you beat it?" It was a young poet, a poet rimeless and inarticulate, who huddled behind the shield of untrimmed currant bushes and thought of the girl he would never see again.

He was hungry, but he did not eat. He was cramped, but he did not move. He picked up the books she had given him. He was quickened by the powdery beauty of Youth's Encounter; by the vision of laughter and dancing steps beneath a streaky gas glow in the London fog; of youth not roughhousing and wanting to be a sport, yet in frail beauty and faded crimson banners finding such exaltation as Schoenstrom had never known. But every page suggested Claire, and he tucked the book away.

In Vachel Lindsay's Congo, in a poem called The Santa Fé Trail, he found his own modern pilgrimage from another point of view. Here was the poet, disturbed by the honking hustle of passing cars. But Milt belonged to the honking and the hustle, and it was not the soul of the grass that he read into the poem, but his own sun-flickering flight:

Swiftly the brazen car comes on.
It burns in the east as the sunrise burns.
I see great flashes where the far trail turns.
Butting through the delicate mists of the morning,
It comes like lightning, goes past roaring;
It will hail all the windmills, taunting, ringing,
On through the ranges the prairie dog tills—
Scooting past the cattle on the thousand hills.
Ho for the fear-horn, scare-horn, dare-horn,
Ho for the gay-horn, bark-horn, bay-horn.

Milt did not reflect that if the poet had watched the Teal bug go by he would not have recorded a scare-horn, a dare-horn or anything mightier than a yip-horn. Milt saw himself a cross-continent racer, the envious poet, left behind as a dot on the hill, celebrating his passing.

"Lord!" he cried. "I didn't know there were books like these! Thought poetry was all like Longfellow and Byron. Old boys. Europe. And bellyachin' about hard luck. But these books they're me." Very carefully: "No, they're I! And she gave 'em to me! I will see her again! But she won't know it. Now be sensible, son! What do you expect? Oh—nothing. I'll just go on and sneak in one more glimpse of her to take back with me where I belong."

(Continued on Page 100)

California RESISTS FIRE

—a lumber which reduces the fire hazard in all types of construction

Laboratory fire-test according to Underwriters' Laboratories specifications. Redwood showed 4 to 12 times the fire-resistance of other well known lumbers.

Fire-proof door with core of Redwood. Approved by the Fire Underwriters' Laboratories.

Redwood Lattice Truss —96-foot span. L. A. De Geure, Architect and Engineer, Grand Rapids, Michigan

One of the large machine shops of The Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corp., Ltd., paved with 3-inch and 6-inch Redwood blocks.

California Redwood Lumber resists fire!

Both in the testing laboratory and through years of the most strenuous practical building experience, this remarkable characteristic of Redwood has been established.

Ask the woodsman in the Redwood district! He will tell you that in order to clear the slash and underbrush for a better handling of the big logs, he actually *sets it on fire.* The slash burns but the Redwood logs are unharmed except for a slight charring of the outside sapwood. Needless to say, no other building lumber is logged in this manner.

San Francisco learned of the fire-resistance of Redwood through an experience not soon to be forgotten. The great fire of 1906 was checked in dozens of places where the flames faced a row of slow-burning Redwood structures. The mayor's proclamation read: " . . . owners will be allowed to proceed and erect upon their premises one-story buildings constructed of galvanized iron *or Redwood* without a permit."

The reason for this fire-resisting quality is a *natural* one —*California Redwood is free from pitch or resin,* and therefore hard to ignite, slow-burning, liable to char rather than flame, and easily and quickly extinguished.

This is one of the several exclusive characteristics of Redwood which make the lumber pre-eminent for so many types of industrial and engineering construction. For instance—

Fire doors and insulation—Of the four woods specified by the Underwriters' Laboratories as a fire-door lumber, California Redwood ranks first. Its fire-resistance and freedom from danger of dry rot are the most important of the six reasons given for this preferment.

Redwood is a poor conductor of heat, which, with its freedom from rot, makes it peculiarly suitable for ice houses, insulation pipes and boxes, cooling towers, veneer cores and other similar types of construction.

Roofs and lattice trusses—As a roofing material, Redwood reduces the fire hazard; is light, but strong; durable, and unaffected by extremes of temperature or moisture. For lattice trusses it has been proven exceptionally suitable under the most exacting conditions; also for fire baffles, for elevator shafts, for shingles and sidings, for electrical specialty work, and for hundreds of other similar uses too numerous to mention.

Redwood blocks for floors and pavements—Redwood blocks for floors and pavements need no preservative against decay. No plant nor skilled labor is required for construction. Dipped in an open kettle of hot asphaltum and laid wood fibre on end, the construction is water, acid, worm, germ and fire proof, wonderfully resilient, produces no dirt or dust, is always of an even temperature, and resists trucking and rough usage to a maximum. Low in cost, Redwood blocks make the floor *par excellence* for machine shops, round houses, factories and all industrial plant and street paving purposes—as proven by twenty-five years' test.

Ample stocks of California Redwood carried by wholesalers at Minnesota Transfer, Minnesota, Chicago, Illinois, and Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Your lumber dealer should handle Redwood. If he does not, send us his name and mention your requirements. We will see that you are supplied.

CALIFORNIA REDWOOD ASSOCIATION
729 EXPOSITION BUILDING, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

MEMBERS OF CALIFORNIA REDWOOD ASSOCIATION

•Albion Lumber Company
•Bayside Lumber Company
•Dolbeer Carson Lumber Company
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•Holmes Eureka Lumber Company
†Irvine & Muir Lumber Company
•Little River Redwood Company
†Mendocino Lumber Company
•Northwestern Redwood Co
‡Pacific Lumber Company
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†C. A. Goodyear Lumber Company, McCormick Building, Chicago
‡The Pacific Lumber Company, Lumber Exchange Bldg., Chicago, Fifth Ave. Park Ave., New York City
•Redwood Sales Company, Exposition Building, San Francisco, California
A. C. Dutton Lumber Corporation, Springfield, Massachusetts

Redwood AND ROT

—a lumber especially designed by nature for exacting industrial uses

California Redwood Lumber resists rot—another important characteristic of this remarkable building material.

The same *natural* preservative which has enabled the age-old Redwood (Sequoia Sempervirens) to withstand the storms and floods of untold centuries permeates every fiber and gives its lumber long life—keeps it free from decay-producing fungi and makes it repellent to destructive insects.

Endurance is literally "aged into" California Redwood. Truly the venerable Sequoia Sempervirens was "produced too slowly ever to decay."

"Redwood timber possesses lasting qualities scarcely equaled by any other wood," says Bulletin No. 38 of the Bureau of Forestry, U.S. Department of Agriculture. "Although very light and porous, *it has antiseptic properties which prevent the growth of decay-producing fungi.* This is an exceedingly valuable property which should extend the use of the wood for all kinds of construction purposes."

OTHER CHARACTERISTICS: In addition to its fire-and-rot resistance, California Redwood is beautiful—distinctively grained and with a rich, *natural* old-rose coloring; it is light, but strong—easily worked, but with a high breaking strength; it holds nails well, and, properly seasoned, Redwood will not shrink, check or warp—due to the absence of pitch and the uniform cellular construction of the wood.

Among its many important uses are the following:

Tanks, vats and pipes—Redwood not only resists decay in contact with the ground, but it resists the action of acids too—qualities which peculiarly adapt it for tanks, vats and stave pipe. Redwood remains permanent in shape, even when soaked by water on one side and scorched by the sun on the other. And it costs less than other tank and vat material of equal efficiency. Two inches of Redwood are equivalent in insulating power to approximately 30 inches of steel or concrete—another important characteristic in its favor.

Railroad ties and tunnel timbers—Railroad and mining companies the world over have proven the efficiency of Redwood. For car roofs and siding, ties, bridge and tunnel timbers, posts, buildings (interior and exterior)—these are some of its leading uses. Redwood is impervious to insects—even the dreaded white ant of the tropics avoids it. For bridges and culverts, Redwood is especially recommended.

Mudsills and underground timbers—In contact with moist earth or under severe weather exposure, Redwood's remarkable rot-resistance especially proves its worth. On the farm, Redwood has passed the most strenuous tests as a silo and grain-bin material. In irrigated sections it is preferred for flumes and head-gates, and it has been used very successfully in place of tile for draining. Fence-posts, gutters, curbing, etc., of California Redwood remain sound for generations. For pergolas, hedge boxes, greenhouses and conservatories too—long life and resistance to deformation being the chief points to consider.

Consider Redwood for work you contemplate. Learn more about its characteristics and uses. Check the free booklets in which you are interested, on the coupon below, and mail to us.

LUMBER DEALERS: Redwood offers a distinctly new lumber opportunity for you. Write us for details, or get in touch with the Eastern representatives of our members listed on the opposite page.

CALIFORNIA REDWOOD ASSOCIATION, 729 Exposition Bldg., San Francisco, California.
I am interested in California Redwood Lumber, especially for the following uses.

Also send your free booklets as checked below:

- ☐ Redwood for the Engineer
- ☐ Redwood Block Paving
- ☐ Specialty Uses of Redwood
- ☐ California Redwood Homes
- ☐ Redwood Roofs
- ☐ Redwood Lattice Trusses
- ☐ How to Finish Redwood
- ☐ Redwood on the Farm
- ☐ The Test by Fire
- ☐ The Decay of Timber
- ☐ Redwood Lasts Forever
- ☐ Mechanical Properties of Redwood

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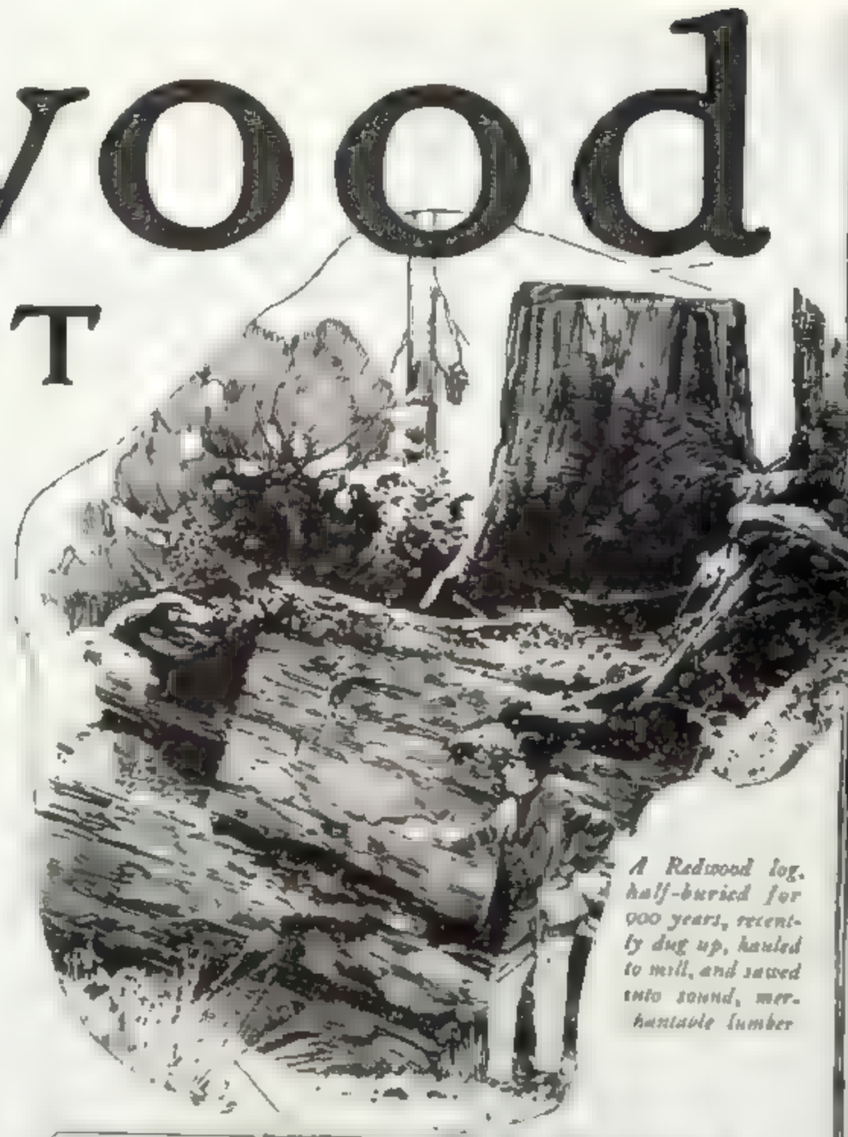
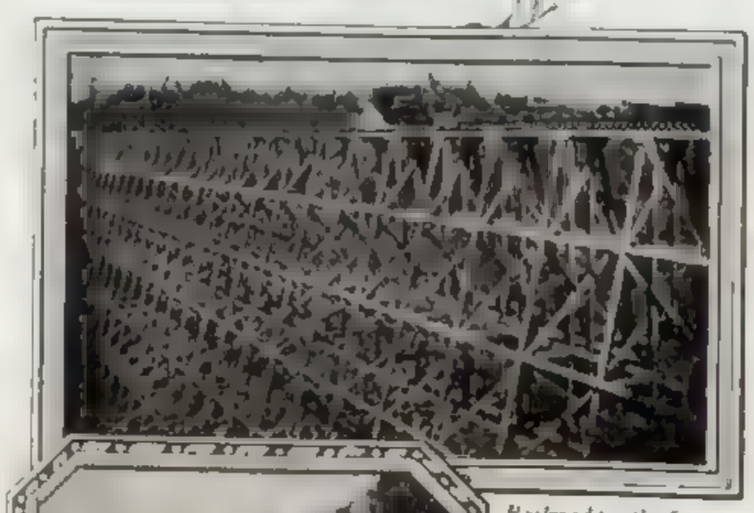


A Redwood log, half-buried for 900 years, recently dug up, hauled to mill, and sawed into sound, merchantable lumber

Battery [illegible] Copper Leaching Tanks built of Redwood, Anaconda Copper Mining Co., Anaconda, Mont.



Railroad trestle, 640 feet long and 144 feet high, built entirely of Redwood.

Irrigation boxes of Redwood, resisting rot in contact with earth and water. U. S. Reclamation Service used over 1,500,000 board feet of Redwood in 1918.

(Continued from Page 97)

Half an hour after Claire had innocently passed his ambush he followed her. But for days he was not careless. If he saw her on the horizon he paused till she was out of sight. That he might not fail her in need he bought a ridiculously expensive pair of field glasses and watched her when she stopped by the road. Once when both her right rear tire and the spare were punctured before she could make a town Milt from afar saw her patch a tube and pump up the tire in the dust. He ached to go to her aid—though it cannot be said that hand-pumping was his favorite July afternoon sport.

Lest he encounter her in the streets he always camped east of the town at which she spent the night. After dusk, when she was likely to end the day's drive in the first sizable place, he hid his bug in an alley and like a spy after the papers sneaked into each garage to see if her car was there.

He would stroll in, look about vacuously, and pipe to the suspicious night attendant, "Seen a traveling man named Smith?" Usually the garage man snarled: "No, I ain't seen nobody named Smith An'thing else I can do for you?"

But once he was so unlucky as to find the long-missing Mr. Smith!

Mr. Smith was surprised and insistent. Milt had to do some quick lying. During that interview the cement floor felt very hard under his fidgeting feet, and he thought he heard the garage man in the office telephoning, "Don't think he knows Smith at all. I got a hunch he's that auto thief that was through here last summer."

When Claire did not stop in the first town she reached after twilight, but drove on by dark, he had to do some perilous galloping to catch up. The lights of a Teal are excellent for adornment, but they have no relation to illumination. They are dependent upon a magneto that is dependent only upon faith.

Once, skippering along by dark, he realized that the halted car he had just passed was the Gomez. He thought he heard a shout behind him, but in a panic he kept going.

To the burring motor he groaned: "Now I probably never will see her again. Except that she thinks I'm such a pest that I dasn't let her know I'm in the same state, I sure am one successful lover. As a Prince Charming I win the Vanderbilt Cup. I'm going ahead backward so fast I'll probably drop off into the Atlantic over the next hill!"

IX

WHEN her car had crossed the Missouri River on the swing-ferry between Bismarck and Mandan, Claire had passed from Middle West to Far West. She came out on an upland of virgin prairie, so treeless and houseless, so divinely dipping, so rough of grass, that she could imagine buffaloes still roving. In a hollow a real prairie schooner was camped, and the wandering homestead seekers were cooking dinner beside it. From a quilt on the hay in the wagon a baby peeped, and Claire's heart leaped.

Beyond was her first butte, its sharp-cut sides glittering yellow, and she fancied that on it the Sioux scout still was sentinel, erect on his pony, the feather bonnet down his back.

Now she seemed to breathe deeper, see farther. Again she came from unbroken prairie into wheat country and large towns.

Her impression of the new land was not merely of sun-glaring breadth. Sometimes on a cloudy day the wash of wheatlands was as brown and lowering and mysterious as an English moor in the mist. It dwarfed the far-off houses by its giant enchantment; its brooding reaches changed her attitude of brisk gas-driven efficiency into a melancholy that was full of hints of old dark beauty.

Even when the sun came out and the land was brazenly optimistic she saw more than mere prosperity. In a new home, house and barn and windmill, square-cornered and prosaic, plumped down in a field with the wheat coming up to the unpainted door, a habitation unshadowed, unsheltered, unsoftened she found a frank cleanness, as though the inhabitants looked squarely out at life, unafraid. She felt that the keen winds ought to blow away from such a prairie-fronting post of civilization all mildew and cowardice, all the mummy dust of ancient fears.

She dropped suddenly from the vast, smooth-swelling miles of wheatland into the tortured marvels of the Bad Lands, and the road twisted in the shadow of flying buttresses and the terraced tombs of maharajas. While she tried to pick her way through a herd of wild arroyo-bred cattle she forgot her maneuvering as she was startled by the stabbing scarlet of a column of rock marking the place where for months deep beds of lignite had burned.

Claire had often given lifts to tramping harvesters and even hoboes along the road; had enjoyed the sight of their duffel bags stuck up between the sleek fenders and the hood, and their talk about people and crops along the road, as they hung on the running board. In the country of long hillslopes and sentinel buttes between the North Dakota Bad Lands and Miles City she stopped to shout to a man whose plodding heavy back looked fagged, "Want a ride?"

"Sure! You bet!"

Usually her guests stepped onto the right-hand running board, beside Mr. Boltwood, and this man was far over on the right side of the road. But while she waited he sauntered in front of the car, round to her side and mounted beside her. Before the car had started she was sorry she had invited him. He looked her over grinningly, almost contemptuously. His unabashed eyes were as bright and hard as agates. Below them his nose was twisted a little, his mouth bent insolently up at one corner, and his square long chin bristled.

Usually, too, her passengers waited for her to start the conversation, and talked at Mr. Boltwood rather than directly to her. But the bristly man spat at her as the car started, "Going far?"

"Ye-es, some distance."

"Expensive car?"

"Why ——"

"'Fraid of getting held up?"

"I hadn't thought about it."

"Pack a cannon, don't you?"

"I don't think I quite understand."

"Cannon! Gun! Revolver! Got a revolver of course?"

"W-why, no." She spoke uncomfortably. She was aware that his twinkling eyes were on her throat. His look made her feel unclean. She tried to think of some question that would lead the conversation to the less exclamatory subject of crops. They were on a curving shelf road beside a shallow valley. The road was one side of a horseshoe ten miles long The unprotected edge of it dropped sharply to fields forty or fifty feet below.

"Prosperous-looking wheat down there," she said.

"No. Not a bit!" His look seemed to add, "And you know it—unless you're a fool!"

"Well, I didn't ——"

"Make Glendive to-night?"

"At least that far."

"Say, lady, how's chances for borrowin' a couple of dollars? I was workin' for a Finnski back here a ways, and he did me dirt holdin' out my wages on me till the end of the month."

"Why—uh ——" It was Claire, not the man who was embarrassed.

He was snickering: "Come on, don't be a tightwad. Swell car poor man with no eats, not even a flop for to-night. Could yuh slip me just a couple bones?"

Mr. Boltwood intervened. He looked as uncomfortable as Claire: "We'll see. It's rather against my principles to give money to an able-bodied man like you, even though, of course, it is a pleasure to give you a ride ——."

"Sure! Don't cost you one red cent!"

"—— and if I could help you get a job though of course being a stranger out here —— Seems strange to me, though," Mr. Boltwood struggled on, "that a strong fellow like you should be utterly destitute, when I see all these farmers able to have cars."

Their guest instantly abandoned his attitude of supplication for one of boasting: "Destitute? Who the hell said I was destitute, heh?" He was snarling across Claire at Mr. Boltwood. His wet face was five inches from hers. She drew her head as far back as she could. She was sure that the man completely appreciated her distaste, for his eyes popped with amusement before he roared on:

"I got plenty of money! Just 'cause I'm hoofin' it I don't want no charity from nobody! I could buy out half these Honyockers! I don't need none of no man's money!" He was efficiently working himself into a rage. "Who you calling destitute? All I wanted was an advance till pay day! Got a check coming. You high-tone, kid-glove Eastern towerists want to watch out who you go calling destitute. I bet I make a lot more money than a lot of your four-flushin' friends!"

Claire wondered if she couldn't stop the car now and tell him to get off. But—that snapping eye was too vicious. Before he got off he would say things—scarring, vile things that would never heal in her brain. Her father was murmuring, "Let's drop him," but she softly lied, "No. His impertinence amuses me."

She drove on, and prayed that he would of himself leave his uncharitable hosts at the next town.

The man was storming—with a very meek ending: "I'm tellin' you! I can make money anywhere! I'm a crack machinist. . . . Give me two bits for a meal, anyway."

Mr. Boltwood reached in his change pocket. He had no quarter. He pulled out a plump bill fold. Without looking at the man Claire could vision his eyes glistening and his chops dripping as he stared at the hoard. Mr. Boltwood handed him a dollar bill.

"There, take that, and let's change the subject," said Mr. Boltwood testily.

"All right, boss. Say, you haven't got a cartwheel instead of this wrapping paper, have you? I like to feel my money in my pocket."

"No, sir, I have not!"

"All right, boss. No bad feelin's!"

Then he ignored Mr. Boltwood. His eyes focused on Claire's face. To steady himself on the running board he had placed his left hand on the side of the car, his right on the back of the seat. That right hand slid behind her. She could feel its warmth on her back.

She burst out, flaring: "Kindly do not touch me!"

"Gee, did I touch you, girlie? Why, that's a shame!" he drawled, his cracked broad lips turning up in a grin.

An instant later as they skipped round a bend of the long high-hung shelf road he pretended to sway dangerously on the running board, and deliberately laid his filthy hand on her shoulder.

Before she could say anything he yelped in mock regret: "Love o' Mike! 'Scuse me, lady. I almost fell off."

Quietly, seriously, Claire said: "No, that wasn't accidental. If you touch me again I'll stop the car and ask you to walk."

"Better do it now, Dolly!" snapped Mr. Boltwood.

The man hooked his left arm about the side post of the open wind shield. It was a strong arm, a firm grip. He seized her left wrist with his free hand. Though all the while his eyes grotesquely kept their amused sparkle, and beside them writhed laughter wrinkles, he shouted hoarsely: "You'll stop hell!" His hand slid from her wrist to the steering wheel. "I can drive this boat 's well as you can. You make one move to stop and I steer her over, Blooie! Down the bank!"

He did twist the front wheels dangerously near to the outer edge of the shelf road. Mr. Boltwood gaped at the hand on the wheel. With a quick breath Claire looked at the side of the road. If the car ran off it would shoot down forty feet, turning over and over.

"Y-you wouldn't dare, because you'd g-go too!" she panted.

"Well, dearuh, you just try any monkey business and you'll find out how much I'll g-g-g-go too! I'll start you down the joy slope and jump off—savvy? Take your foot off that clutch!"

She obeyed.

"Pretty lil' feet, ain't they, cutie? Shoes cost about twelve bucks, I reckon; while a better man than you or old Moldy Face there has to hit the pike in three-dollar brogans. Sit down, yuh fool!"

This last to Mr. Boltwood, who had stood up, swaying with the car, and struck at him. With a huge arm the man swept Mr. Boltwood back into the seat, but without a word to him, he continued to Claire:

"And keep your hand where it belongs! Don't go trying to touch that switch. Aw, be sensible! What could you do if the car did stop? I could blackjack you both before this swell-elegant vehicle lost momentum—savvy? I don't want to pay out my good money to a lawyer on a charge of—murder. Get me? Better take it easy and not worry." His hand was constantly on the wheel. He had driven cars before. He was steering as much as she. "When I get you up the road a piece I'm going to drive all the cute li'l boys and girls up a side trail, and take all of papa's gosh-what-a-wad in the cunnin' potetbook; and I guess we'll kiss li'l daughter, and drive on, a-wavin' our hand politely, and let you suckers walk to the next burg."

"You wouldn't dare! You wouldn't dare!"

"Dare? Huh! Don't make the driver laugh!"

"I'll get help."

"Yep! Sure! Fact, there's a car comin' toward us. 'Bout a mile away, I'd make it, wouldn't you? Well, Doll Face, if you make one peep—over the bank you go, both of you dead as a couplin' pin. Smeared all over those rocks. Get me? And me—I'll be sorry the regrettable accident was so naughty and went and happened—and I just got off in time meself. And I'll pinch papa's poke while I'm helping get out the bodies!"

Till now she hadn't believed it. But she dared not glance at the approaching car. It was their interesting guest who steered the Gomez past the other; and he ran rather too near the edge of the road—so that she looked over, down.

Beaming he went on! "I'd pull the rough stuff right here instead of wastin' my time as a cap'n of industry by taking you up to see the scenery in that daisy little gully off the road; but the whole world can see us along here—not just the hicks in the valley but anybody in a car behind us. Shame the way this road curves—see too far along it. Fact, you're giving me a lot of trouble. But you'll give me a kiss, won't you, Gwendolyn?"

He bent down, chuckling. She could feel his bristly chin touch her cheek. She sprang up, struck at him. He raised his hand from the wheel. For a second the car ran without control. He jabbed her back into the seat with his elbow.

"Don't try any more monkey-shines if you know what's good for you," he said quite peacefully as he resumed steering.

She was in a haze, conscious only of her father's hand fondling hers. She heard a quick pit-pit-pit-pit behind them. Car going to pass? She'd have to let it go by. She'd concentrate on finding something she could ——

Then: "Hello, folks. Having a picnic? Who's your little friend in the rompers?" sang out a voice beside them.

It was Milt Daggett—the Milt who must be scores of miles ahead. His bug had caught up with them, was running even with them on the broad road.

So unexcitedly, so genially, that Claire wondered if he realized what was happening Milt chuckled to the tough on the running board as the two cars ran side by side, "Bound for some place, brother?"

The unwelcome guest looked puzzled. For the first time his china eyes ceased twinkling; and he answered dubiously "Just gettin' a lift." He speeded up the car with the hand throttle. Milt accelerated equally.

Claire roused; wanted to shout. She was palsied, afraid that Milt would leave them. The last time she had seen him she had suggested that leaving them would be a favor.

Her guest growled at her—the words coming through a slit at the corner of his rowdy mouth: "Sit still or I'll run you over!"

Milt innocently babbled on: "Better come ride with me, bo. More room in this here handsome coupélet."

Then was the rough relieved in his uneasy tender little heart, and his eyes flickered again as he shouted back, not looking at Milt: "Thanks, bub; I'll stick by me friends."

"Oh, no; can't lose pleasure of your company. I like your looks. You're a bloomin' little island trembling on the dim silver sky line." Claire knitted her brows. She had not seen Milt's rhetoric. "You're an island of Hesperyds; or Hesperides. Accent on the bezuzus. Oh yes, Moondream, I think you better come. Haven't decided"—Milt's tone was bland—"whether to kill you or just have you pinched. Miss Boltwood, switch off your power!"

"If she does," the tough shouted, "I'll run 'em off the bank."

"No you won't, sweetheart; 'cause why? 'Cause what'll I do to you afterward!"

"You won't do nothin', Jack, 'cause I'd gouge your eyes out."

"Why, lovesoul, d'you suppose I'd be talking up as brash as this to a bid stwong man like oo if I didn't have a gun handy?"

"Yuh, I guess so, li'l sunbeam. And before you could shoot I'd crowd your tin

(Continued on Page 103)

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United States of America

Angelus sweet
and the Cracker Jack boy—
What better companions
for real summer joy?

(Continued from Page 100)

liz into the bank and jam right into it! I may get killed, but you won't even be a grease spot!"

He was turning the Gomez from its straight course, forcing Milt's bug toward the high bank of earth that walled in the road on the left.

While Claire was very sick with fear, then more sick with contempt, Milt squealed "You win!" And he had dropped back. The Gomez was going on alone.

There was only one thing more for Claire—to jump. And that meant death.

The tough was storming: "Your friend's a crack shot—with his mouth!"

The thin pit-pit-pit was coming again. She looked back. She saw Milt's bug snap forward so fast that on a bump its light wheels were in the air. She saw Milt standing on the right side of the bug, holding the wheel with one hand, the other hand—firm, grim, broad-knuckled hand—outstretched toward the tough, then snatching at his collar.

The tough's grip was torn from the steering wheel. He was yanked from the running board and crunched down on the road.

She seized the wheel. She drove on at sixty miles an hour. She had gone a good mile before she got control of her fear and halted. She saw Milt turn his little car as though it were a prancing broncho. It seemed to paw the air with its front wheels. He shot back, pursuing the late guest. The man ran bobbing along the road. At this distance he was no longer formidable, but a comic, jerking, rabbity figure, humping himself over the back track. As the bug whirled down on him the tough was to be seen throwing up his hands, leaping from the high bank.

Milt turned and came toward them, but slowly; and after he had drawn up even and switched off the engine he snatched off his violent plaid cap and looked apologetic.

"Sorry I had to kid him along. I was afraid he really would drive you off the bank. He was a bad actor. And he was right; he could have licked me. Thought maybe I could jolly him into getting off, and have him pinched, next town."

"But you had a gun—a revolver—didn't you, lad?" panted Mr. Boltwood.

"Um, we-el—I've got a shotgun. It wouldn't take me more'n five or ten minutes to dig it out and put it together. And there's some shells. They may be all right. Haven't looked at 'em since last fall. They didn't get so awful damp then."

"But suppose he'd had a revolver?" wailed Claire.

"Gee, you know, I thought he probably did have one! I was scared blue. I had a wrench to throw at him, though," confided Milt.

"How did you know we needed you?"

"Why, back there, couple miles behind you, maybe, I saw your father get up and try to wrestle him, so I suspected there was kind of a disagreement. Say, Miss Boltwood, you know when you spoke to me—way back there—I hadn't meant to butt in. Honest. I thought maybe as we were going ——"

"Oh, I know!"

"—— the same way you wouldn't mind my trailing if I didn't sit in too often; and I thought maybe I could help you if ——"

"Oh, I know! I'm so ashamed! So bitterly ashamed! I just meant —— Will you forgive me? You were so good, taking care of us ——"

"Oh sure, that's all right!"

"I fancy you do know how grateful father and I are that you were behind us this time! Wasn't it a lucky accident that we'd slipped past you some place?"

"Yes"—dryly—"quite an accident. Well, I'll skip on ahead. May run into you again before we hit Seattle. Going to take the run through Yellowstone Park?"

"Yes, but ——" began Claire.

Her father interrupted: "Uh, Mr.—uh—Daggett, was it?—I wonder if you won't stay a little closer to us hereafter? I was getting rather a good change out of the trip, but I'm afraid that now —— If it wouldn't be an insult I'd beg you to consider staying with us for a consideration—uh—you know, remuneration; and you could ——"

"Thanks—uh—thank you, sir, but I wouldn't like to do it. You see, it's kind of my vacation. If I've done anything I'm tickled ——"

"But perhaps," Mr. Boltwood ardently begged the young man recently so abysmally unimportant—"perhaps you would consent to being my guest, when you cared to; say, at hotels in the park."

"'Fraid I couldn't. I'm kind of a lone wolf."

"Please! Pretty please!" besought Claire. Her smile was appealing, her eyes on his.

Milt bit his knuckles. He looked weak. But he persisted: "No, you'll get over this scrap with our friend. I'll put the deputy onto him in the next town. Oh no, you can go on fine! The road's perfectly safe—if you give people the once-over before you pick 'em up.

"Picking up bad men is no more dangerous here than it would be in New York. I don't think you showed such awfully good taste in asking Terrible Tim, the two-gun man, right into the parlor. Gee, please don't do it again! Please!"

"No," meekly. "I was an idiot. I'll be good next time. But won't you stay somewhere near us?"

"I'd like to, but I got to chase on. Don't want to wear out the Welcome on the doormat, and I'm due in Seattle, and —— Say, Miss Boltwood." He swung out of the bug, cranked up, climbed back, went awkwardly on: "I read those books you gave me. They're slick—mean to say interesting. Where that young fellow in Youth's Encounter wanted to be a bishop and a soldier and everything—just like me, except Schoenstrom is different from London, some ways! I always wanted to be a brakie, and then a yeggman. But I wasn't bright enough for either. I just became a garage man. And I —— Some day I'm going to stop using slang, but it'll take an operation!"

He was skittering down the road, and Claire was sobbing: "Oh, the lamb! The darling thing! Fretting about his slang, when he wasn't afraid in that horrible nightmare. If we could just do something for him!"

"Don't you worry about him, Dolly. He's a very energetic chap. And—uh—mightn't we drive on a little farther, perhaps? I confess that the thought of our recent guest still in this vicinity ——"

"Yes, and —— Oh, I'm shameless! If Mohammed Milton won't stay with our car mountain we're going to tag after him."

But when she reached the next hill, with its far shining outlook, there was no Milt and no Teal bug on the road ahead.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SALVAGE

(Continued from Page 5)

"I dare say there are plump people among the French," I retorted. "And I never heard that a Frenchwoman who put on twenty pounds or so went dumb. That woman who trims your hats isn't dumb so you could notice it. I'd thank my stars if she was. She can say forty dollars fast enough, and she doesn't suck in her cheeks either!"

In the end Aggie and I gave up the French lessons, but Tish kept them up. She learned ten nouns a day, and she made an attempt at verbs, but gave it up.

"I can secure anything I want, if I ever visit our valiant Ally," she said, "by naming it in the French and then making the appropriate gesture."

She made the experiment on Hannah, and it worked well enough. She would say "butter" or "spoon" and point to her place at the table; but Hannah almost left on the strength of it, and when she tried it on Mr. Jennings, the fishman, he told all over Penzance that she had lost either her mind or her teeth.

Aggie and I were extremely uneasy all of July, for Tish does nothing without a motive, and she was learning in French such warlike phrases as "Take the trenches," "The enemy is retiring," and "We must attack from the rear." She also took to testing out the engine of her automobile in various ways, and twice, trying to cross a plowed field with it, had to be drawn out with a rope. She took to driving at night without lights also, and had the ill luck to run into the Penzance doctor's buggy and take a wheel off it.

It was after that incident, when we had taken the doctor home and put him to bed, that I demanded an explanation.

But she only said with a far-away look in her eyes: "It may be a useful accomplishment sometime. If one were going after wounded at night it would be invaluable."

"Not if you killed all the doctors on the way!" I snapped.

The limit to our patience came soon after that. One morning about the first of August the boatman from the lake came up the path with a spade over his shoulder. Tish, we perceived, tried to take him aside, but he gave her no time.

"Well, I've done it, Miss Tish," he said, "and God only knows what'll happen if somebody runs into it between now and to-morrow morning."

"Nobody will know you did it unless you continue to shout the way you are doing now."

"Oh, I'll not tell," he observed; "I'm not so proud of it. But 'twouldn't surprise me a mite if we both did some time together in the county jail, on the head of it, Miss Tish."

Well, Aggie went pale, but Tish merely gave him five dollars and spent the rest of the day shut in the garage with her car. I went back and looked in the window during the afternoon, and she was on her back under it, hammering at something.

That night at dinner she made an announcement.

"I have for some time," she said, "been considering—go out, Hannah, and close the door—been considering the values of different engines for an ambulance which I propose to take to France."

"Tish!" Aggie cried in a heart-rending tone.

"And I have come to the conclusion that my own car has the best engine on the market. To-night I propose to make a final test and if it succeeds I shall have an ambulance body built on it. I know this engine; I may almost say I have an affection for it. And it has served me well. Why, I ask you, should I abandon it and take some newfangled thing that would as like as not lie down and die the minute it heard the first shell?"

"Exactly," I said with some feeling; "why should you, when you can count on me doing it anyhow?"

She ignored that, however, and said she had fully determined to go abroad and to get as near the Front as possible. She said also that she had already written General Pershing, and that she expected to start the moment his reply came.

"I told him" she observed, "that I would prefer not being assigned to any particular part of the line, as it was my intention, though not sacrificing the national good to it, to remain as near my nephew as possible. Pershing is a father and I felt that he would understand."

She then prepared to take the car out, and with a feeling of desperation Aggie and I followed her.

For some time we pursued the even tenor of our way, varied only by Tish's observing over her shoulder: "No matter what happens, do not be alarmed, and don't yell!"

Aggie was for getting out then, but we have always stood by Tish in an emergency, and we could not fail her then. She had turned into a dark lane and we were moving rapidly along it.

"When I say 'Ready!' brace yourselves for a jar," Tish admonished us. Aggie was trembling, and she had just put a small flask of blackberry cordial to her lips to steady herself when the machine went over the edge of a precipice, throwing Aggie into the road and myself forward into the front of the car.

There was complete silence for a moment. Then Aggie said in a reproachful voice: "You didn't say 'Ready!' Tish."

Tish, however, said nothing, and in the starlight I perceived her bent forward over the steering wheel. The car was standing on its forward end at the time.

"Tish!" I cried. "Tish!"

She then straightened herself and put both hands over the pit of her stomach.

"I've burst something, Lizzie," she said in a strangled tone. "My gall bladder, probably."

She then leaned back and closed her eyes. We were greatly alarmed, as it is unlike our brave Tish to give in until the very last, but finally she sat erect, groaning.

"I am going back and kill that boatman," she said. "I told him to dig a shell hole, not a cellar." Here she stood up and felt her pulse. "If I've burst anything," she announced a moment later, "it's a corset steel. That boatman is a fool, but at least he has given us a chance to see if we are of the material which France requires at this tragic juncture."

"I can tell you right away that I am not," Aggie said tartly. "I'm not and I don't want to be. Though I can't see how biting my tongue half through is going to help France anyhow."

But Tish was not listening. She had lifted three shovels out of the car, and we could see her dauntless figure outlined against the darkness.

"The Germans," she said at last, "are over there behind that chicken house. The machine is stalled in a shell hole and contains a wounded soldier. We are being shelled and there are those what-you-call-'em lights overhead. We must escape or be killed. There is only one thing to do. Lizzie, what is your idea of the next step?"

"Anybody but a lunatic would know that," I said tartly. "The thing to do is to go home and make an affidavit that we never saw that car, and that the hole in this road is where it was struck by lightning."

"Aggie," Tish said without paying any attention to me, "here is a shovel for you."

But Aggie sniffed.

"Not at all, Tish Carberry," she observed. "I am the wounded soldier, and I don't stir a foot."

In the end, however, we all went to work to dig the car out of the hole, and at three o'clock in the morning Tish climbed in and started the engine. It climbed out slowly, but as Tish observed it gave an excellent account of itself.

"And I must say," she said, "I believe we have all shown that we can meet emergency in the proper spirit. As for the hole, that driveling idiot who dug it can fill it up to-morrow morning and no one be the wiser."

I have made this explanation because of the ugly reports spread by the boatman himself. It is necessary, because it appears that he became intoxicated on the money Tish had so generously given him, and the milk wagon which supplied us going into the hole an hour or so after we had left he shamelessly told his own part and ours in the catastrophe. The result was that waking the next morning with a severe attack of lumbago I heard our splendid Tish being attacked verbally by the milkman and forced to pay an outrageous sum in damages.

By September Tish had had the old body removed from her automobile and an ambulance body built on. She made the drawings for it herself, and it contained many improvements over the standard makes. It contained, for instance, a cigarette lighter—not that Tish smokes, but because wounded men always do, and we knew that matches were scarce in France. It also contained an ice-water tank, a reading lamp, with a small portable library of improving books selected by our clergyman, Mr. Ostermaier, and a false bottom. This last Tish was rather mysterious about, merely remarking that it might be a good place for Aggie to retire to if she took a sneezing spell within earshot of the enemy.

When I look back and recall how foresighted Letitia Carberry was I am filled with admiration of those sterling qualities which have so many times brought us safely out of terrible danger.

We were, however, doomed at first to real disappointment. With everything arranged, with the ambulance ready and our costumes made, we could not get to France. Tish made a special trip to Washington to see the Secretary of War, and he remembered very well her recommendations as to the camps, and so forth, and said that he had referred the matter of pyjamas, for instance, to the Chief of Staff. He himself felt that the point was well taken. He believed in pyjamas, and wore them, but that he had an impression, though he did not care to go on record about it, that the chief of staff advocated nightshirts. He also said that he had a letter from General Pershing

(Continued on Page 107)

The Car of

Six Days for Labor

The primary purpose of the motor car today is to serve business convenience. For six days in the week it takes business men to offices, doctors to their patients, workers to factories, salesmen to prospects and travellers to trains. Why? Because it is the one vehicle that starts when you are ready, goes over any road you wish, and always saves time.

Therefore utility has more and more dominated design and construction.

Built to serve convenience, it must be reliable, serviceable and durable.

Its axles have assumed larger and larger importance, for that very reason, and more and more of the cars of average price and larger production—cars of the workers—have come to feel that they must have that maximum reliability assured by Timken-Detroit.

While the higher priced car properly includes features not obtainable by the average buyer—there is one thing he should have in equal measure—safety. And though Timken-Detroit Axles do cost more than others, they represent that safety and durability which should be in every car of every price.

TIMKEN

the Worker

One Day for Recreation

The recreation taken by the worker on Sundays and on half holidays is more truly a useful service than is often realized.

Go out along the boulevards, or through the parks, or out into the country-side on Saturday afternoons and Sundays. What are the cars you see?

Are they cars of the "idle rich," used for pleasure only? No—not one in a hundred. They are the same cars that you saw every week day carrying real workers to or from real work.

Only today are they devoted purely to recreation—and in that, too, they are helping men and women to store up energy for the next week's productive effort.

Are these workers going to pardon any weakness in construction that results in accidents, delay, or the laying up of the car on their one holiday? Not much.

No, on Sunday, as much as on any other day, the worker owners of motor cars demand reliability, and support again the policy of builders who agree with us that the best asset of this company is the high average *performance* of Timken-Detroit Axles under all conditions.

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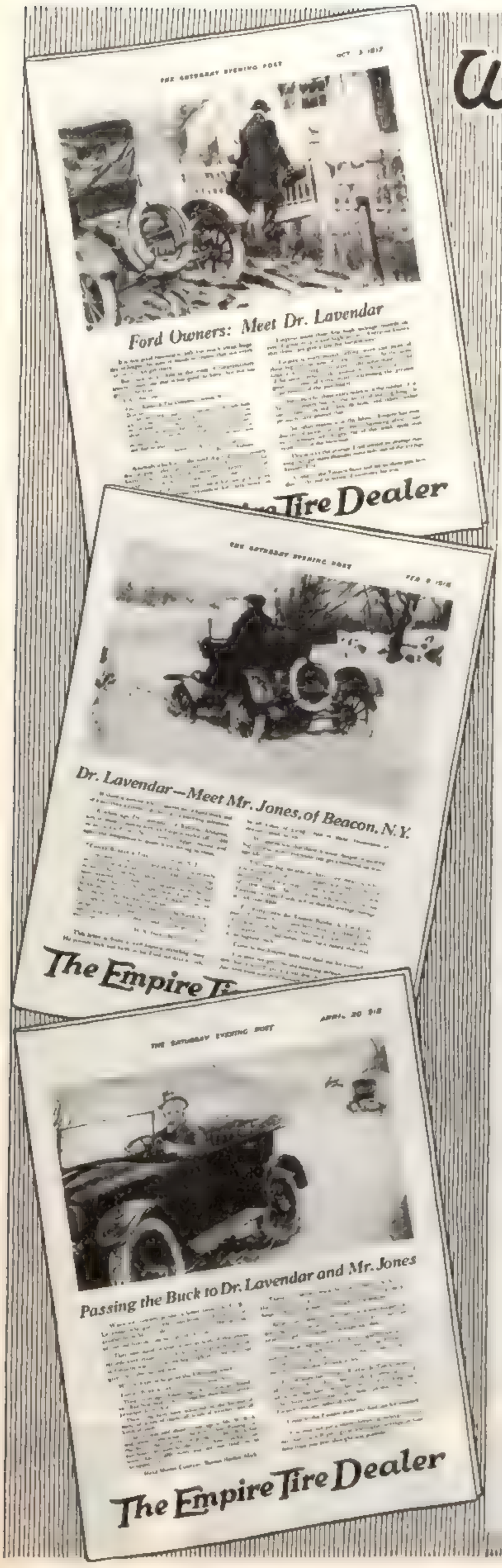

Ford Owners: Meet Dr. Lavendar
Tire Dealer
Dr. Lavendar—Meet Mr. Jones, of Beacon, N.Y.
The Empire Ti
Passing the Buck to Dr. Lavendar and Mr. Jones
The Empire Tire Dealer

Will Dr. Lavendar please write?

Mr. W. Buck has something to tell him

Just a year ago Mr. W. Buck of Berrien Springs, Mich., reported on two Empire Tires which had run more than 21,000 miles on a heavy seven-passenger Kissel Kar. His testimony was brought forth by the famous record of 25,000 miles obtained by Dr. C. B. Lavendar of Reform, Ala., on his Ford.

And now Mr. Buck comes through with an up-to-date bulletin on the same tires, as follows:

> Empire Rubber and Tire Co., Trenton, N. J.
>
> Today I met Mr. W. Buck, about whose experiences with Empire Tires the ad was written. He informs me that the tires purchased in 1914 and those purchased in 1916 are now on a Cadillac still doing service, while the car they were on is scrapped. Mr. Buck is very loud in his praises of our line. Told me he didn't see why all dealers didn't stock Empires. Two of the last trips he made with his car were one in which he carried 11 passengers and the other in which he carried 68 bushels of peaches. In all that time he had but one blowout and one tire ran 3 years without being deflated.
>
> Very truly yours,
> A. D. BRUSH.

This looks like the low record on punctures as well as a high record on mileage.

It stands to reason that not every car owner will have such good luck as this.

But these figures do have their meaning when you realize that the *average* Empire in *average* running is delivering to the *average* owner a big surplus of extra miles.

Step in and see any Empire dealer and find out for yourself.

You may not get a record-breaking mileage on one tire, but you will get a great deal higher average on four tires than you ever thought possible.

The Empire Tire Dealer

(Continued from Page 103)

asking that no relatives of soldiers go to France, as he was afraid that the gentle and restraining influence of their loved ones would impair their taste for war.

Aggie and I began to have a little hope at that time, and Aggie tore up a will she had made leaving her property to the Red Cross, on condition that it kept up Mr. Wiggins' lot in the cemetery. But just as we were feeling more cheerful Aggie had a warning. She had been reading everywhere of the revival in spiritualism, and once before when she was in doubt she had been most successful with a woman who told the future with the paste letters that are used in soup. She went to a clairvoyant and he told her to be very careful of high places, and that the warning came from someone who had passed over from a high place. He thought it was an aviator, but we knew better, and Aggie looked at me with agonized eyes.

Aggie has said since that when she was in her terrible position at V—— she remembered that warning, but of course it was too late then

It was when we had gone back to the city that we realized that Tish was still determined to get to France. Only two days after our return she came in with a book called Military Codes and Signals, and gave it to Aggie. She had it marked at a place which told how to signal at night with an electric flashlight, and from that time on for several weeks she would sit in her window at night, with Aggie on the pavement across the street, also with a pocket flash, both of them signaling anything that came into their heads. It was rather hard on Aggie on cold evenings, and I remember very well that one night she came in and threw her flashlight on the floor, and then burst into tears.

"I'm through, Tish," she said, "and that's all there is to it! I've stood being frozen until my feet are so cold I can't tell one from the other, but I draw the line at being insulted."

"Insulted?" Tish said. "If you are going to mind trifles when your country's safety is in question you'd better stay at home. Who insulted you?"

Well, it seems that by way of conversation Aggie had flashed that the wretch with the cornet who rooms above Tish's apartment was at the window watching and she wished he'd fall out and break his neck.

He had then put out his own light and had appeared in the window again, and had flashed in the same code: "Come, birdie, fly with me."

For certain reasons I have decided not to reveal how Tish finally arranged that we should get to France. As the Secretary of War says, it might make him very unpopular with the many women he had been obliged to refuse It is enough to say that the wonderful day finally came when we found ourselves on the very ocean which had carried Tish's nephew on his glorious mission. Aggie was particularly exalted as we went down the bay, escorted by encircling aëroplanes.

"I am not a brave woman, Tish," she said softly, "but as I look back on that glorious sky line I feel that no sacrifice is too great to make for it. I am ready to do or die."

"Humph," said Tish. "Well, as far as I'm concerned, after the prices they charged me at that hotel the Germans are welcome to New York. I'd give it to them and say 'Thank you' when they took it."

We then went below and tried on our life-preserving suits, which the clerk at the steamship office had rented to us at fifteen dollars each.

He said they were most essential, and that when properly inflated one could float about in them for a week. Indeed, as Tish said, with a compass and a small sail one could probably make the nearest land, such as the Azores, supporting life in the meantime with ship's biscuits, and so on, in waterproof packages, carried in the pockets provided for the purpose. She did indeed go so far as to place a bottle of blackberry cordial in the pocket of each suit, and also a small tin of preserved ginger, which we have always found highly sustaining. But we were somewhat uneasy to discover that it required a considerable length of time to get into the suits.

We had barely got into them when we heard a bugle blowing and men running. Just after that an alarm bell began to ring, and Aggie said "It has come!" and as usual commenced to sneeze violently. We ran out on deck, dear Tish saying to be calm, as more lives were lost through excitement than anything else; though she herself was none too calm, for when we found afterward that it was only a lifeboat drill I discovered that she was carrying her silver-handled umbrella.

Everyone was on the deck, and I must say that we were followed by envious glances. As we had inflated the suits they were not immodest, effectually concealing the lines of the figure, but making it difficult to pass through doorways.

There was a very nice young man on deck, in a Red Cross uniform, and he said that as he was the only male in our lifeboat he was pleased to see that three of the eighteen ladies in it were prepared to take care of themselves. He said that he felt he would probably have his hands full saving the fifteen others.

"Not," he added, "that I should feel comfortable until you were safely in the boat anyhow. I should not like to think of you floating about, perhaps for weeks, and possibly dodging sharks and so on."

Tish liked him at once, and said that in case of trouble if the boat were crowded we would only ask for a towing line.

It was while this conversation was going on that Aggie suddenly said: "I've changed my mind, Tish, I'm not going."

Well, we looked at her. She was a green color, and she said she'd thank us to put her off in something or other and let her go back. She wasn't seasick, but she just didn't care for the sea. She never had and she never would. And then she said "Ugh!" and the Red Cross man put his arm round her as far as it would go in the rubber suit, and said that certainly she was not seasick, but that some people found the sea air too stimulating, and she'd better go below and not get too much of it at first.

He helped us get Aggie down to her cabin, but unluckily he put her down on Tish's knitting. We had the misfortune to hear a slow hissing sound, and her inflated suit began to wilt immediately, where a steel needle had penetrated it.

Even then both Tish and I noticed that he had a sad face, and later on, when we had put Aggie to bed in her life suit, for she refused to have it taken off, we sat in Tish's cabin across, listening to Aggie's moans and to his story.

Tish had immediately demanded to know why he was not in the uniform of a fighting man, and he said at once: "I'm glad you asked me that. I've been wanting to tell the whole ship about it, but it's so darned ridiculous. I've tried every branch and they've all turned me down, for a—for a physical infirmity."

"Flat feet?" Tish asked.

"No. The truth is, I've had a milk leg. Fact. I know it is—er—generally limited to the other sex at—er—certain periods. But I've had it. Can't hike any distance. Can't run. Couldn't even kick a Hun," he added bitterly. "And what's more, there's a girl on this ship who thinks I'm a slacker, and I can't tell her about it. She wouldn't believe me if I did—though why a fellow would make up a milk leg I don't know. And she'd laugh. Everybody laughs. I've made a lot of people happy."

"Why don't you tell her you have heart disease?" Tish inquired in a gentler tone. Though not young herself she has preserved a fine interest in the love affairs of youth.

"Oh, I've got that all right," he said gloomily. "But it's not the sort that keeps a fellow out of the Army. It's—well that doesn't matter. But suppose I told her that? She wouldn't marry me with heart disease."

"Tish!" Aggie called faintly.

In the end we were obliged to cut the rubber suit off with the scissors, as she not only refused to get up but wanted to drown if we were torpedoed. We therefore did not see the young man again until evening, and then he was with a very pretty girl in a Y. M. C. A. uniform. We had gone up on deck for air, and Tish was looking for the captain. She had a theory that if we could put Aggie in a hammock she would feel better, as the hammock would remain stationary while the ship rocked. Just as we passed them the girl said: "He's the best-looking man on the ship anyhow. And he's a captain in the infantry. He says it is the most dangerous branch of the service."

"Oh, he does, does he?" said the Red Cross young man. "Well, you'd better wait six months before you fall too hard for him. He may get his face changed, and there isn't much behind it."

He spoke quite savagely, and both Tish and I felt that he was making a mistake, and that gentleness, with just a suggestion of the cave man beneath, would have been more efficacious. Indeed when we knew Mr. Purton better—that was his name—we ventured the suggestion, but he only shook his head.

"You don't know her," he said. "She is the sort of girl who likes to take the soft-spoken fellow and make him savage. And when she gets the cave type she wants to tame him. I've tried being both, so I know. I'm damned—I beg your pardon—I'm cursed if I know why I care for her. I suppose it's because she has about as much use for me as she has for a dose of Paris green. But if you hear of that Weber who hangs round her going overboard some night, I hope you'll understand. That's all."

That conversation, however, was later on in the voyage. That first night out Tish saw the captain and he finally agreed, if we said nothing about it, to have a sailor's hammock hung in Aggie's cabin.

"It wouldn't do to have it get about, madam," he said. "You know how it is—I'd have all the passengers in hammocks in twenty-four hours, and the crew sleeping on the decks. And you know crews are touchy these days, what with submarines and chaplains and young shave-tails of officers who expect to be kissed every time they're asked to get off a coil of rope."

We promised secrecy, and that evening a hammock was hung in Aggie's cabin. It was not much like a hammock, however, and it was so high that Tish said it looked more like a chandelier than anything else. Getting Aggie into it required the steward, the stewardess, Mr. Burton and ourselves, but it was finally done, and we all felt easier at once, except that I was obliged to stand on a chair to feed her beef tea.

However, just after midnight Tish and I in our cabin across heard a terrible thud, followed by silence and then by low, dreadful moans. Aggie had fallen out. She did not speak at all for some time, and when she did it was to horrify Tish. For she said: "Damnation!"

Tish immediately turned and left the cabin, leaving me to press a cold knife against the lump on Aggie's head and to put her back into her berth. She refused the hammock absolutely. She said she had forgotten where she was, and had merely reached out for her bedroom slippers, which were six feet below, when the whole thing had turned over and thrown her out.

She insisted that she did not remember saying anything improper, but that the time Tish's horse had thrown her in the cemetery she had certainly used strong language, to say the least.

I remember telling Tish this, and she justified herself by the subconscious mind, which she was studying at the time. She said that the subconscious mind stored up all the wicked words and impulses which the conscious mind puts virtuously from it. And she recalled the fact that Mr. Ostermaier, our clergyman, taking laughing gas to have a tooth drawn, tried to kiss the dentist on coming out, and called him a sweet little thing—though Mrs. Ostermaier is quite a large woman.

We became quite friendly with Mr. Burton during the remainder of the voyage. He formed the habit of coming down every evening before dinner to our cabin and having a dose of blackberry cordial to prevent seasickness.

"I've had it before," he said on one occasion, "but never with such—er—medicinal qualities. You don't put anything in it but blackberries, do you?"

"Only a little alcohol to preserve it," I told him with some pride. I generally make it myself.

"I will say this for it: It's extremely well preserved," he said, and filled up the tooth mug again. It was after that that he told us that Hilda had refused to marry him, and was flirting outrageously with Captain Weber.

"I only say this," he added gloomily: "He's right when he says he belongs in the infantry. He's got the photographs of five youngsters in his cabin, or he did have. He's probably hidden them now."

"Why don't you tell her?" Tish demanded.

"Why should I? Let her make a fool of herself if she wants to," he said despondently. "What chance have I against a shipload of 'em, anyhow? If it wasn't this one it would be another. She's got her eye on a tank now, and she's only waiting for that aviator to forget his stomach to sit at his feet and worship. God only knows what would happen if we had a Croix de Guerre on board."

He sat for some time, sipping the blackberry cordial and looking into space.

"I've got it figured out this way," he said at last: "I've got to pull off something over there. That's all. Got to get in the papers and get a medal and a wooden leg. She'd stand for a wooden leg better than a milk one," he added viciously.

Both Aggie and I noticed that Tish regarded him with a contemplative eye, and from that time on she spent at least a part of every day with him. He paid no attention at all to Hilda from that time on, and one morning while Tish and Mr. Burton were walking by her chair she dropped a book. But he did not seem to see it, and that evening the captain moved over to her table, and Mr. Burton was very gay, but ate hardly any dinner.

We all went in the same train to Paris, and he had a sort of revenge then. For the captain could not speak French, and she had to ask Mr. Burton to order her dinner for her. But he ordered only one, and the captain was furious, naturally

"Look here, Burton," he said, "I'm here, you know."

"Why, so you are," said Mr. Burton coldly. "I hadn't noticed you "

"How the devil can I make that woman understand that I'm hungry?"

Mr. Burton reflected.

"I'll tell you," he said: "You might open your mouth and point down your throat. Most of these French know the sign language."

He turned away then, and I saw a gleam of triumph in Tish's eye. She leaned over to him.

"She's furious that he can't speak French," she said. "Talk to me in French, and don't mind what I say. The only thing I can remember is a list of a hundred nouns. I'll string them together somehow."

There was a French officer near us, and I saw him watching Tish carefully as the conversation went on. She said afterward that as near as she could make out Mr. Burton was telling the history of the country we went through, and that when he paused she would say in French: "Handkerchief, fish, trunk, pencil, book, soup," or some such list.

But it impressed Hilda; I could see that.

It was some time before we got out of Paris, and the news we had of Charlie Sands was that he was at the Front, near V——, which was held by the enemy. Tish went out and bought a map, and decided that she would be sent in that direction or nowhere. But for several weeks nothing happened, and she found the ambulance had come and was being used to carry ice cream to convalescent hospitals round Paris. What was more, she could not get it back.

For once I thought our dauntless Tish was daunted. How true it is that we forget past success in present failure! But after a number of mysterious absences she came into my room after Aggie had gone to bed and said: "I've found where they keep it."

"Keep what?"

"My ambulance."

I was putting my hair on wavers at the time, and I saw in the mirror that she had her hat and coat on, and the expression she wears when she has decided to break the law.

"I'm not going to spend this night in a French jail, Tish Carberry," I said.

"Very well," she retorted, and turned to go out.

But the thought of Tish alone, embarked on a dangerous enterprise, was too much for me, and I called her back.

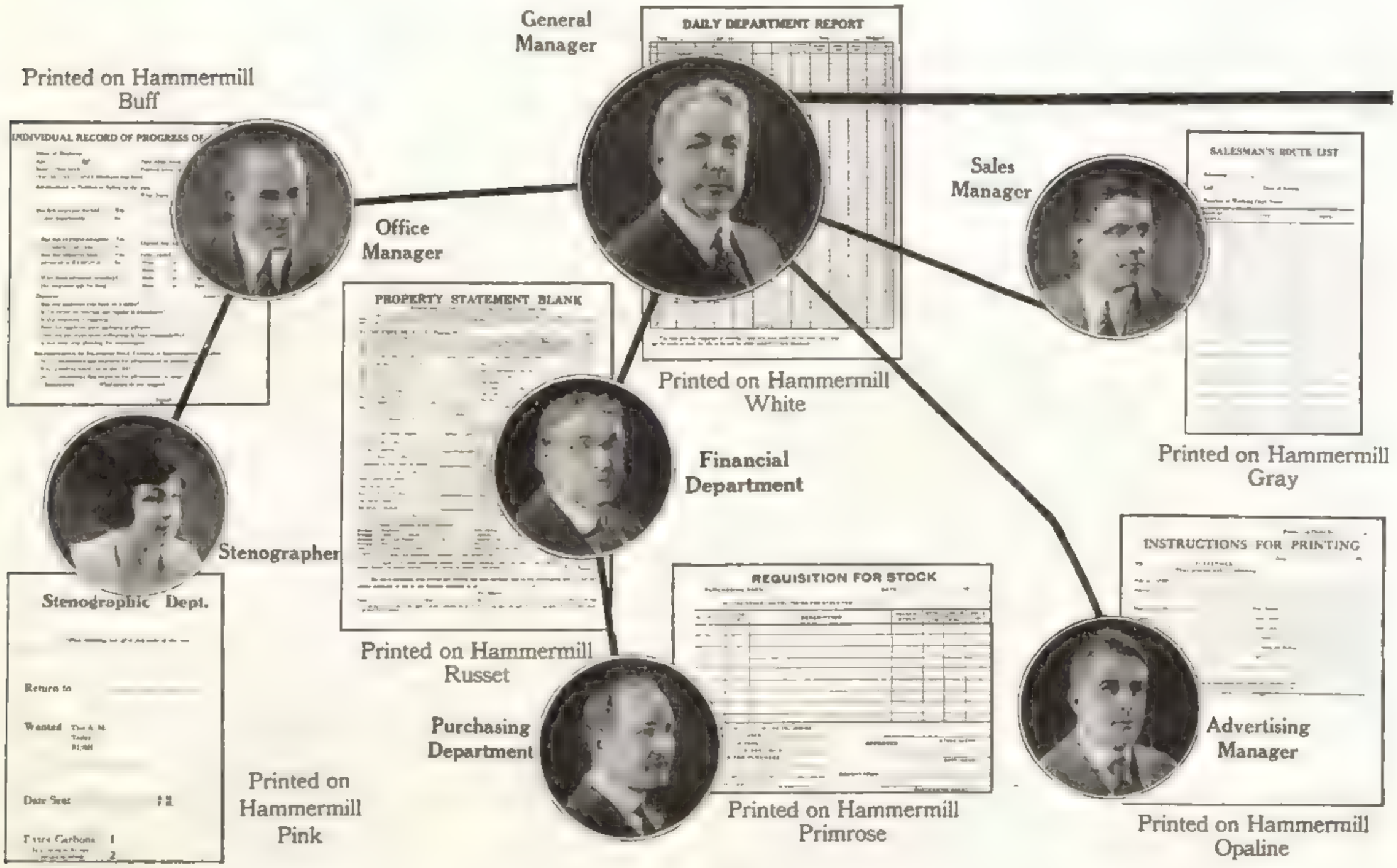
"I'll go," I said, "and I'll steal, if that's what you're up to. But I'm a fool, and I know it. You can't deceive a lot of Frenchmen with your handkerchief-fish-trunk-pencil stuff. And you can't book-soup-oysters yourself out of jail."

"I'm taking my own, and only my own," Tish said with dignity.

Well, I dressed and we went out into the street. I tried to tell Tish that even if we got it we couldn't take it home and hide it under the bed or in a bureau drawer, but she was engrossed in her own thoughts, and besides, the streets were entirely dark and not a taxicab anywhere. She had a city map, however, and a flashlight, and at last about two in the morning we reached the street where she said it was stored in a garage.

I was limping by that time, and there were cold chills running up and down my

(Continued on Page 110)



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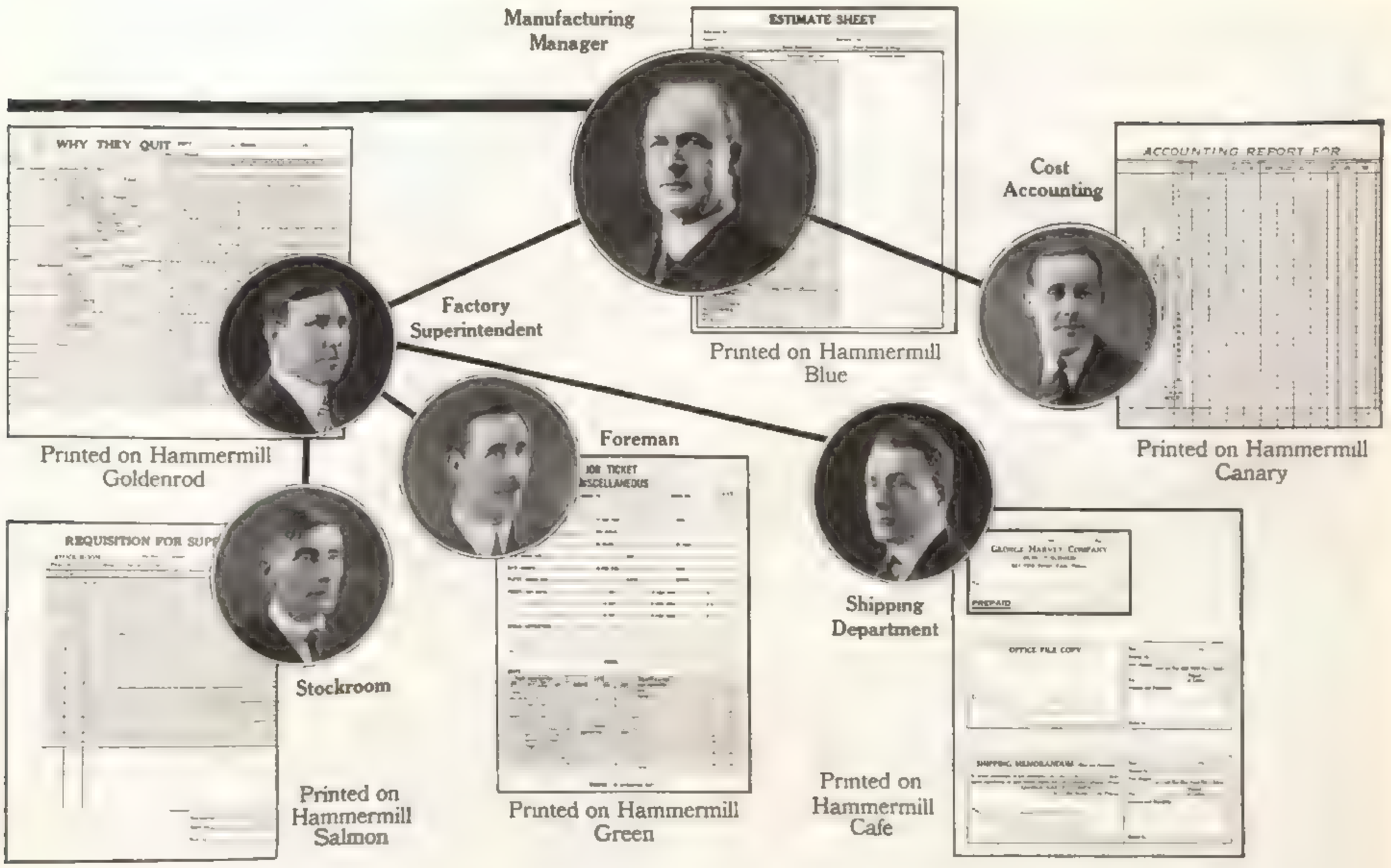

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"The Utility Business Paper"

(Continued from Page 107)

spine, but Tish was quite calm. And just then there was a terrific outburst of noise, whistles and sirens of all sorts, and a man walking near us suddenly began to run and dived into a doorway.

"Air raid," said Tish calmly, and walked on. I clutched at her arm, but she shook me off.

"Tish!" I begged.

"Don't be a craven, Lizzie," she said. "Statistics show that the percentage of mortality from these things is considerably less than from mumps, and not to be compared with riding in an elevator or with the perils of maternity."

All sorts of people were running madly by that time, and suddenly disappearing, and a man with a bird cage in his hand bumped flat into me and knocked me down. Tish, however, had moved on without noticing, and when I caught up to her she was standing beside a wide door which was open, staring in.

"This is the place," she said. And just then half a dozen men poured out through the doorway and ran along the street. Tish drew a long breath.

"You see?" she said. "Providence watches over those whose motives are pure, even if compelled to certain methods ——"

There was a terrible crash at that moment down the street, followed by glass falling all round us.

"—— which are not entirely ethical," Tish continued calmly. "We might as well go inside, Lizzie. They may drop another, and we shall never have such a chance again."

"I can't walk, Tish," I said in a quavering voice. "My knees are bending backward."

"Fiddlesticks!" she replied scornfully and stalked inside.

I have since reflected on Tish during that air raid, on the calm manner in which she filled the gasoline tank of her ambulance, on the way in which she flung out six empty ice-cream freezers, and the perfect aplomb with which she kicked the tires to see if they contained sufficient air. For such attributes I have nothing but admiration. But I am not so certain as to the mental processes which permitted her calmly to take three spare tires from other cars and to throw them into the ambulance.

Perhaps there is with all true greatness an element of ruthlessness. Or perhaps she subsequently sent conscience money to the Red Cross anonymously. There are certain matters on which I do not interrogate her.

I was still sitting on the running board of a limousine inhaling my smelling salts, when she pronounced all ready and we got into the driving seat and started. Just as we moved out a man came in from the street and began to yell at us. When Tish paid no attention to him he took a flying leap and landed on the step beside us.

"Here, what the —— do you think you are doing?" he said in English. "Where's your permit?"

Tish said nothing, but turned out into the street and threw on the gas. He was on my side and the jerk almost flung him off.

"Stop this car!" he yelled. "Hey, Grogan! Grogan!"

But whoever Grogan was he was still in some cellar probably, and by that time we were going very fast. Unluckily the glass in the street cut all four tires almost immediately, and we swung madly from one side to the other. And just then, too, we struck the hole the shell had made, and went into it with a terrible bump. The man disappeared immediately, but Tish was quite composed. She simply changed gears, and the car crawled out on the other side.

"This motor will go anywhere, Lizzie," she said easily. "I feel that my judgment is entirely vindicated. Where's that man?"

"Killed, probably," I retorted with a certain acidity.

"I hope not," she replied with kindly tolerance. "But if he is it will be supposed that a bomb did it."

As a matter of fact the Herald next morning reported the miraculous escape of an American found on the very edge of a shell hole, recovering, but showing one of the curious results of shell shock, being convinced that two women had stolen a car from his garage, and had run it into the hole in a deliberate attempt to kill him.

Aggie read this to us at breakfast, and Tish merely observed that it was very sad, and that she proposed studying shell shock at the Front. Not until months later did we tell Aggie the story of that night.

That morning Tish disappeared, and at noon she came back to say that she had at last secured the ambulance, and that we would start for the Front at once. Privately she told me that in a pocket of the car she had found permits to get us out of Paris, but that the car would be missed before long, and that we would better start at once.

It is strange to look back and recall with what blitheness we prepared to leave. And it is interesting, too, to remember the conversation with Mr. Burton when he called that afternoon.

"Hello!" he said, glancing about. "This looks like moving on. Where to, oh, brave and radiant spirits?"

"We haven't quite decided," Tish said. She was cleaning her revolver at the time.

"You haven't decided! Great Scott, haven't you any orders? Or any permits?"

"All that are necessary," Tish said, squinting into the barrel of her revolver. "Aggie, don't forget your hay-fever spray."

"But look here," he began, "you know this is France in wartime. I hate to throw a wrench into the machinery, but no one can travel a mile in this country without having about a million papers. You'll be arrested; you'll be ——"

"Young man," Tish said quietly, pouring oil on a rag, "I was arrested before you were born. Aggie, will you order some tea? And make mine very weak."

"Weak tea!" he repeated with a sort of groan. "Weak tea! And yet you start for the Front, picking out any trench that takes your fancy, and—weak tea! And I am going to St.-Nazaire! I, a man, with a man's stomach and a mad affection for a girl who thinks I prefer serving doughnuts to fighting! I do that, while you ——"

"Why do you go to St.-Nazaire?" Tish inquired. "You can sit with Aggie inside the ambulance, and I'm sure you could be useful, changing tires, and so on. You could simply disappear, you know. That is what we intend to do."

"I'll have a cup of tea," he said in a strange voice. "Very strong, please; I seem rather dazed."

"I figure this way," Tish went on, putting down her revolver and taking up her knitting: "I don't believe an ambulance loaded with cigarettes and stick candy and chocolate, with perhaps lemons for lemonade, is going to be stopped anywhere as long as it's headed for the Front. I understand they don't stop ambulances anyhow. If they do you can stretch out and pretend to be wounded. This is one way in which you can be very useful—being wounded."

He took all his tea at a gulp, and then looked round in an almost distracted manner.

"Certainly," he said. "Of course. It's all perfectly simple. You—you don't mind, I suppose, if I take a moment to arrange my mind? It seems to be all mussed up. Apparently I think clearly, but somehow or other ——"

"We are actuated by several motives," Tish went on, beginning to turn the heel of the sock. "First of all, my nephew is at the Front. I want to be near him. I am a childless woman, and he is all I have. Second, I fancy the more cigarettes and so on our boys have the better for them, though I disapprove of cigarettes generally. And finally, I do not intend to let the biggest thing in my lifetime go by without having been a part of it, even in the most humble manner."

"Entirely reasonable too," he said.

But he still had a strange expression on his face, and soon after that he said he'd walk round a little in the air and then come back and tell us his decision.

At five o'clock he was back and he was very pale and wore what Aggie considered a haunted look. He stalked in and stood, his cap in his hand.

"I'll go," he said. "I'll go, and I don't give a—I don't care whether I come back or not. That's clear, isn't it? I'll go as far as you will, Miss Tish, and I take it that means moving right along. I'll go there, and then I'll keep on going."

"You've seen Hilda!" Aggie exclaimed with the intuition of her own experience in matters of the heart.

"I've seen her," he said grimly. "I wasn't looking for her. I've given that up. She was with that—well, you know. If I had any sense I'd have stolen those photographs and mailed them to her, one at a time. Five days, one each day, I'd have ——"

"You might save all that hate for the Germans," Tish said. "I don't care to promise anything, but I have an idea that you may have a chance to use it."

And again, as always, our dear Tish was right.

We left Paris that evening. We made up quite comfortable beds in the ambulance, which had four new tires and which Tish with her customary forethought had filled as full as possible with cigarettes and candy. I have never inquired as to where Tish secured these articles, but I have learned that very early Tish adopted an army term called salvage, which seems to consist of taking whatever is necessary wherever it may be found. For instance, she has always referred to the night when she salvaged the ambulance and the extra tires; and the night later on, when we found the window of a warehouse open and secured seven cases of oranges for some of our boys who had no decent drinking water, she also referred to our actions at that time as salvage.

In fact, so common did the term become that I have heard her speaking of the time we salvaged the town of V——.

In re the matter of passports—*in re* is also military, and means referring to, or concerning; I find a certain tendency myself to use military terms. *In re* the matter of passports and permits, since the authenticity of our adventure has recently been challenged here at home, particularly in our church, though we have been lifelong members, it is a strange fact that we never required any. The sacred emblem on the ambulance and ourselves, including Mr. Burton, was amply sufficient. And though there were times when Mr. Burton found it expedient to lie in the back of the car and emit slow and tortured groans I have always contended that it was not really necessary in the two months which followed.

Over those two months I shall pass lightly. Our brave Tish was almost incessantly at the wheel, and we distributed uncounted numbers of cigarettes and so on. We had, naturally, no home other than the ambulance, but owing to Tish's forethought we found, among other articles in the secret compartment under the floor, a full store of canned goods and a nest of cooking kettles.

With this outfit we were able to supplement when necessary such provisions as we purchased along the way, and even now and then to make such occasional delicacies as cup custard or to bake a few muffins or small sweet cakes. More than once, too, we have drawn up beside the road where troops were passing, and turned out some really excellent hot doughnuts for them.

Indeed I may say that we became quite well known among both officers and men, being called The Three Graces.

But when so many were doing similar work on a much larger scale our poor efforts are hardly worthy of record. Only one thing is significant! We moved slowly but inevitably toward the Front, and toward that portion of the Front where Charlie Sands was serving his country.

During all this time Mr. Burton never mentioned Hilda but once, and that was to state that he had learned Captain Weber was a widower.

"Not that it makes any difference to me," he said. "She can marry him tomorrow as far as I'm concerned. I've forgotten her, practically. If I marry it will be one of these French girls. They can cook anyhow, and she can't. Her idea of a meal is a plate of fudge."

"He's really breaking his heart for her," Aggie confided to me later. "Do you notice how thin he is? And every time he looks at the moon he sighs."

"So do I," I said tartly; "and I'm not in love either. Ever since that moonlight night when that fool of a German flew over and dropped a bomb onto the best layer cake I've ever baked I've sighed at the moon too."

But he was thinner, and when the weather grew cold and wet and we suggested flannels to him as delicately as possible he refused to consider them.

"I'd as soon have pneumonia as not," he said. "It's quick and easy, and—anyhow we need them to cover the engine on cold nights."

It was, I believe, at the end of the seventh week that we drew in one night at a small village within sound of the guns. We limped in, indeed, for we had had one of our frequent blowouts, and had no spare tire.

Scattering as was our custom, we began a search for an extra tire, but without results. There was only one machine in the town, and that belonged to General Pershing. We knew it at once by the four stars. As we did not desire to be interrogated by the commander in chief we drew into a small alleyway behind a ruined house, and Aggie and I cooked a Spanish omelet and arranged some lettuce-and-mayonnaise sandwiches.

Tish had not returned, but Mr. Burton came back just as I was placing the meal on the folding table we carried for the purpose, and we saw at once that something was wrong. He wore a look he had not worn since we left Paris.

"Leg, probably," I said in an undertone to Aggie. He was subject to attacks of pain in the milk leg.

But Aggie's perceptions were more tender.

"Hilda, most likely," she said.

However, we were distracted by the arrival of Tish, who came in with her customary poise and unrolled her dinner napkin with a thoughtful air. She commented kindly on the omelet, but was rather silent.

At the end of the meal, however, she said: "If you will walk up the road past the Y. M. C. A. hut, Mr. Burton, it is just possible you will find an extra tire lying there. I am not positive, but I think it likely. I should continue walking until you find it."

"Must have seen a rubber plant up that way," Mr. Burton said, rather disagreeably for him. He was most pleasant usually.

"I have simply indicated a possibility," Tish said. "Aggie, I think I'll have a small quantity of blackberry cordial."

With Tish recourse to that remedy indicated either fatigue or a certain nervous strain. That it was the latter was shown by the fact that when Mr. Burton had gone she started the engine of the car and suggested that we be ready to leave at a moment's notice. She then took a folding chair and placed herself in a dark corner of the ruined house.

"If you see the lights of a car approaching," she called, "just tell me, will you?"

However, I am happy to say that no car came near. Somewhat later Mr. Burton appeared rolling a tire ahead of him, and wearing the dazed look he still occasionally wore when confronted with new evidences of Tish's efficiency.

"Well," he said, dropping the tire and staring at Aggie and myself, "she dreamed true. Either that or ——"

"Mr. Burton," Tish called, "do you mind hiding that tire until morning? We found it and it is ours. But it's unnecessary to excite suspicion at any time."

I am not certain that Mr. Burton's theory is right, but even if it is I contend that war is war and justifies certain practices hardly to be condoned in times of peace.

Briefly, he has always maintained that Tish being desperate and arguing that the C. in C.—which is military for commander in chief—was able to secure tires whenever necessary—that Tish had deliberately unfastened a spare tire from the rear of General Pershing's automobile; not of course actually salvaging it, but leaving it in a position where on the car's getting into motion it would fall off and could then be salvaged.

I do not know. I do know, however, that Tish retired very early to her bed in the ambulance. As Aggie was heating water for a bath, having found a sheltered horse trough behind a broken wall, I took Mr. Burton for a walk through the town in an endeavor to bring him to a more cheerful frame of mind. He was still very low-spirited, but he offered no confidences until we approached the only undestroyed building in sight. He stopped then and suggested turning back.

"It's a Y hut," he said. "We'll be about as welcome there as a skunk at a garden party."

I reprimanded him for this, as I had found no evidence of any jealousy between the two great welfare organizations. But when I persisted in advancing he said: "Well, you might as well know it. She's there. I saw her through a window."

"What has that got to do with my getting a bottle of vanilla extract there if they have one?"

"Oh, she'll have one probably; she uses it for fudge! I'm not going there, and that's flat."

"I thought you had forgotten her."

"I have!" he said savagely. "The way you forget the toothache. But I don't go round boring a hole in a tooth to get it again. Look here, Miss Lizzie, do you know what she was doing when I saw her? She was dropping six lumps of sugar into a

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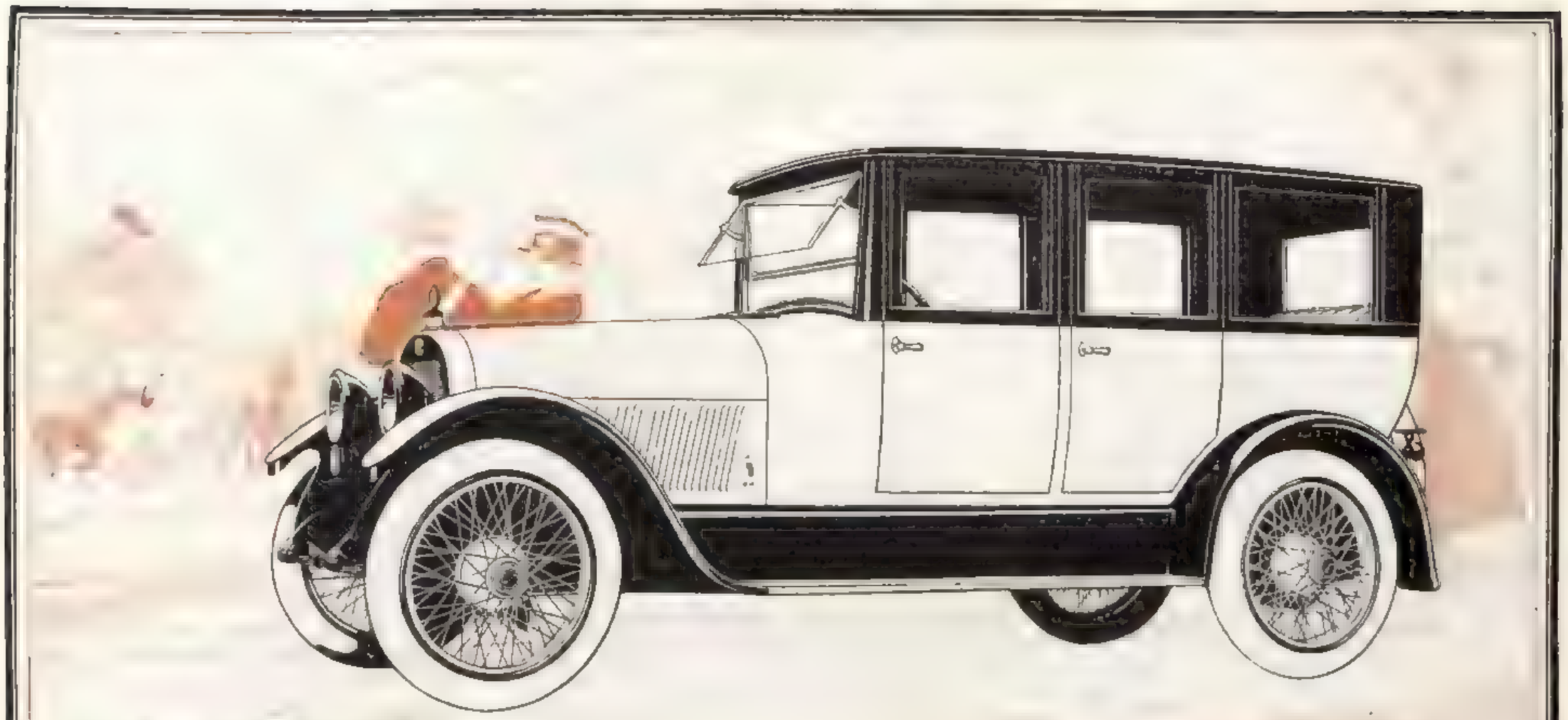

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(Continued from Page 110)

cup of something for that—that parent she's gone bugs about."

"That's what she's here for."

"Oh, it is, is it?" he snarled. "Well, she wasn't doing it for the fellow with a cauliflower ear who was standing beside him. There was a line of about twenty fellows there putting in their own sugar, all right."

"I'll tell you this, Mr. Burton," I said in a serious tone, "sometimes I think things are just as well as they are. You haven't a disposition for marriage. I don't believe you'll make her happy, even if you do get her."

"Oh, I'll not get her," he retorted roughly. "As a matter of fact, I don't want her. I'm cured. I'm as cured as a ham. She can feed sugar to the whole blamed Army, as far as I'm concerned. And after that she can go home and feed sugar to his five kids, and give 'em colic and sit up at night and ——"

I left him still muttering and went into the Y hut. Hilda gave a little scream of joy when she saw me and ran round the counter, which was a plank on two barrels, and kissed me. I must say she was a nice little thing.

"Isn't France small after all?" she demanded. "And do you know I've seen your nephew—or is it Miss Tish's? He's just too dear! We had a long talk here only a day or two ago, and I was telling about you three, and suddenly he said: 'Wait a minute. You've mentioned no names, but I'll bet my tin hat my Aunt Tish was one of them!' Isn't that amazing?"

Well, I thought it was, and I took a cup of her coffee. But it was poor stuff, and right then and there I made a kettleful and showed her how. But I noticed she grew rather quiet after a while.

At last she said: "You—I don't suppose you've seen that Mr. Burton anywhere, have you?"

"We saw something of him in Paris," I replied, and glanced out the window. He was standing across what had once been the street, and if ever I've seen hungry eyes in a human being he had them.

"He was so awfully touchy, Miss Lizzie," she said. "And then I was never sure —— Why do you suppose he isn't fighting? Not that it's any affair of mine, but I used to wonder."

"He's got a milk leg," I said, and set the coffee kettle off.

"A milk leg! A milk —— Oh, how ridiculous! How —— Why, Miss Lizzie, how can he?"

"Don't ask me. They get 'em sometimes too. They're very painful. My cousin, Nancy Lee McMasters, had one after her third child and ——"

I am sorry to say that here she began to laugh. She laughed all over the hut, really, and when she had stood up and held to the plank and laughed she sat down on a box of condensed milk and laughed again. I am a truthful woman, and I had thought it was time she knew the facts, but I saw at once that I had made a mistake. And when I looked out the window Mr. Burton had gone.

I remained there with her for some time, but as any mention of Mr. Burton only started her off again we discussed other matters.

She said Charlie Sands was in the Intelligence Department at the Front, and that when he left he was about to, as she termed it, pull off a raid.

"He's gone to bring me a German as a souvenir; and that Captain Weber—you remember him—he is going to bring me another," she cried. "He gave me my choice, and I took an officer, with a nice upcurled mustache and ——"

"And five children?"

"Five children? Whatever do you mean, Miss Lizzie?"

"I understand that Captain Weber has five. I didn't know but that you had a special preference for them that way."

"Why, Miss Lizzie!" she said in a strained voice. "I don't believe it. He's never said ——"

I was washing out her dish towels by that time, for she wasn't much of a housekeeper, I'll say that, though as pretty as a picture, and I never looked up. She walked round the hut, humming to herself to show how calm she was, but I noticed that when her broom fell over she sucked at it.

Finally she said: "I don't know why you think I was interested in Captain Weber. He was amusing, that's all; and I like fighting men—the bravest are the tenderest, you know. I—if you ever happen on Mr. Burton you might tell him I'm here. It's interesting, but I get lonely sometimes. I don't see a soul I really care to talk to."

Well, I promised I would, and as Mr. Burton had gone I went back alone. Tish was asleep with a hot stone under her cheek, from which I judged she'd had neuralgia, and Aggie was nowhere in sight. But round the corner an ammunition train of trucks had come in and I suddenly remembered Aggie and her horse trough. Unfortunately I had not asked her where it was.

I roused Tish but her neuralgia had ruffled her usual placid temper, and she said that if Aggie was caught in a horse trough let her sit in it. If she could take a bath in a pint of water Aggie could, instead of hunting up luxuries. She then went to sleep again, leaving me in an anxious frame of mind.

Mr. Burton was not round, and at last I started out alone with a flashlight, but as we were short of batteries I was too sparing of it and stepped down accidentally into a six-foot cellar, jarring my spine badly. When I got out at last it was very late, and though there were soldiers all round I did not like to ask them to assist me in my search, as I had every reason to believe that our dear Aggie had sought cleanliness in her nightgown.

It was, I believe, fully two A.M. when I finally discovered her behind a wall, where a number of our boys were playing a game with a lantern and dice—a game which consisted apparently of coaxing the inanimate objects with all sorts of endearing terms. They got up when they saw me, but I observed that I was merely taking a walk, and wandered as nonchalantly as I was able into the inclosure.

At first all was dark and silent. Then I heard the trickle of running water, and a moment later a sneeze. The lost was found!

"Aggie!" I said sternly.

"Hush, for heaven's sake! They'll hear you."

"Where are you?"

"B-b-behind the trough," she said, her teeth chattering. "Run and get my bathrobe, Lizzie. Those d-d-dratted boys have been there for an hour."

Well, I had brought it with me, and she had her slippers; and we started back. I must say that Aggie was a strange figure, however, and one of the boys said after we had passed: "Well, fellows, war's hell, all right."

"If you saw it too I feel better," said another. "I thought maybe this frog liquor was doing things to me."

Aggie, however, was sneezing and did not hear.

I come now to that part of my narrative which relates to Charlie Sands' raid and the results which followed it. I felt a certain anxiety about telling Tish of the dangerous work in which he was engaged, and waited until her morning tea had fortified her. She was, I remember, sitting on a rock directing Mr. Burton, who was changing a tire.

"A raid?" she said. "What sort of a raid?"

"To capture Germans, Tish."

"A lot of chance he'll have!" she said with a sniff. "What does he know about raids? And you'd think to hear you talk, Lizzie, that pulling Germans out of a trench was as easy as letting a dog out after a neighbor's cat. It's like Pershing and all the rest of them," she added bitterly, "to take a left-handed newspaper man, who can't shut his right eye to shoot with the left, and start him off alone to take the whole German Army."

"He wouldn't go alone," said Mr. Burton.

"Certainly not!" Tish retorted. "I know him, and you don't, Mr. Burton. He'll not go alone. Of course not! He'll pick out a lot of men who play good bridge, or went to college with him, or belong to his fraternity, or can sing, or some such reason, and ——"

Here to my great surprise she flung down one of our two last remaining teacups and retired precipitately into the ruins. Not for us to witness her majestic grief. Rachel—or was it Naomi?—mourning for her children.

However, in a short time she reappeared and stated that she was sick of fooling round on back roads, and that we would now go directly to the Front.

"We'll never pull it off," Mr. Burton said to me in an undertone.

"She has never failed, Mr. Burton," I reminded him gravely.

Before we started Mr. Burton saw Hilda, but he came back looking morose and savage. He came directly to me.

"Look me over," he said. "Do I look queer or anything?"

"Not at all," I replied.

"Look again. I don't seem to be dying on my feet, do I? Anything wan about me? I don't totter with feebleness, do I?"

"You look as strong as a horse," I said somewhat acidly.

"Then I wish to thunder you'd tell me," he stormed, "why that girl—that—well, you know who I mean—why the deuce she should first giggle all over the place when she sees me, and then baby me like an idiot child? 'Here's a chair,' she'd say, and 'Do be careful of yourself'; and when I recovered from that enough to stand up like a man and ask for a cup of coffee she said I ought to take soup; it was strengthening!"

Fortunately Tish gave the signal to start just then, and we moved out. Hilda was standing in her doorway when we passed, and I thought she looked rather forlorn. She blew kisses to us, but Mr. Burton only saluted stiffly and looked away. I have often considered that to the uninitiated the ways of love are very strange.

It was when we were out of the village that he turned to me with a strange look in his eyes.

"She doesn't care for Weber after all," he said. "Didn't I tell you the minute she found she could have him she wouldn't want him? Do you think I'd marry a girl like that?"

"She's a nice little thing," I replied. "But you're perfectly right—she's no housekeeper."

"No housekeeper!" he said in a tone of astonishment. "That's the cleanest hut in France. And let me tell you I've had the only cup of coffee ——"

He broke off and fell into a fit of abstraction. Somewhat later he looked up and said: "I'll never see her again, Miss Lizzie."

"Why?"

"Because I told her I wouldn't come back until I could bring her a German officer as a souvenir. Some idiot had told her he was going to, and, of course, I told her if she was collecting them I'd get her one. A fat chance I have too! I don't know what made me do it. I'm only surprised I didn't make it the Crown Prince while I was at it."

But how soon were our thoughts to turn from soft thoughts of love to graver matters!

Tish, as I have said before, has a strange gift of foresight that amounts almost to prophecy.

I have never known her, for instance, to put a pink bow on an afghan and then have the subsequent development turn out to be a boy, or vice versa. And the very day before Mr. Ostermaier fell and sprained his ankle she had picked up a roller chair at an auction sale, and in twenty minutes he was in it.

At noon we stopped at a crossroads and distributed to some passing troops our usual cigarettes and chocolate. We also fried a number of doughnuts, and were given three cheers by various companies as they passed. It was when our labors were over that Tish perceived a broken machine gun abandoned by the roadside, and spent some time examining it.

"One never knows," she said, "what bits of knowledge may one day be useful."

Mr. Burton explained the mechanism to her.

"I'd be firing one of these things now," he said gloomily, "if it were not for that devilish piece of American ingenuity, the shower bath."

"Good gracious!" Aggie said.

"Fact. I got into a machine-gun school, but one day in a shower one of the officers perceived my—er—affliction, badly swollen from a hike, and reported me."

Tish was strongly inclined to tow the machine gun behind us and eventually have it repaired, but Mr. Burton said it was not worth the trouble, and shortly afterward we turned off the main road into a lane, seeking a place for our luncheon. Tish drove as usual, but she continued to lament the gun.

"I feel keenly," she said, "the necessity of being fully armed against any emergency. And I feel, too, that it is my solemn duty to salvage such weapons as come my way at any and all times."

I called to her just then, but she was driving while looking over her shoulder at Mr. Burton, and it was too late to avoid the goat. We went over it and it lay behind us in the road quite still.

"You've killed it, Tish," I said.

"Not at all," she retorted. "It has probably only fainted. As I was saying, I feel that with our near approach to the lines we should be armed to the teeth with modern engines of destruction, and should also know how to use them."

We were then in a very attractive valley, and Tish descending observed that if it were not for the noise of falling shells and so on it would have been a charming place to picnic.

She then instructed Aggie and me to prepare a luncheon of beef croquettes and floating island, and asked Mr. Burton to accompany her back to the car.

As I was sitting on the running board beating eggs for a meringue at the time I could not avoid overhearing the conversation.

First Mr. Burton, acting under orders, lifted the false bottom, and then he whistled and observed: "Great Cæsar's ghost! Looks as though there is going to be hell up Sixth Street, doesn't it?"

"I'll ask you not to be vulgar, Mr. Burton."

"But—look here, Miss Tish. We'll be jailed for this, you know. You may be able to get away with the C. in C.'s tires, but you can't steal a hundred or so grenades without somebody missing them. Besides, what the—what the dickens are you going to do with them? If it had been eggs now, or oranges—but grenades!"

"They may be useful," Tish replied in her cryptic manner. "Forearmed is forewarned, Mr. Burton. What is this white pin for?"

I believe she then pulled the pin, for I heard Mr. Burton yell, and a second later there was a loud explosion.

I sat still, unable to move, and then I heard Mr. Burton say in a furious voice: "If I hadn't grabbed that thing and thrown it you'd have been explaining this salvage system of yours to your Maker before this, Miss Carberry. Upon my word, if I hadn't known you'd blow up the whole outfit the moment I was gone I'd have left before this. I've got nerves if you haven't."

"That was an over-arm pitch you gave it," was Tish's sole reply. "I had always understood that grenades were thrown in a different manner."

I distinctly heard him groan.

"You'll have about as much use for grenades as I have for pink eye," he said almost savagely. "I don't like to criticize, Miss Tish, and I must say I think to this point we've made good. But when I see you stocking up with grenades instead of cigarettes, and giving every indication of being headed for the Rhine, I feel that it is time to ask what next?"

"Have you any complaint about the last few weeks?" Tish inquired coldly.

"Well, if we continue to leave a trail of depredations behind us —— It's bad enough to have a certain person think I am a slacker, but if she gets the idea that I'm a first-class second-story worker I'm done, that's all."

Fortunately Aggie announced luncheon just then.

Every incident of that luncheon is fixed clearly in my mind, because of what came after it. We had indeed penetrated close to the Front, as was shown by the number of shells which fell in it while we ate. The dirt from one, in fact, quite spoiled the floating island, and we were compelled to open a can of peaches to replace it. It was while we were drinking our after-dinner coffee that Tish voiced the philosophy which upheld her.

"When my hour comes it will come," she said calmly. "Viewed from that standpoint the attempts of the enemy to disturb us become amusing—nothing more."

"Exactly," said Mr. Burton, skimming some dust from the last explosion out of his coffee cup. "Amusing is the word. Funny, I call it. Funny as a crutch. Why, look who's here!"

There was a young officer riding up the valley rapidly. I remember Tish taking a look at him and then saying quickly: "Lizzie, go and close the floor of the ambulance. Don't run. I'll explain later."

Well, the officer rode up and jumped off his horse and saluted.

"Some of our fellows said you were trapped here, Miss Carberry," he said. "I didn't believe it at first. It's a bad place. We'll have to get you out somehow."

"I'm not anxious to get out."

(Continued on Page 115)

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(Continued from Page 112)

"But," he said, and stared at all of us—"you are —— Do you know that our trenches are just beyond this hill?"

"I wish you'd tell the Germans that; they seem to think they are in this valley."

He laughed a little and said: "They ought to make you a general, Miss Carberry." He then said to Mr. Burton: "I'd like to speak to you for a moment."

Looking back I believe that Tish had a premonition of trouble then, for during their conversation aside she got out her knitting, always with her an indication of perturbation or of deep thought, and she spoke rather sharply to Aggie about rinsing the luncheon dishes more thoroughly. Aggie said afterward that she herself had felt at that time that peculiar itching in the palms of her hands which always with her presages bad news.

"If he asks about those grenades, Lizzie, you can reply. Say you don't know anything about them. That's the truth."

"I know where they are," I said with some acridity. "And what's more, I know I'm not going to ride a foot in that ambulance with that concentrated extract of hell under my feet."

"Lizzie ——"

She began sternly, but just then the two men came back, and the officer's face was uncomfortable.

"I — from your demeanor," he said, "and—er—the fact that you haven't mentioned it I rather gather that you have not heard the er—the news, Miss Carberry."

"I didn't see the morning papers," Tish said with the dry wit so characteristic of her.

"You have a nephew, I understand, at the Front?"

Tish's face suddenly grew set and stern.

"Have—or had?" she asked in a terrible voice.

"Oh, it's not so bad as all that. In fact, he's a lot safer just now than you are, for instance. But it's rather unfortunate in a way too. He has been captured by the enemy."

Aggie ran to her then with the blackberry cordial, but Tish waved her away.

"A prisoner!" she said. "A nephew of mine has allowed himself to be captured by the Germans? It is incredible!"

"Lots of us are doing it," he said. "It's no disgrace. In fact, it's a mark of courage. A fellow goes farther than he ought to and the first thing he knows he's got a belt of bayonet points, and it is a time for discretion."

"Leave me, please," Tish said majestically. "I am ashamed. I am humbled. I must think."

Shortly after that she called us back and said: "I have come to this conclusion: The situation is unbearable and must be rectified. Do you know where he is enduring this shameful captivity?"

"I wouldn't take it too hard, Miss Tish," said the officer. "He's very comfortable, as we happen to know. One of our runners got back at dawn this morning. He said he left your nephew in the church at V——, playing pinochle with the German C. O. The runner was hidden in the cellar under the church, and he said the C. O. had lost all his money and his Iron Cross, and was going to hold Captain Sands until he could win them back."

He then urged her, the moment night fell, to retire from our dangerous position, and to feel no anxiety whatever.

"If I know him," were his parting words, "he'll pick that German as clean as a chicken. Pinochle will win the war," he added and rode away.

During the remainder of the afternoon Tish sat by herself, knitting and thinking. It was undoubtedly then that she formed the plan which in its execution has brought us so much hateful publicity, yet without which the town of V—— might still be in German hands.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Comment on the Week

The New Style

USUALLY at the annual meeting of a big corporation the chairman of the board, or the president, says how much business the company did during the year, what the profits were and what dividends were declared. Usually it is an excessively dry performance.

There was a big corporation annual meeting in New Jersey the other day of a different sort. The chairman of the board said that the corporation a year before had adopted a new sort of relationship with its employees. It had got them to choose representatives to sit down with representatives of the stockholders and talk over matters of common concern, particularly those in which the employees had a special interest. During the year there had been eighty conferences between the two sets of representatives and the topics there discussed were roughly divided as follows: Wages, thirty-eight per cent; working conditions, ten per cent; promotions and discharges, nine per cent; hours of work, nine per cent; methods of wage payment, eight per cent; the industrial representation plan, eight per cent; sanitation, housing and social question, three per cent each; miscellaneous, nine per cent. Wage earners' representatives had participated in every wage decision. Altogether, the chairman said, the new plan of industrial relationship had proved a decided success and the corporation meant to persist in it.

Yes, the corporation in question is none other than your old friend, the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey. But before you express surprise or incredulity, remember that that same Standard Oil Company has never had to learn the time of day in business from its rivals or from other business concerns. It knows what o'clock it is as soon as anybody else—and frequently a little sooner.

Party Government

OUR Government, we are always solemnly informed, is a government by political parties. The idea is that the party which has won at the elections, and so received a mandate from the people, shall take control of the Government, with full responsibility for it, and carry through its program.

Once in a hundred times it actually happens that way. Other times the party that has won splits up into factions, some of which join with factions of the opposition. There is more trouble getting the party in line for action than there is at the election when getting the people in line for the party. A given party's success at the polls carries only a vague implication as to what legislation will actually result. The party itself is not a real organization, but only a loose sort of federation of jarring ideas and interests. There is little enough organized responsible unity of action. The long boggling and haggling over the last two revenue bills is a case in point.

Once in a hundred times an exception happens. For instance, a political party went before the people of North Dakota with a set of candidates and a program. It won decisively. At one short session of the legislature it put through its whole program, including such complicated and highly debatable matters as state-owned flour milling; elevator, warehousing and marketing businesses; a state-owned bank of ambitious dimensions; state coal mining; state home-building association; a radical revision of taxation; action looking to a string of state-controlled newspapers.

All was done under gag rule, the unfriendly newspapers claim—that is to say, a party caucus met nightly, decided exactly what should be done the following day, and exactly did it under the strictest party discipline. There was no opportunity for any filibustering or other factional dropping of monkey wrenches into the gears. The various bills were promptly put through as planned.

That program is State Socialism, for which we have no sort of affection; but it is the program which the party put before the voters and which a decisive majority of voters approved. We take off our hats to that party, not because we like its program, but because it had the sand and the sense to do with neatness and dispatch what it had promised to do and got a mandate from the people for doing.

There is nothing else the highest legislative body in the United States—meaning the Senate at Washington—needs more than a gag. There is no party government and no valid excuse for a party unless a party, having a program and a mandate, puts that program through with all the gagging and relentless party discipline that may be necessary.

Another World Reform

AMID all these world commotions, world problems and world doubts there is a pretty stable old rock to lean on after all very much out of fashion nowadays; the best people are not resorting to it much; even mentioning it is bad form in the more advanced circles. But it is fairly dependable for a plain man. There is a word that can be remade to order to an indefinite extent. It is under your hat, and by certain cosmic sympathies its sphere of influence extends as far as the four walls of your habitation. Roughly speaking, you can reform it as much as you like. On the large scale the labor problem is baffling, but you can tell definitely how much sabotage you are going to practice on yourself. You can't know whether Germany is going to pay her debts, but you can know whether you are going to pay yours. And so on.

Mostly that is the world in which you actually live and upon which your happiness and satisfactions actually depend. In the United States at least you can be sure that what you do there will have a greater effect in determining your happiness and satisfactions than what anybody does outside. Some "intellectual" may come along with a political patent that gives you what you reasonably want out of life whether you earn it or not. But that is excessively unlikely. The conservative course is to depend on yourself for it. In a troubled world the solidest thing for John Smith to lean on is John Smith. He can see to it that the leaning is good if he has a mind to.

The Outlook

HOW can business help being good—meaning by "business" all the activities by which men gain a livelihood? Business, first and last, is the production and distribution of goods. Never—possibly barring the height of the war period with its abnormal demands for specialties—was there in the bulk such an obvious demand for goods. About half of Europe is to be more or less rebuilt, stocked up with materials, furnished with machinery. You hear it nearly everywhere, from Havre to Vladivostok: "We need rails, locomotives, cars, machines, houses, wool, leather, cotton, steel, food."

Good business requires not only the demand for goods but means of paying for them. There is no inherent difficulty there. Europe, once settled down to sanity and reasonable security and engaged in orderly production, would create means of payment as it went along. Rationally at work its credit would be good for all its needs. This seethe and ferment of the great war will subside. Finally Europe must come back to the fundamental problem of getting a living, which means sane, orderly production. That is the key to its future and the solvent of its difficulties. Finally, Europe will need our goods.

But there is huge demand for goods in the United States also—building deferred, road making, railroad betterments and the hundred million individual needs. This year's crops promise to put a vast sum into the hands of farmers. Labor is well employed at record wages. Financially the country is tremendously strong. Somewhat like Europe, but in less degree, we have gratuitously made ourselves some difficulties. The faint-hearted and the numerous friends of disorder naturally emphasize them. With smoked glasses the bluest sky looks threatening. Smoked-glass peddlers were never busier than now, but you do not really need them.

The Franking Scandal

CONGRESSMAN FULLER, of Massachusetts, reports as follows concerning the franking privilege:

"There is franked out of the House Office Building daily twenty to thirty tons of mail matter. About election time this increases to thirty or forty tons. The superintendent in charge stated that five to six hundred clerks are employed doing nothing but packing free literature into free envelopes to be carried through the mails free of expense. One congressman a while ago in one day franked out six hundred and forty thousand parcels of free books to the voters of his state. The postage to ordinary mortals would have been forty-five cents on each parcel, or nearly three hundred thousand dollars for the lot, to say nothing of the cost of the books. One congressman sent out seven hundred and fifty thousand parcels of literature and one political party at one election sent out fifty-five million copies of speeches. A commission reported that in 1908 congressmen franked four and a half million pounds of matter through the mails."

Congressman Fuller suggests that some restrictions might properly be placed upon this abuse of a congressional privilege. The suggestion carries all the more weight because the abuse represents mostly a sheer waste. The greater part of this avalanche of franked stuff goes into the wastebasket and the refuse heap unread.

Too Much Wheat?

THE present prospect is for an American wheat crop of more than a billion bushels—equaling or exceeding the great yield of 1915. The Government has guaranteed a base price of two dollars and twenty-six cents a bushel. The present prospect is that it will be a good investment.

Roughly speaking it is worth a billion-dollar premium to know that the United States can raise enough wheat to feed itself and half of Europe. It is a sign to a distracted world that at least one ponderous anchor is holding. About half of Europe, counting by population, is not getting on very well with the spring seeding. It is too busy pulling whiskers and gouging eyes. It has got to settle that tremendous problem of the bourgeoisie before it can go to work—meanwhile depending on some six or seven million American bourgeoisie in overalls to grubstake it to flour and bacon.

We cannot see any alarming prospect that there is going to be too much food in the world this year of grace or too much fuel and clothing. And we said a while back, do not begin losing sleep now over that government guaranty. Taking it all round it does not look like a bad investment.

Political Division

SUPPOSE party politics in the United States emerges from its present bankruptcy and takes on a real significance. There should of course be a radical party, urging experiments, criticizing the situation of the day—whatever that situation might be—demanding change. And there should be a conservative party, holding to experience, critical of change, insisting upon the usefulness of the situation of the day and certainly there would be very much that was useful in that situation.

On the whole the radical party would have a certain tactical advantage, for in any normal, intelligent human society—human nature being, fortunately, what it is, with a constant onward urge in it—there are rather more people who are dissatisfied with the situation on the whole than satisfied with it on the whole. The radical party, by and large, would appeal particularly to young people, in whom the onward urge and the dissatisfactions are usually keener; who have shorter pasts and longer futures, and so, on the whole, are apt to set less store by experience. That party, by and large, would have a certain advantage.

How would the conservative party offset it? Naturally, first of all, by greater efficiency. It would take every pains to demonstrate that, within the lines of its policy, it could carry on the government more economically and capably than its opponents. What will the Republican Party make of the present opportunity?

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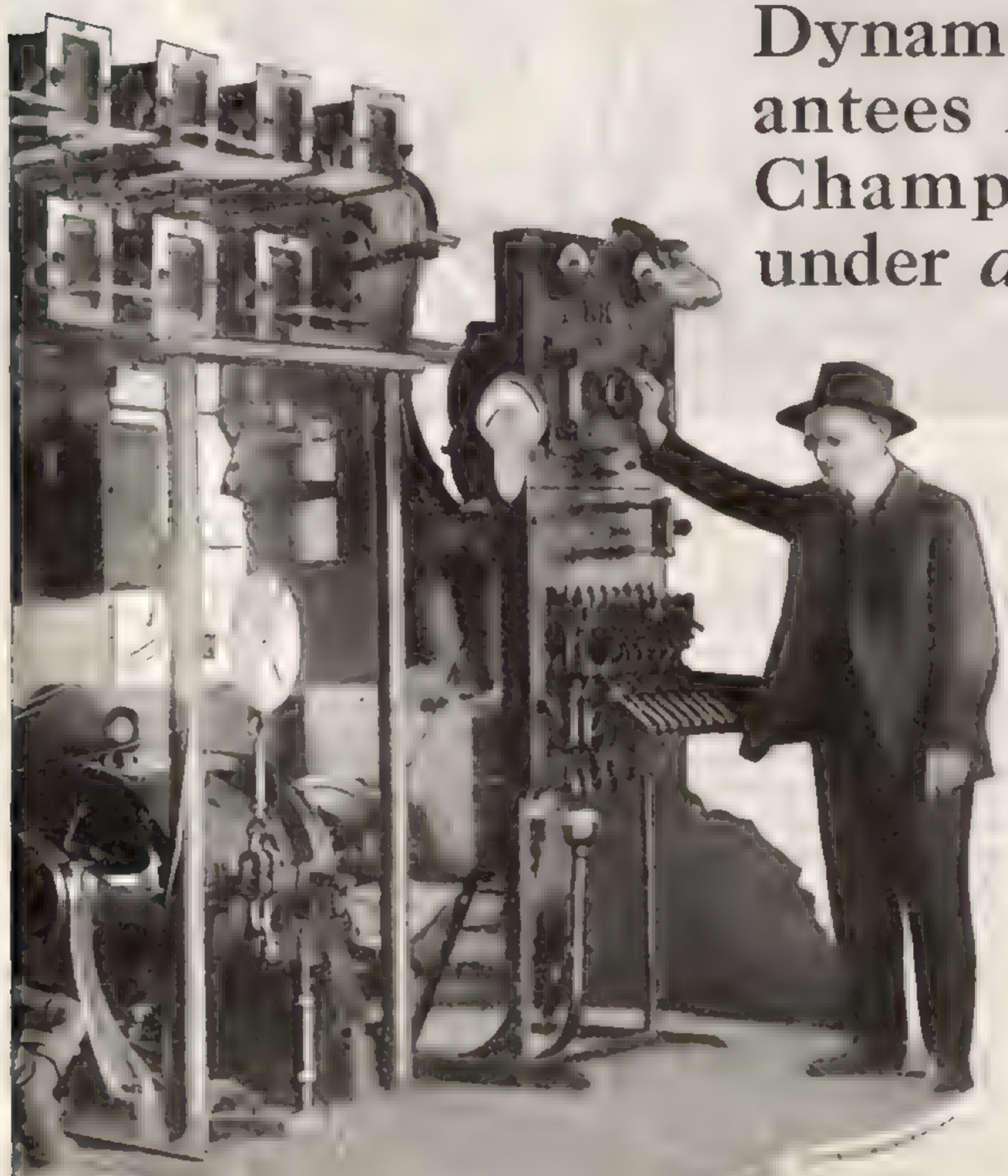

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HE established a precedent for high and honorable relationship among individuals which could not fail to affect favorably the history of the great state later to bear his name.

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LEHIGH PORTLAND CEMENT COMPANY

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LEHIGH CEMENT

THE BUSINESS OF THEATRICAL MANAGEMENT

(Continued from Page 21)

And that of course does not represent anything like the full size of the organization which I should be required to form and keep up if I were to undertake to found and maintain an old-fashioned permanent repertoire company—but it significantly indicates the different salary overhead which I should be required to carry! Daly, as recently as 1895–96, had ninety-odd players on his salary list; but Wallack, Daly, Palmer, et al., twenty-five to forty years ago, were required to pay only fifteen to sixty dollars a week for exceptionally fine actors in all subsidiary positions. One of the best low comedians of his time, the bearer of an internationally famous name and an enviable professional repute, was glad to accept $125 a week from Daly during the closing years of that manager's career. But be assured I cannot induce competent actors of either sex to work for me to-day on terms within hailing distance of those readily negotiated by Daly and by others of my great predecessors. And if in these instances anybody supposes I have placed too high the salaries I should have to pay for services of such actors as those named I say this: Where can I hire an Elton, an Edwards or a Gilbert—at any salary? John Gilbert, for example, was one of the greatest actors that ever lived—unsurpassable in such parts as Polonius, Sir Robert Bramble, Old Dornton, Sir Peter Teazle, Jesse Rural and Sir Anthony Absolute. Though different in style he ranked even higher than Sir John. Hare, to name one of the greatest actors known to this generation; and where can I get a John Hare for five hundred dollars a week?

Great Actors and Small Salaries

And if we were to go back to the really old palmy days we should find our comparisons running out of all whooping. In England, Samuel Phelps, for example, in the provinces, not long before he was deemed a competitor with Edmund Kean, received the munificent weekly salary of eighteen shillings—that is, about $4.30. Forrest, immediately after his first great success in New York as Othello, was glad to take eight hundred dollars a year from Gilfert, at the old Bowery Theater. The elder Booth, even in the height of his fame, customarily acted for fifty dollars a night—and found his own dresses; he did not act every night in the week either. In 1844 Edward L. Davenport, by general agreement one of the greatest actors that ever lived, was leading juvenile at the Bowery, New York, and drew eighteen dollars a week. The prompter, Brooks, at that house during the same season, got seven dollars a week. In 1858, when he was leading man at the old Boston Museum, Lawrence Barrett's salary was thirty-eight dollars a week. Where, oh, where, is the leading man of to-day who would consider splitting the last five dollars of his salary—and where the manager who would venture to suggest such a thing! "The Fathers," it seems to me, figured even closer than we do in these degenerate days of commercialism! The late Sir Charles Wyndham, when, in 1869, he was a leading member of Wallack's company, received twenty pounds sterling a week—and it was stipulated that when the company played in Brooklyn "the carriage hire—from New York—was to be paid by Wallack." In the same year, at Daly's, Fanny Davenport got fifty dollars a week. In 1874 the total of salaries for Barrett's first company—managed by T. W. Davey, Mrs. Fiske's father—was $760 a week. In 1879, William Seymour, at the Boston Museum, received the highest salary which up to that time had been paid to a stage manager at that house—fifty dollars a week. During the same period the rates there for utility men were three to four dollars a week the first, and ten to twenty dollars a week the second and third season. And so following.

But let us now listen for a little while to the figures on the subject of revenue. The seating capacity of Booth's Theater, New York, was 1807 persons, with standing room for at least 350 more—2157 auditors. The prices ranged from 25 cents to $1.50, and the house when full held upward of $2000. Wallack's Theater accommodated about 1300 persons, with room for about 200 more—"standees," as we call them—and held when full about $1800; it was a smallish theater for its day. My theater accommodates 990 persons—no "standees"—and when full holds approximately $1600. I obtrude nothing private in mentioning these figures; the scale of prices charged at my theater is publicly displayed in the lobby thereof, and its capacity is listed in every first-class theatrical guide. Thus, when Booth played a week—seven performances—to capacity business he took in more than $14,000. When I play a week at the Belasco—eight performances—to capacity business I take in about $12,800. And please remember, the purchasing power of a dollar to-day is not more than half what it was when Booth was a manager, but the advance in the highest-priced theater seats since then is only one-third—that is, fifty cents. It never costs me less than $6000 a week—independent of royalties and production accounts—to operate the Belasco Theater; sometimes it has cost me, as I have said, almost as high as $9000 for a week. And—whisper it softly—alas, we do not always play to capacity business! Moreover, I pay 33 per cent, and more, income tax; while my predecessors—Wallack, Booth, Daly, Palmer, and the rest—never paid even one cent of such tax!

Edwin Booth made a net profit of $70,000 on his last and worst season at Booth's Theater, and a net profit of $102,000 on his best season there. If I play a splendid success at my theater for a whole season and send it on the road showing me a net profit of $5000 I rejoice; and if I send it out leaving me just even on my investment and current expenses I seldom am dissatisfied. Perhaps it will be suggestive to my readers to ponder this fact: After presenting The Darling of the Gods for two solid years my profit was $5000. Yet it had played to capacity business almost every week. In my opinion—"which fire cannot melt out of me; I will die in it at the stake!"—The Darling was as worthy an endeavor as has been made in the modern theater—though I do say it myself, who should not. But all honest differences of opinion as to the play and its production allowed for, such a venture for such a profit—no matter whose the venture—deserves more than patronizing approval or the estimate of sordid commercialism.

Changes of Bill

We managers are blamed—sometimes in unmeasured terms—because we do not make frequent changes of bill. I have recognized and admitted fully and frankly—and often and publicly—the great value in the training and development of actors of a widely varied experience such as necessarily is entailed by frequent changes of characters represented. The main point of my exposition, however—and it cannot be urged too often or too emphatically—is the injustice of blaming theatrical managers of to-day for effects of the operation of inexorable circumstances, wholly beyond their control! It is those circumstances, operating as irresistibly as the law of gravitation does—and not the mere will of the managers—which have developed the long-run custom.

There is, moreover, an obvious and vital aspect of this subject which, very strangely, is not—as far as I know—ever mentioned in discussions of it. I mean the great injustice to the theatergoing public which would be inflicted under contemporary conditions by short runs. Let us for a moment look considerately at this aspect of the subject. What originally established the custom of frequent changes of bill? Why, the imperative requirements of novelty and variety, in order to attract a numerically small theatergoing public; the same persons had to be induced to attend two or three times or more every week. Look back and study the history of the old permanent repertoire companies; every season every one of those companies added to its repertoire the best, the most popular novelties obtainable—and kept them on the stage consecutively as long as public attendance warranted.

Take the records of those great exemplars so often held up to us and whose memory all lovers of the theater cherish and revere. Wallack ran The Shaughraun for 143 consecutive performances; Much Ado About Nothing for forty-nine—almost if not actually an unprecedented record at the time—1869; and Rosedale for 125. School he ran for fifty performances, Caste for thirty-odd, David Garrick for eighty-five, Diplomacy for eighty-odd, The World for eighty-four and Youth for seventy-seven. In every one of those cases—as in many others—he ran the pieces named just as long as it was profitable to do so. Booth ran Hamlet for 100 nights at the Winter Garden, New York, 1864–65, and then, going to Boston, continued its representation. Daly ran The Shrew 137 times; As You Like It, sixty-two; A Midsummer Night's Dream, seventy-seven; Twelfth Night, fifty-odd, and again, in London, for 111.

Henry Irving—who once impatiently exclaimed "For God's sake, while the business is good why should we change the bill!"—gave Hamlet 200 consecutive performances; Romeo and Juliet, 135; The Merchant of Venice, 250; Much Ado, 212; Faust, 375—with a few weeks of summer vacation; Macbeth, 151; King Henry VIII, 172. Hayes ran Shakspere's Dream at Duff's Olympic, in New York, in 1867, for 100 nights. Charles Kean ran Sardanapalus, 85 times; King Henry VIII, 100; King Louis XI, 62; The Winter's Tale, 102.

Modern Conditions

Many other examples could be cited. And what does it all signify? Why, this: That Wallack, Booth, Daly, Irving, and the rest, being intelligent, honest business managers as well as artists and leaders in their vocation, naturally and rightly took all legitimate profit the traffic would bear. Speaking from the stage of his London Lyceum Theater, July 22, 1882, Irving declared his conviction that as long as the public comes to see a manager's production "in goodly numbers, it is the manager's duty to continue it." And he added: "'While you have success, keep it,' should be the motto of the manager of a great theater, for sympathy without support will soon shut up his theater." I say "Amen!"

Come, let us be reasonable. What was right—indeed, the object of approved ambition—when done by the Fathers twenty, forty, sixty years ago is not base and sordid when done to-day by managers who do it under even more imperative requirement. In 1870 the population of the city of New York was less than a million and a half persons, and intercommunication between the different sections of it and its outlying environs was difficult and slow, and theaters were few in number. To-day New York has about 100 important "playing points," as we managers call them; a drawing population of 7,000,000, besides an inestimable but vast visiting population—practically all of which is theater mad; and intercommunication is swift, cheap and easy. Is that vast population—a population approximately equal to the whole of that of Belgium before the war, half again as large as that of Denmark, one-fifth that of all Italy, twice that of Switzerland, a fourth more than that of Sweden, a third that of the whole of Spain—is that public, I ask, not entitled to see favorite players in plays it wants to see, without the managers who minister to that perfectly legitimate want being censured for baseness, sordid commercialism or lack of artistry?

And how is that public going to see those players and plays if the bill is to be changed from night to night, or week to week, or even from month to month? When the people of one city throng for a whole season to see David Warfield's performances of The Auctioneer or those of Miss Frances Starr in The Rose of the Rancho or Tiger! Tiger! or of the charming comedienne Miss Ina Claire in Polly With a Past, what legitimate excuse would I have for restricting those attractions to short runs—four to six weeks each? The Lyceum Theater, New York, accommodates about 900 persons and when I can keep little Miss Lenore Ulric there, as I did, for one solid year in Tiger Rose, giving eight performances a week to practically capacity business all the time, I maintain that the public—which surely was justified!—wanted her, and that I served the best interests of the theater, the public and my star, as well as my own, by keeping her there without change of bill. Fifty years ago variety of entertainment was provided for the New York theatergoer by frequent changes of bill; to-day he finds it by visiting various theaters.

Again, without disparaging the stock system I have another plea to enter in defense of contemporary managerial methods when judiciously exercised. The supreme merit of the best stock companies of old was that the plays were represented by actors who were specialists in their lines. Gilbert was supreme as Sir Anthony Absolute, Wallack as Don Felix, Brougham as Sir Lucius O'Trigger, and so following, not because those actors played those parts seldom, but because they played them, and others of the same line, often and were exceptionally well suited to and expert in their respective lines. Do not, incidentally, forget that in the old companies the small parts—sometimes very important ones—were frequently assigned to novices learning their business. That never occurs to-day under competent management. And as for the principals—they are all specialists in their respective lines to-day, just as much as they ever were in the old stock days, except when they are more so.

If I may be pardoned another personal illustration I maintain that no stock company ever existed in which Mr. Knoblock's remarkable play of Tiger! Tiger! could be better cast than it is now at my New York theater. I worked in the old stock for a quarter of a century—my testimony regarding it is entitled to as much credence as any other man's—and I know that in it the small parts in the play I have named would have been indignantly declined by players of the ability and standing of those who at this moment are acting them for me.

Unfair Criticism

Every intelligent theatrical manager, I believe, desires and seeks to obtain the sympathy, approval, support and cooperation of the most intellectual, independent and influential men and women of his time; in particular—because they most directly address and affect the general public sentiment—of the most authoritative men and women who write about the theater in the contemporary press. I know that in my work I have made honest and diligent endeavor to do so—not always with success. I have from time to time read some scathing comments on myself and my work which have caused me to wonder whether the authors of them had ever stopped to consider that at best we are all fallible human beings together, seeking to earn our livelihoods as best we may, and that serious writers and serious managers are not hateful enemies but servants of the public, who should at least try to comprehend one another and work in unison for the common good. Scornful censure or belittlement of earnest endeavor and scathing personalities help neither the theater nor the public. If I tried I think I might demonstrate that I myself possess a very pretty faculty of vituperation and invective. But to what advantage? As a rule I prefer to let unjust censure answer itself. It seems to me, however, that too many writers for the press of to-day exemplify the truth of the following remarks by Doctor Johnson: "All, perhaps, are more willing to honor past than present excellence; the great contention of criticism is to find the faults of the moderns and the beauties of the ancients. While an author is yet living we estimate his powers by his worst performance and when he is dead by the best." The same observations apply with equal force to the performances of actors and managers.

An honest manager's desire to enlist the sympathy and to benefit by the assistance of intellectual contemporaries is not a venal or merely selfish one; it is a judicious and commendable desire to profit by the learning and often the vast abilities of the best minds of his time, in order to better his service to the public. William Winter, George William Curtis, Charles A. Dana, Clarke Davis, John D. Stockton, W. W. Clapp, Benjamin E. Woolff, Henry A. Clapp, Laurence Hutton, Franklin Fyles, Stephen Fiske, Henry Watterson, George P. Goodale, John Ranken Towse, Sir Edward Russell, Walter Herries Pollock, A. B. Walkley, H. T. Parker, Philip Hale, Louis V. De Foe, Charles Darnton, Alexander Woollcott, Alan Dale, Amy Leslie, Lawrence Reamer, Burns Mantle, James S. Metcalfe—those are a few representative names of diversely talented commentators

(Concluded on Page 122)

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(Concluded from Page 119)

whose criticism, approval and coöperation I have sought—and sought, I rejoice to remember, not always in vain.

Yet it sometimes does seem to me that some, even among our monitors "of wisest censure," grow a little captious and unreasonably hard to satisfy, making—if I may without offense take liberty to say so—erroneous and unjustly injurious comparisons by dwelling on the transcendent excellence of some things which once they saw—so many years ago that now the mind of man runneth not to the contrary. One writer, for example—a man of stalwart character and extraordinary faculties, whose approval and support I always earnestly desire and seek to gain—manifests an almost idolatrous admiration for the old-time English actor and theatrical manager, Samuel Phelps, who died in 1878, and whose great work was his comanagement of the Sadler's Wells Theater, Islington, London, from 1844 to 1862, the writer I have in mind being at the end of that epochal period of accomplishment only seventeen years old, and therefore hardly as well equipped to form opinions and to pass judgments on acting and theatrical productions as he became after removing to this country.

Now, much as I applaud and venerate the achievement of Phelps, it seems to me that as a theatrical manager the wine he drank was made of grapes and that when he walked he stepped upon the ground. Great as he was, he was largely the sport of circumstance, coerced and driven by the conditions of his environment—"even as you and I." He could not possibly have produced under conditions of this time and country all but four of Shakspere's plays—as he did at the Wells. In Phelps' day leading juvenile actors—such, for example, as William Elton—were available in London at twelve to fifteen pounds a week; utilities at two to four pounds, and so on.

In the Days of Samuel Phelps

Ten years or so after the close of Phelps' reign at the Wells, Henry Irving at the old Queen's Theater, London, was receiving about $13 a week; Charles Wyndham, $15; John L. Toole, the leading player there, $55; and Ellen Terry, the leading lady, $25. In that day, too, $10,000 and $15,000 for productions were almost incredible sums. Charles Kean's statement, for example, that he spent £3000 on his production of Sardanapalus excited incredulity. Phelps himself, on his most costly Shaksperean production, Timon of Athens, spent less than $3600. I have spent nearly twice that sum on the lights rehearsals alone of more than one of my productions—spent it, I affirm, not needlessly, but because it was necessary in order under modern conditions to give my public what it requires and expects and is entitled to expect from me.

As illustrating the difference in managerial problems faced by the modern manager and those faced by Phelps in the maintenance of a permanent repertoire company consider the following declaration made by the old hero of Sadler's Wells, at the London Mansion House banquet in his honor, October 24, 1876: "Mark you," he then said, "I found that about every five or six years I had fresh audiences, that plays would bear repeating again and again; and by a peculiar economic method of my own I was enabled to repeat them"—meaning, reproduce them—"without any great expense."

There you have it! Phelps could make a suitable new production, even of a great Shaksperean tragedy—a production by all testimony adequate at once to the expectations of the general public and to the requirements of sternly severe critical culture—for about one-half of what it now costs to operate a first-class New York theater for one week; and he could repeat his presentations again and again without any great expense. We managers of to-day cannot do that—and unhappily we cannot meet our obligations with admonitory censure of dissatisfied critics, even though they be the writers we most admire!

Phelps, remember, paid practically no royalties for his plays—almost all of them being old and free to all. But at least one-half of the plays presented by a modern permanent repertoire company would have to be modern, and therefore royalty-bearing pieces. The American theater-going public—whether rightly or wrongly—has a very languid interest in theatrical antiquarianism. Phelps, again, directed a theater which accommodated "very little short of 3000 persons," and which held, when full, close to the equivalent of $2000—at a time when and in a country where the purchasing power of that sum was easily equal to that of $5000 in the New York of to-day. He was "an exceptionally nervous man where money was concerned" [W. May Phelps, his nephew] and his attitude—as that of a theatrical manager of the old school, beyond all suspicion of commercialism—toward certain ventures, and in particular toward the distinctly literary drama, is suggestively indicated by the following facts:

In 1846 Phelps purchased from Bulwer Lytton "a new five-act play, written on the plan of the old Greek tragedies" and entitled Œdipus. That play Phelps never produced, though Bulwer urged him to bring it out at Sadler's Wells. Why did he not produce it? Because the prices of admission chargeable there, "even if the house had been full every night of the expected run"—mark you that, now! he expected to run the new play, not to change the bill before he had to!—"could not possibly have covered the cost of the play, the music and the nightly expenses" [W. May Phelps]. Thus it appears that after all even a hero of the palmy days—and a gallant one, too, was not exempt from such vulgar considerations of commercialism as bills payable and profit and loss.

My views—to be expounded elsewhere—as to production of plays that are merely of high literary quality are not sympathetic. As to the "masterpieces, tragic, romantic or comic," of dramatic quality, which contemporary managers, including myself, are condemned for not producing—this fact is, I think, highly significant: The most authoritative and respected writer who has, as far as I know, recently uttered strictures of this kind exclaims immediately after having done so, in commenting on my present purpose to produce a Shakspere trilogy, "Heaven knows where he"—Belasco—"would find the actors!"

And there you have it again. We managers fail in our public and artistic duty because we do not produce the dramatic masterpieces of our language—but when it becomes known that in coöperation with the ripest and most resourceful scholarship of our time we are trying to effect an unprecedented revival of some of the finest of them our censurers wonder where we will find the properly equipped actors to perform them.

Sweeping Condemnation

Now it is fairly obvious that if the actors do not exist who are competent by nature and training to act those masterpieces we managers are not justly to be condemned for not producing them.

A major count of many complaints by various authorities against alleged commercial managers was recently epitomized by a friend of mine—himself a theatergoer of forty-odd years' experience and an able writer—in these words:

"Their" — commercial managers — "only object being gain they consider nothing else. They have degraded the theater and almost destroyed the art of acting—so that the satisfactory presentation of a play of the first or even of the second class is practically impossible. All we get to-day is third, fourth or fifth raters, and the stage as it existed thirty years and more ago is simply unknown."

That sweeping condemnation, made in entire sincerity, brings to my mind an equally comprehensive one uttered by Boucicault, just thirty years ago, when he alleged that no great actor had appeared and that no great play had been written since 1850. Boucicault's complaint—which, by the way, if allowed would nonsuit all the complaints in the present by denying greatness to all the admired actors later than that date, from Booth and Jefferson and Barrett to Salvini and Coghlan and Mansfield, and to all the dramatists from Robertson and Gilbert and Boucicault himself to Jones and Howard and Thomas—was answered, utterly pulverized and demolished by William Winter, speaking at the request of A. M. Palmer, in a debate before the Goethe Society of New York. Now I am no orator, as Brutus was—but the complaint uttered by my discontented and desponding friend is a representative one, frequently heard, and joining issue on the principal point in it I do not hesitate to pronounce it extravagant and unwarranted and I think I can dispose of it.

In the first place, what is the standard of "satisfactory presentation"—and who are the judges that are to decide whether or not it has been attained? I, as a manager who believe myself also to be an artist, have a lively regard for the censure of that judicious one which in my allowance "should o'erweigh a whole theater of others." But how if I have good reason to believe—as often I do have—that there come into our theaters many thousand judicious ones whose approval is not unskillful, but on the contrary is shrewdly discriminative—even though it run counter to the judgments of some experienced professional critics, including some personal friends of mine? May it not be, in this as in so many other instances, that the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense, and that the public of judicious theatergoers—which, unlike the professional critics, is not condemned by necessity to witness plays every night and instantly to formulate and express opinions on them—may give the sounder judgment as to satisfactory presentation? I'll say that though not always, yet this is often so. The mass of the people pay to attend theaters, and remember that as the world over they boil beans, so the world over the people soon and very plainly manifest their resentment if they do not receive satisfactory value for their money. I therefore flatly deny the assertion that plays, even of the first-rate order, cannot be satisfactorily presented in the American theater to-day; it depends on whether the first-rate plays are those of former periods or those of to-day—and also somewhat on whether the spectators are willing to be satisfied by excellence or not.

Proposals for a Stock Company

I have said thus much to mitigate such justice as there is in the current critical complaint against managers. I have a thing to say now which I believe may be of special interest to actors and all others interested in the welfare of the theater, and which in some measure is a challenge to them. Though I maintain that contemporary theatrical management is often denied an approval justly its due I much desire to alter or circumvolve existing conditions obstructive to establishment and maintenance of a permanent repertoire company. In order to fulfill that desire I must have not only the approval and the reasonable support of the public and the press—for which I explicitly ask—I must also have the practical coöperation of the dramatic profession.

I am willing and eager to form such a company, but it will not be possible to do so if competent actors demand salaries as large as many of them can in some situations exact to-day. As an offset to lower salaries they would, in my repertoire company, enjoy the advantage of living in one city, the metropolis of the country; and further, I would guarantee to them a season of not less than thirty-two consecutive weeks. That, though the greed and poor judgment of the generality of actors may revolt from it, would in fact be an immensely advantageous arrangement for them. Under it a salary of $100 a week would practically be equal to one of $200 a week under ordinary conditions.

Ordinarily an actor—even a leading one, commanding a high salary—gambles on employment, just as the manager gambles on success. He is engaged for the run of the play; he rehearses in it two to six weeks; if it succeeds—he wins; if it fails—he loses. If—or when—he goes on the road he has the incidental expenses of travel, which mount up surprisingly, and he must live at hotels—if he is sensible, at good ones, which are costly always. That is required not only by the vanity of the actor—a vigorous force—and by sound professional policy, but also for the sake of his health.

Residing in New York all the season round with assured employment and definite fixed hours of labor an actor could live much cheaper and much better than generally is possible in theatrical life. He would be able to maintain and occupy a comfortable home, give time to necessary reading and study, keep in touch with the normal life and thought of his time, and thus best develop and exercise his artistic faculties.

Those are material considerations for which I must demand from actors proper regard if such an institution as I desire to create is actually to be established. But there are other conditions to be met. The actors of my projected company, located in New York and assured of employment on full salary for not less than thirty-two consecutive weeks of the year, must absolutely bind themselves to me, for terms of not less than three consecutive years; and also must agree to play, without cavil or dispute and to the best of their abilities, the parts for which I cast them. No manager undertaking to-day such a venture as I have in mind can afford to leave himself at the mercy of a temperamental race or open to selfish defections from his standard. If, for example, I revive The School for Scandal and a handsome young actor in process of development under my training makes a hit in it in, say, the character of Careless, I cannot be liable to have him immediately tempted away from me, on the usual two weeks' notice, by offers of a large salary and a featured or starring engagement as Charles Surface. My actors must be prepared faithfully to stand by me, giving our public the very best that there is in them.

As to characters to be acted—each major player would of course be engaged for a specified general line. But a director must reserve to himself the right of exercising reasonable discretion. "An two men ride of a horse one must ride behind"—and I always ride in front on all my managerial horses.

Perhaps the most usefully productive branch of the company which I seek to form would be that made up of what I will call the raw recruits—the supernumeraries. If I found a novice of genuine talent but without financial resources I would gladly pay to such a living wage—as much as the same individual could earn as a beginner in any other vocation, and a little more. But in general my plan would be to fill that division—to number, roughly, forty-five young men and thirty-five young women—from the class which supports the various schools of acting. And I would pay the members of that branch of my company no salaries. To attend schools of acting such histrionic novices pay several hundred dollars, each, a year, besides supporting themselves. To become members of my repertoire company and thus receive intensive practical training for the stage—including my personal instruction, which they could not buy to-day for any price—they would not be required to pay even one cent. Their necessary stage costumes and wigs would be provided for them free of cost, and they would be thoroughly instructed in dancing, fencing and deportment. Yes, my young friends, you would find special and most exacting stress laid upon deportment, because if you know how ladies and gentlemen should wear their clothes and how they should deport themselves—in particular toward their elders and toward members of the opposite sex—most of you keep that knowledge carefully concealed! Also, they would be taught elocution, singing, instrumental music and the woefully neglected art of making up the face.

A Chance for Sound Training

But in order to obtain entrance to my company and to enjoy those advantages of histrionic education all aspirants would be required first to pass a life-insurance company's physical examination; and then a rigorously severe examination devised and conducted by me to establish their possession of natural talents which would warrant the contemplated expenditure of money, labor, and—above all—my time required for their development. All candidates accepted would, moreover, be required to give a satisfactory bond to remain under my professional control for a period of three years, and to give me a first option on their professional service, at a stated salary, to begin upon the completion of their terms of instruction and training.

The conditions I have herein outlined as a basis for founding a permanent repertoire company are strict, but they are neither harsh nor unreasonable. What I contemplate is the establishment not of an eleemosynary organization for lazy actors or a series of sinecures for gurgitating histrionic amateurs, but a vital, valuable, self-supporting theatrical institution, for the advantage of the theater and the good of the public. If public, press and players will coöperate in the proper and necessary spirit the plan will be carried out and will be successful. If they will not—then, like so many other ambitious schemes, it will die a-borning. I stand ready to do my part—and to make that part a generous and large one.

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SEALED TIGHT

KEPT RIGHT

WRAPPED IN

The Flavor Lasts

A DAMSEL IN DISTRESS

(Continued from Page 27)

now, down the road that led to Platt's. This confirmation of his suspicions enabled him momentarily to forget the blister which was forming on the heel of his left foot. He set out after her at a good pace.

The road, after the habit of country roads, wound and twisted. The quarry was frequently out of sight, and Percy's anxiety was such that, every time Maud vanished, he broke into a gallop. Another hundred yards, and the blister no longer consented to be ignored. It cried for attention like a little child, and was rapidly insinuating itself into a position in the scheme of things where it threatened to become the center of the world. By the time the third bend in the road was reached, it seemed to Percy that this blister had become the one great fact in an unreal and nightmarelike universe. He hobbled painfully; and when he stopped suddenly and darted back into the shelter of the hedge his foot seemed aflame. The only reason why the blister on his left heel did not at this juncture attract his entire attention was that he had become aware that there was another of equal proportions forming on his right heel.

Percy had stopped and sought cover in the hedge, because, as he rounded the bend in the road, he perceived, before he had time to check his gallop, that Maud also had stopped. She was standing in the middle of the road, looking over her shoulder, not ten yards away. Had she seen him? It was a point that time alone could solve. No! She walked on again. She had not seen him. Lord Belpher, by means of a notable triumph of mind over matter, forgot the blisters and hurried after her.

They had now reached that point in the road where three choices offer themselves to the wayfarer. By going straight on he may win through to the village of Moresby-in-the-Vale, a charming little place with a Norman church; by turning to the left he may visit the equally seductive hamlet of Little Weeting; by turning to the right off the main road and going down a leafy lane he may find himself at the door of Platt's farm. When Maud, reaching the cross-roads, suddenly swung down the one to the left, Lord Belpher was for the moment completely baffled. Reason reasserted its sway the next minute, telling him that this was but a ruse. Whether or not she had caught sight of him, there was no doubt that Maud intended to shake off any possible pursuit by taking this speciously innocent turning and making a detour. She could have no possible motive in going to Little Weeting. He had never been to Little Weeting in his life, and there was no reason to suppose that Maud had either.

The signpost informed him—a statement strenuously denied by the twin blisters—that the distance to Little Weeting was one and a half miles. Lord Belpher's view of it was that it was nearer fifty. He dragged himself wearily along. It was simpler now to keep Maud in sight, for the road ran straight; but, there being a catch to everything in this world, the process was also messier. In order to avoid being seen, it was necessary for Percy to leave the road and tramp along in the deep ditch which ran parallel to it. There is nothing half-hearted about these ditches which accompany English country roads. They know they are intended to be ditches, not mere furrows, and they behave as such. The one that sheltered Lord Belpher was so deep that only his head and neck protruded above the level of the road, and so dirty that a bare twenty yards of travel was sufficient to coat him with mud. Rain, once fallen, is reluctant to leave the English ditch. It nestles inside it for weeks, forming a rich, oatmeallike substance which has to be stirred to be believed. Percy stirred it. He churned it. He plowed and sloshed through it. The mud stuck to him like a brother.

Nevertheless, being a determined young man, he did not give in. Once he lost a shoe, but a little searching recovered that. On another occasion a passing dog, seeing things going on in the ditch which in his opinion should not have been going on—he was a high-strung dog, unused to coming upon heads moving along the road without bodies attached—accompanied Percy for over a quarter of a mile, causing him exquisite discomfort by making sudden runs at his face. A well-aimed stone settled this little misunderstanding, and Percy proceeded on his journey alone. He had Maud well in view when, to his surprise, she left the road and turned into the gate of a house which stood not far from the church.

Lord Belpher regained the road and remained there, a puzzled man. A dreadful thought came to him, that he might have had all his trouble and anguish for no reason. This house bore the unmistakable stamp of a vicarage. Maud could have no reason that was not innocent for going there. Had he gone through all this merely to see his sister paying a visit to a clergyman? Too late it occurred to him that she might quite easily be on visiting terms with the clergy of Little Weeting. He had forgotten that he had been away at Oxford for many weeks, a period of time in which Maud, finding life in the country weigh upon her, might easily have interested herself charitably in the life of this village. He paused irresolutely. He was baffled.

Maud, meanwhile, had rung the bell. Ever since, looking over her shoulder, she had perceived her brother Percy dodging about in the background, her active young mind had been busying itself with schemes for throwing him off the trail. She must see George that morning. She could not wait another day before establishing communication between herself and Geoffrey. But it was not till she reached Little Weeting that there occurred to her any plan that promised success.

A trim maid opened the door.

"Is the vicar in?"

"No, miss. He went out half an hour back."

Maud was as baffled for the moment as her brother Percy, now leaning against the vicarage wall in a state of advanced exhaustion.

"Oh, dear!" she said.

The maid was sympathetic.

"Mr. Ferguson, the curate, miss, he's here, if he would do."

Maud brightened.

"He would do splendidly. Will you ask him if I can see him for a moment."

"Very well, miss. What name please?"

"He won't know my name. Will you please tell him that a lady wishes to see him."

"Yes, miss. Won't you step in?"

The front door closed behind Maud. She followed the maid into the drawing-room. Presently a young, small curate entered. He had a willing, benevolent face. He looked alert and helpful.

"You wished to see me?"

"I am so sorry to trouble you," said Maud, rocking the young man in his tracks with a smile of dazzling brilliancy, "but there is a man following me!"

The curate clicked his tongue indignantly.

"A rough sort of a tramp kind of man. He has been following me for miles and I'm frightened."

"Brute!"

"I think he's outside now. I can't think what he wants. Would you—would you mind being kind enough to go and send him away?"

The eyes that had settled George's fate for all eternity flashed upon the curate, who blinked. He squared his shoulders and drew himself up. He was perfectly willing to die for her.

"If you will wait here," he said, "I will go and send him about his business. It is disgraceful that the public highways should be rendered unsafe in this manner."

"Thank you ever so much," said Maud gratefully. "I can't help thinking the poor fellow may be a little crazy. It seems so odd of him to follow me all that way, walking in the ditch too!"

"Walking in the ditch!"

"Yes. He walked most of the way in the ditch at the side of the road. He seemed to prefer it, I can't think why."

Lord Belpher, leaning against the wall and trying to decide whether his right or his left foot hurt him the more excruciatingly, became aware that a curate was standing before him, regarding him through a pair of gold-rimmed *pince-nez* with a disapproving and hostile expression. Lord Belpher returned his gaze. Neither was favorably impressed by the other. Percy thought he had seen nicer-looking curates, and the curate thought he had seen more prepossessing tramps.

"Come, come!" said the curate. "This won't do, my man!"

"How Dare You Follow That Young Lady? I've a Good Mind to Give You in Charge!"

A few hours earlier Lord Belpher had been startled when addressed by George as "sir." To be called "my man" took his breath away completely.

The gift of seeing ourselves as others see us is, as the poet indicates, vouchsafed to few men. Lord Belpher, not being one of these fortunates, had not the slightest conception how intensely revolting his personal appearance was at that moment. The red-rimmed eyes, the growth of stubble on the cheeks, and the thick coating of mud which had resulted from his rambles in the ditch, combined to render him a horrifying object.

"How dare you follow that young lady? I've a good mind to give you in charge!"

Percy was outraged.

"I'm her brother!" He was about to substantiate the statement by giving his name, but stopped himself. He had had enough of letting his name come out on occasions like the present. When the policeman had arrested him in the Haymarket, his first act had been to thunder his identity at the man; and the policeman, without saying in so many words that he disbelieved him, had hinted skepticism by replying that he himself was the King of Brixton. "I'm her brother!" he repeated thickly.

The curate's disapproval deepened. In a sense, we are all brothers; but that did not prevent him from considering that this mud-stained derelict had made an impudent and abominable misstatement of fact. Not unnaturally he came to the conclusion that he had to do with a victim of the demon rum.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," he said severely. "Sad piece of human wreckage as you are, you speak like an educated man. Have you no self-respect? Do you never search your heart and shudder at the horrible degradation which you have brought on yourself by sheer weakness of will?"

He raised his voice. The subject of temperance was one very near to this curate's heart. The vicar himself had complimented him only yesterday on the good his sermons against the drink evil were doing in the village, and the landlord of the Three Pigeons down the road had on several occasions spoken bitter things about blighters who came taking the living away from honest folks.

"It is easy enough to stop if you will but use a little resolution. You say to yourself, 'Just one won't hurt me!' Perhaps not. But can you be content with just one? Ah! No, my man, there is no middle way for such as you. It must be all or nothing. Stop it now, now while you still retain some semblance of humanity. Soon it will be too late. Kill that craving! Stifle it! Strangle it! Make up your mind now—now—that not another drop of the accursed stuff shall pass your lips!"

The curate paused. He perceived that enthusiasm was leading him away from the main issue.

"A little perseverance," he concluded rapidly, "and you will soon find that cocoa gives you exactly the same pleasure. And now will you please be getting along. You have frightened the young lady, and she cannot continue her walk unless I assure her that you have gone away."

Fatigue, pain, and the annoyance of having to listen to this man's well-meant but ill-judged utterances had combined to induce in Percy a condition bordering on hysteria. He stamped his foot, and uttered a howl as the blister warned him with a sharp twinge that this sort of behavior could not be permitted.

"Stop talking!" he bellowed. "Stop talking like an idiot! I'm going to stay here till that girl comes out if I have to wait all day!"

The curate regarded Percy thoughtfully.

Percy was no Hercules; but, then, neither was the curate. And in any case, though no Hercules; Percy was undeniably an ugly-looking brute. Strategy rather than force seemed to the curate to be indicated. He paused a while, as one who weighs pros and cons, then spoke briskly, with the air of the man who has decided to yield a point with a good grace.

"Dear, dear!" he said. "That won't do! You say you are this lady's brother?"

"Yes, I do!"

"Then perhaps you had better come with me into the house and we will speak to her."

"All right."

"Follow me."

Percy followed him. Down the trim gravel walk they passed and up the neat stone steps. Maud, peeping through the curtains, thought herself the victim of a

(Continued on Page 129)

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(Continued from Page 125)

monstrous betrayal or equally monstrous blunder. But she did not know the Rev. Cyril Ferguson. No general, adroitly leading the enemy on by strategic retreat, ever had a situation more thoroughly in hand. Passing with his companion through the open door, he crossed the hall to another door, discreetly closed.

"Wait in here," he said. Lord Belpher moved unsuspectingly forward. A hand pressed sharply against the small of his back. Behind him a door slammed and a key clicked—he was trapped. Groping in Egyptian darkness, his hands met a coat, then a hat, then an umbrella. Then he stumbled over a golf club and fell against the wall. It was too dark to see anything, but his sense of touch told him all he needed to know. He had been added to the vicar's collection of odds and ends in the closet reserved for such things.

He groped his way to the door and kicked it. He did not repeat the performance. His feet were in no shape for kicking things.

Percy's gallant soul abandoned the struggle. With a feeble oath he sat down on a box containing croquet implements and gave himself up to thought.

"You will be quite safe now," the curate was saying in the adjoining room, not without a touch of complacent self-approval such as becomes the victor in a battle of wits. "I have locked him in the cupboard. He will be quite happy there." An incorrect statement, this. "You may now continue your walk in perfect safety."

"Thank you ever so much," said Maud. "But I do hope he won't be violent when you let him out."

"I shall not let him out," replied the curate, who, though brave, was not rash. "I shall depute the task to a worthy fellow named Willis, in whom I have every confidence. He—he is, in fact, our local blacksmith!"

And so it came about that when, after a vigil that seemed to last for a lifetime, Percy heard the key turn in the lock and burst forth seeking whom he might devour, he experienced an almost instant quieting of his excited nervous system. Confronting him was a vast man whose muscles, like those of that other and more celebrated village blacksmith, were plainly as strong as iron bands.

This man eyed Percy with a chilly eye.

"Well?" he said. "What's troublin' you?"

Percy gulped. The man's mere appearance was a sedative.

"Er—nothing!" he replied. "Nothing!"

"There better hadn't be!" said the man darkly. "Mr. Ferguson give me this to give to you. Take it!"

Percy took it. It was a shilling.

"And this!"

The second gift was a small paper pamphlet. It was entitled Now's the Time! and seemed to be a story of some kind. At any rate, Percy's eyes, before they began to swim in a manner that prevented steady reading, caught the words "Job Roberts had always been a hard-drinking man, but one day, as he was coming out of the bar parlor . . . " He was about to hurl it from him when he met the other's eye and desisted. Rarely had Lord Belpher encountered a man with a more speaking eye.

"And now you get along," said the man. "You pop off. And I'm going to watch you do it too. And if I find you sneakin' off to the Three Pigeons ——"

His pause was more eloquent than his speech and nearly as eloquent as his eye. Lord Belpher tucked the tract into his sweater, pocketed the shilling and left the house. For nearly a mile down the well-remembered highway he was aware of a presence in his rear, but he continued on his way without a glance behind.

Like one that on a lonely road
Doth walk in fear and dread;
And, having once looked back, walks on
And turns no more his head:
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread!

Maud made her way across the fields to the cottage down by Platt's. Her heart was as light as the breeze that ruffled the green hedges. Gayly she tripped toward the cottage door. Her hand was just raised to knock, when from within came the sound of a well-known voice.

She had reached her goal, but her father had anticipated her. Lord Marshmoreton had selected the same moment as herself for paying a call upon George Bevan.

Maud tiptoed away and hurried back to the castle. Never before had she so clearly realized what a handicap an adhesive family can be to a young girl.

XVI

AT THE moment of Lord Marshmoreton's arrival George was reading a letter from Billie Dore, which had come by that morning's post. It dealt mainly with the vicissitudes experienced by Miss Dore's friend, Miss Sinclair, in her relations with the man Spenser Gray. Spenser Gray, it seemed, had been behaving oddly. Ardent toward Miss Sinclair to almost an embarrassing point in the earlier stages of their acquaintance, he had suddenly cooled; at a recent lunch had behaved with a strange aloofness; and now, at this writing, had vanished altogether, leaving nothing behind him but an abrupt note to the effect that he had been compelled to go abroad, and that, much as it was to be regretted, he and she would probably never meet again.

"And if," wrote Miss Dore, justifiably annoyed, "after saying all those things to the poor kid and telling her she was the only thing in sight, he thinks he can just slide off with a 'Good-by! Good luck! and God bless you!' he's got another guess coming. And that's not all. He hasn't gone abroad! I saw him in Piccadilly this afternoon. He saw me, too; and what do you think he did? Ducked down a side street, if you please! He must have run like a rabbit at that, because when I got there he was nowhere to be seen. I tell you, George, there's something funny about all this."

Having been made once or twice before the confidant of the tempestuous romances of Billie's friends, which always seemed to go wrong somewhere in the middle and to die a natural death before arriving at any definite point, George was not particularly interested, except in so far as the letter afforded rather comforting evidence that he was not the only person in the world who was having trouble of the kind. He skimmed through the rest of it, and had just finished when there was a sharp rap at the front door.

"Come in!" called George.

There entered a sturdy little man of middle age whom at first sight George could not place, and yet he had the impression that he had seen him before. Then he recognized him as the gardener to whom he had given the note for Maud that day at the castle. The alteration in the man's costume was what had momentarily baffled George. When they had met in the rose garden the other had been arrayed in untidy gardening clothes. Now, presumably in his Sunday suit, it was amusing to observe how almost dapper he had become. Really you might have passed him in the lane and taken him for some neighboring squire.

George's heart raced. Your lover is ever optimistic, and he could conceive of no errand that could have brought this man to his cottage unless he was charged with the delivery of a note from Maud. He spared a moment from his happiness to congratulate himself on having picked such an admirable go-between. Here evidently was one of those trusty old retainers you read about, faithful, willing, discreet, ready to do anything for "the little missy bless her little heart!" Probably he had danced Maud on his knee in her infancy, and with a doglike affection had watched her at her childish sports. George beamed at the honest fellow, and felt in his pocket to make sure that a suitable tip lay safely therein.

"Good morning," he said.

"Good morning," replied the man.

A purist might have said that he spoke gruffly and without geniality; but that is the beauty of these old retainers. They make a point of deliberately trying to deceive strangers as to the goldenness of their hearts by adopting a forbidding manner. And "Good morning!" Not "Good morning, sir'" Sturdy independence, you observe, as befits a free man.

George closed the door carefully. He glanced into the kitchen. Mrs. Platt was not there. All was well.

"You have brought a note from Lady Maud?"

The honest fellow's rather dour expression seemed to grow a shade bleaker.

"If you are alluding to Lady Maud Marsh, my daughter," he replied frostily, "I have not!"

For the past few days George had been no stranger to shocks, and had indeed come almost to regard them as part of the normal everyday life; but this latest one had a stunning effect.

"I beg your pardon?" he said.

"So you ought to!" replied the earl.

George swallowed once or twice to relieve a curious dryness of the mouth.

"Are you Lord Marshmoreton?"

"I am."

"Good Lord!"

"You seem surprised."

"It's nothing!" muttered George. "At least, you—I mean to say—it's only that there's a curious resemblance between you and one of your gardeners at the castle, I—I dare say you have noticed it yourself."

"My hobby is gardening."

Light broke upon George. "Then was it really you ——"

"It was!"

George sat down. "This opens up a new line of thought!" he said.

Lord Marshmoreton remained standing. He shook his head sternly.

"It won't do, Mr. —— I have never heard your name."

"Bevan," replied George, rather relieved at being able to remember it in the midst of his mental turmoil.

"It won't do, Mr. Bevan. It must stop. I allude to this absurd entanglement between yourself and my daughter. It must stop at once."

It seemed to George that such an entanglement could hardly be said to have begun, but he did not say so.

Lord Marshmoreton resumed his remarks. Lady Caroline had sent him to the cottage to be stern, and his firm resolve to be stern lent his style of speech something of the measured solemnity and careful phrasing of his occasional orations in the House of Lords.

"I have no wish to be unduly hard upon the indiscretions of youth. Youth is the period of romance, when the heart rules the head. I myself was once a young man."

"Well, you're practically that now," said George.

"Eh?" cried Lord Marshmoreton, forgetting the thread of his discourse in the shock of pleased surprise.

"You don't look a day over forty!".

"Oh, come, come, my boy—I mean, Mr. Bevan!"

"You don't, honestly!"

"I'm forty-eight."

"The prime of life!"

"And you don't think I look it?"

"You certainly don't."

"Well, well, well! By the way, have you tobacco, my boy? I came out without my pouch."

"Just at your elbow. Pretty good stuff. I bought it in the village."

"The same I smoke myself!"

"Quite a coincidence."

"Distinctly!"

"Match?"

"Thank you, I have one."

George filled his own pipe. The thing was becoming a love feast.

"What was I saying?" said Lord Marshmoreton, blowing a comfortable cloud. "Oh, yes!" He removed his pipe from his mouth with a touch of embarrassment. "Yes, yes, to be sure!"

There was an awkward silence.

"You must see for yourself," said the earl, "how impossible it is."

George shook his head.

"I may be slow at grasping a thing, but I'm bound to say I can't see that."

Lord Marshmoreton recalled some of the things his sister had told him to say.

"For one thing, what do we know of you? You are a perfect stranger."

"Well, we're all getting acquainted pretty quick, don't you think? I met your son in Piccadilly and had a long talk with him, and now you are paying me a neighborly visit."

"This was not intended to be a social call."

"But it has become one."

"And then—that is one point I wish to make, you know—ours is an old family. I would like to remind you that there were Marshmoretons in Belpher before the Wars of the Roses."

"There were Bevans in Brooklyn before the B. R. T."

"I never heard of Brooklyn."

"You've heard of New York?"

"Certainly."

"New York's one of the outlying suburbs."

Lord Marshmoreton relit his pipe. He had a feeling that they were wandering from the point.

"It is quite impossible!"

"I can't see it."

"Maud is so young."

"Your daughter could not be anything else."

"Too young to know her own mind," pursued Lord Marshmoreton, resolutely crushing down a flutter of pleasure. There was no doubt that this singularly agreeable young man was making things very difficult for him. It was disarming to discover that he was really capital company, the best, indeed, that the earl could remember to have discovered in the more recent period of his rather lonely life.

"At present, of course, she fancies that she is very much in love with you. It is absurd!"

"You needn't tell me that," said George. Really, it was only the fact that people seemed to go out of their way to call at his cottage and tell him that Maud loved him that kept him from feeling his cause perfectly hopeless. "It's incredible! It's a miracle!"

"You are a romantic young man, and you no doubt for the moment suppose that you are in love with her."

"No!" George was not going to allow a remark like that to pass unchallenged. "You are wrong there. As far as I am concerned, there is no question of its being momentary or suppositious or anything of that kind. I am in love with your daughter. I was from the first moment I saw her. I always shall be. She is the only girl in the world!"

"Stuff and nonsense!"

"Not at all! Absolute cold fact!"

"You have known her so little time."

"Long enough."

Lord Marshmoreton sighed.

"You are upsetting things terribly."

"Things are upsetting me terribly."

"You are causing a great deal of trouble and annoyance."

"So did Romeo."

"Eh?"

"I said, so did Romeo."

"I don't know anything about Romeo."

"As far as love is concerned, I begin where he left off."

"I wish I could persuade you to be sensible."

"That's just what I think I am."

"I wish I could get you to see my point of view."

"I do see your point of view—but dimly. You see, my own takes up such a lot of the foreground."

There was a pause.

"Then I am afraid," said Lord Marshmoreton, "that we must leave matters as they stand."

"Until they can be altered for the better."

"We will say no more about it now."

"Very well."

"But I must ask you to understand clearly that I shall have to do everything in my power to stop what I look on as an unfortunate entanglement."

"I understand."

"Very well."

Lord Marshmoreton coughed. George looked at him with some surprise. He had supposed the interview to be at an end, but the other made no move to go. There seemed to be something on the earl's mind.

"There is ah just one other thing," said Lord Marshmoreton. He coughed again. He felt embarrassed. "Just just one other thing," he repeated.

The reason for Lord Marshmoreton's visit to George had been twofold. In the first place, Lady Caroline had told him to go. That would have been reason enough. But what made the visit imperative was an unfortunate accident of which he had only that morning been made aware.

It will be remembered that Billie Dore had told George that the gardener with whom she had become so friendly had taken her name and address with a view later on to sending her some of his roses. The scrap of paper on which this information had been written was now lost. Lord Marshmoreton had been hunting for it since breakfast without avail.

Billie Dore had made a decided impression upon Lord Marshmoreton. She belonged to a type which he had never before encountered, and it was one which he had found more than agreeable. Her knowledge of roses and the proper feeling which she manifested toward rose growing as a life work consolidated the earl's liking for her. Never in his memory had he come across so sensible and charming a girl; and

(Continued on Page 132)

"Simply Wonderful"

Says the Motorist

"You don't mean to say my bill's ready *now?* I could understand that kind of speed in a bank, but how a garage can do it beats me. Why the job hasn't been finished two minutes—I supposed I'd have to wait ten minutes or so while the office figured it up. Includes everything, does it? That's simply wonderful."

So the customer gets away promptly. Not only is his bill ready the minute he wants it, but it is sure to be added correctly. After a very little experience with the St. Clair Motor Company, he knows he can depend on the accuracy of their figures. This kind of service—and it is service that is appreciated—makes good will for the firm that it could never buy. That is one of the reasons for the growth and success of this garage and motor car business, located in Vinton, Iowa; it is known to motorists all over that section for *doing things right.*

FIGURING AND BOOKKEEPING MACHINES
PREVENT COSTLY ERRORS—SAVE VALUABLE TIME

PRICED AS LOW AS $125

Burroughs

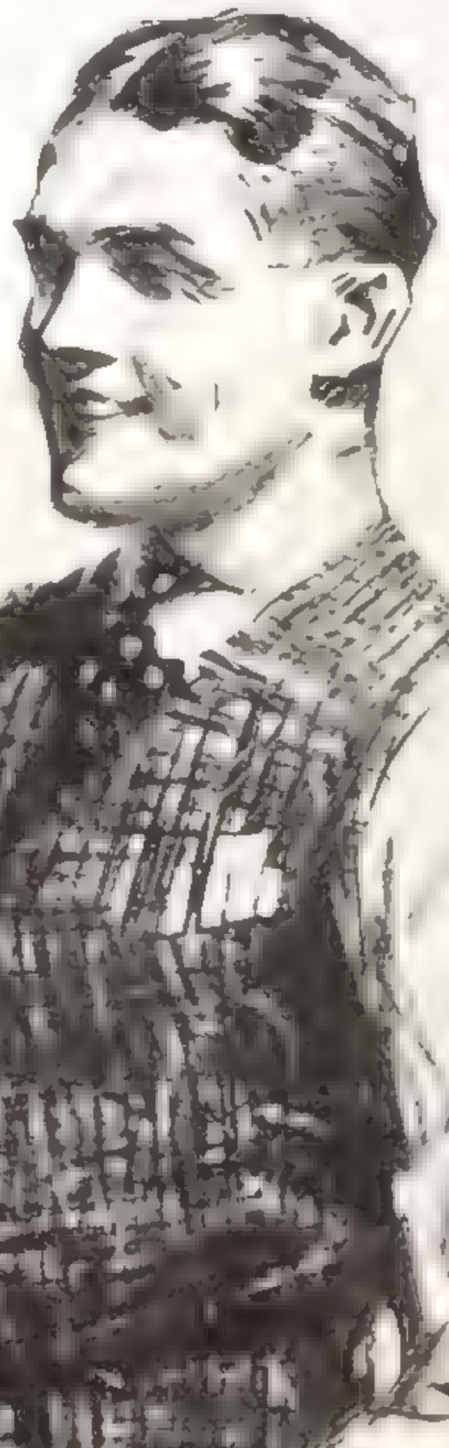
"Wonderfully Simple"

Says the Garage Man

"Why certainly, the bill's ready when the job is done, because the items come through one at a time. When the man back in the shop finishes with the car he phones me, and I time-stamp the card that already has all the charges, except his time entered on it. All I have to do is put the amounts shown through this little Burroughs, and there's the total. If it's a cash job, and the man's here for his car, we don't keep him waiting; but whether he is here or not the card is totaled on the day the job is done, and the day's business is all accounted for on our books every evening.

"Statements? They only take about half the time they used to, and there's no chance for the kind of mistakes we used to make before we did our figuring with the Burroughs.

"And another thing: Every morning I have a showing of just what the business is amounting to in every department, what is cash and what charged, and just what our customers' balances are, individually. Without our Burroughs these figures would cost us too much."



FIGURING AND BOOKKEEPING MACHINES PRICED AS
PREVENT COSTLY ERRORS—SAVE VALUABLE TIME LOW AS $125

Burroughs

(Continued from Page 129)

he had looked forward with a singular intensity to meeting her again. And now some too zealous housemaid, tidying up after the irritating manner of her species, had destroyed the only clew to her identity.

It was not for some time after this discovery that hope dawned again for Lord Marshmoreton. Only after he had given up the search for the missing paper as fruitless did he recall that it was in George's company that Billie had first come into his life. Between her, then, and himself George was the only link.

It was primarily for the purpose of getting Billie's name and address from George that he had come to the cottage. And now that the moment had arrived for touching upon the subject, he felt a little embarrassed.

"When you visited the castle," he said—"when you visited the castle ——"

"Last Thursday," said George helpfully.

"Exactly. When you visited the castle last Thursday, there was a young lady with you."

Not realizing that the subject had been changed, George was under the impression that the other had shifted his front and was about to attack him from another angle. He countered stoutly what seemed to him an insinuation:

"We merely happened to meet at the castle. She came there quite independently of me."

Lord Marshmoreton looked alarmed.

"You didn't know her?" he said anxiously.

"Certainly I knew her. She is an old friend of mine. But if you are hinting ——"

"Not at all," rejoined the earl, profoundly relieved. "Not at all. I ask merely because this young lady, with whom I had some conversation, was good enough to give me her name and address. She, too, happened to mistake me for a gardener."

"It's those corduroy trousers," murmured George in extenuation.

"I have unfortunately lost them."

"You can always get another pair."

"Eh?"

"I say you can always get another pair of corduroy trousers."

"I have not lost my trousers, I have lost the young lady's name and address."

"Oh!"

"I promised to send her some roses. She will be expecting them."

"That's odd; I was just reading a letter from her when you came in. That must be what she's referring to when she says: 'If you see dadda, the old dear, tell him not to forget my roses.' I read it three times and couldn't make any sense of it. Are you Dadda?"

The earl smirked.

"She did address me in the course of our conversation as 'dadda.'"

"Then the message is for you."

"A very quaint and charming girl. What is her name? And where can I find her?"

"Her name's Billie Dore."

"Billie?"

"Billie."

"Billie!" said Lord Marshmoreton softly. "I had better write it down. And her address?"

"I don't know her private address. But you could always reach her at the Regal Theater."

"Ah! She is on the stage?"

"Yes, she's in my piece, Follow the Girl."

"Indeed! Are you a playwright, Mr. Bevan?"

"Good Lord, no!" said George, shocked. "I'm a composer."

"Very interesting. And you met Miss Dore through her being in this play of yours?"

"Oh, no, I knew her before she went on the stage. She was a stenographer in a music publisher's office when we first met."

"Good gracious! Was she really a stenographer?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Oh—ah—nothing, nothing. Something just happened to come into my mind."

What had happened to come into Lord Marshmoreton's mind was a fleeting vision of Billie Dore installed in Miss Alice Faraday's place as his secretary. With such a helper it would be a pleasure to work on that infernal family history which was now such a bitter toil. But the daydream passed. He knew perfectly well that he had not the courage to dismiss Alice. In the hands of that calm-eyed girl he was as putty. She exercised over him the hypnotic spell a lion tamer exercises over his little playmates.

"We have been pals for years," said George. "Billie is one of the best fellows in the world."

"A charming girl."

"She would give her last nickel to anyone that asked for it."

"Delightful!"

"And as straight as a string! No one ever said a word against Billie."

"No?"

"She may go out to lunch and supper and all that kind of thing, but there's nothing to that."

"Nothing!" agreed the earl warmly. "Girls must eat!"

"They do. You ought to see them!"

"A little harmless relaxation after the fatigue of the day!"

"Exactly. Nothing more."

Lord Marshmoreton felt more drawn than ever to this sensible young man, sensible, at least, on all points but one. It was a pity they could not see eye to eye on what was and what was not suitable in the matter of the love affairs of the aristocracy.

"So you are a composer, Mr. Bevan?" he said affably.

"Yes."

Lord Marshmoreton gave a little sigh.

"It's a long time since I went to see a musical performance—more than twenty years. When I was up at Oxford, and for some years afterward, I was a great theatergoer. Never used to miss a first night at the Gaiety. Those were the days of Nelly Farren and Kate Vaughan. Florence St. John too. How excellent she was in Faust Up to Date! But we missed Nelly Farren. Meyer Lutz was the Gaiety composer then. But a good deal of water has flowed under the bridge since those days. I don't suppose you have ever heard of Meyer Lutz?"

"I don't think I have."

"Johnnie Toole was playing a piece called Partners—not a good play. And the Yeomen of the Guard had just been produced at the Savoy. That makes it seem a long time ago, doesn't it? Well, I mustn't take up all your time. Good-by, Mr. Bevan. I am glad to have had the opportunity of this little talk. The Regal Theater I think you said is where your piece is playing? I shall probably be going to London shortly. I hope to see it." Lord Marshmoreton rose. "As regards that other matter, there is no hope of inducing you to see the matter in the right light?"

"We seem to disagree as to which is the right light."

"Then there is nothing more to be said. I will be perfectly frank with you, Mr. Bevan. I like you."

"The feeling is quite mutual."

"But I don't want you as a son-in-law. And, dammit!" exploded Lord Marshmoreton, "I won't have you as a son-in-law! Do you think that you can harry and assault my son Percy in the heart of Piccadilly, and generally make yourself a damned nuisance, and then settle down here, without an invitation, at my very gates and expect to be welcomed into the bosom of the family? If I were a young man ——"

"I thought we had agreed that you were a young man."

"Don't interrupt me!"

"I only said ——"

"I heard what you said. Flattery!"

"Nothing of the kind. Truth."

Lord Marshmoreton melted. He smiled.

"Young idiot!"

"We agree there all right."

Lord Marshmoreton hesitated. Then with a rush he unbosomed himself, and made his own position in the matter clear.

"I know what you'll be saying to yourself the moment my back is turned. You'll be calling me a stage heavy father and an old snob and a number of other things. Don't interrupt me, dammit! You will, I tell you! And you'll be wrong. I don't think the Marshmoretons are fenced off from the rest of the world by some sort of divinity. My sister does. Percy does. But Percy's an ass! If ever you find yourself thinking differently from my son Percy on any subject, congratulate yourself. You'll be right!"

"But ——"

"I know what you're going to say. Let me finish. If I were the only person concerned I wouldn't stand in Maud's way, whoever she wanted to marry, provided he was a good fellow and likely to make her happy. But I'm not. There's my sister Caroline. There's a whole crowd of silly, cackling fools—my sisters, my sons-in-law, all the whole pack of them! If I didn't oppose Maud in this damned infatuation she's got for you—if I stood by and let her marry you—what do you think would happen to me? I'd never have a moment's peace! The whole gabbling pack of them would be at me, saying I was to blame. There would be arguments, discussions, family councils! I hate arguments! I loathe discussions! Family councils make me sick! I'm a peaceable man and I like a quiet life! And, damme, I'm going to have it! So there's the thing for you in letters of one syllable. I don't object to you personally, but I'm not going to have you bothering me. I'll admit freely that since I have made your acquaintance I have altered the unfavorable opinion I had formed of you from—from hearsay ——"

"Exactly the same with me," said George. "You ought never to believe what people tell you. Everyone told me your middle name was Nero, and that ——"

"Don't interrupt me!"

"I wasn't. I was just pointing out ——"

"Be quiet! I say I have changed my opinion of you to a great extent. I mention this unofficially, as a matter that has no bearing on the main issue; for as regards any idea you may have of inducing me to agree to your marrying my daughter, let me tell you I am unalterably opposed to any such thing!"

"Don't say that."

"What the devil do you mean don't say that! I do say that! It is out of the question. Do you understand? Very well then. Good morning."

The door closed. Lord Marshmoreton walked away feeling that he had been commendably stern. George filled his pipe and sat smoking. He wondered what Maud was doing at that moment.

Maud at that moment was greeting her brother with a bright smile as he limped downstairs after a belated shave and change of costume.

"Oh, Percy dear," she was saying, "I had quite an adventure this morning. An awful tramp followed me for miles—such a horrible-looking brute! I was so frightened that I had to ask the curate in the next village to drive him away. I did wish I had had you there to protect me! Why don't you come with me sometimes when I take a country walk? It really isn't safe for me to be alone!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Day That Will Never Come Again.

The boys are home. Eyes front and chins up, crusaders all, hardened veterans in a glorious cause they tramp, tramp, tramp past your point of vantage.

Your heart becomes a trip hammer; you join wildly in the cheers; you thrill with a great love, a love of country and a love for the men who have saved the world. This day marks an epoch whose events you are privileged to witness; it is a day that will never come again.

It is all worth far more than merely *seeing*—it is worth *saving*. Pictures from your point of vantage—just as you saw it—that recall the glory and the greatness of it all these will keep it fresh and vivid, will bring back the thrill and breathless glow even when memory alone can scarce recall the scene.

And on each negative you may have, not merely the picture story, but the date and title, the full authentic history—with an Autographic Kodak.

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No G–600—Standard leather outfit. Twinplex in purple satin lined, stiff black leather case. Price, $5.00.

LOOKING BACKWARD

(Concluded from Page 30

like bean soup flecked by a few strands of black crape!'

The explosion duly arrived from the assembled gourmets, I, myself, I am sorry to say, leading the rebellion.

"I put zee terrapins in zat soup!" exclaimed the Frenchman, quite losing his usual good English in his excitement.

We reproached him. We denounced him. He was driven from the field, but he bore us no malice. Ten days later he invited us again, and this time Sam Ward himself could have found no fault with the terrapin. Next afternoon, when I knew the Major was asleep, I slipped back into the kitchen and said to Louis Garnier, the chef: "Is there any of that terrapin left over from last night?"

All unconscious of his treason Louis took me into the pantry and triumphantly showed me three jars bearing the Augustin label and the Philadelphia express tags!

On another occasion a friend of the Major's passing the Brunswick and observing some diamond-back shells in the window said, "Major, have you any real live terrapins?"

"Live!" cried the Frenchman. "Only this morning I open the ice box and they were all dancing the cancan."

"Major," persisted the friend, "I'll go you a bottle of Veuve Clicquot you cannot show me an actual living terrapin."

"What do you take me for—confidence man?" the Major retorted. "How you expect an old sport like me to bet upon a certainty?"

"Never mind your ethics. The wager is drink, not money. In any event we shall have the wine."

"Oh, well," says the Frenchman, says he, with a shrug and a droll grimace, "if you insist on paying for a bottle of wine come with me."

He took a lighted candle, and together they went back to the ice box. It was literally filled with diamond-backs, and my friend thought he was gone for sure.

"Là!" says the Major with triumph, rummaging among the mass of shells with his cane as he held the candle aloft.

"But," says my friend, ready to surrender, yet taking a last chance, "you told me they were dancing the cancan!"

The Major picked up a terrapin and turned it over in his hand. Quite numb and frozen the animal within made no sign. Then he stirred the shells about in the box with his cane. Still not a show of life. Of a sudden he stopped, reflected a moment, then looked at his watch.

"Ah," he murmured. "I quite forget. The terrapin, they are asleep. It is ten-thirty, and the terrapin he regularly go to sleep at ten o'clock by the watch every night," and without another word he reached for the Veuve Clicquot!

For all his volubility in matters of romance and sentiment the Major was exceedingly reticent about his immediate self and his own affairs. His legends referred to the distant of time and place. A certain dignity could not be denied him, and on occasion a proper reserve; he rarely mentioned his business—though he worked like a slave, and could not have been making much or any profit—so that there rose the query how he contrived to make both ends meet. Little by little I came into the knowledge that there was a money supply from somewhere; finally, it matters not how, that he had an annuity of forty thousand francs, paid in quarterly installments of ten thousand francs each.

Occasionally he mentioned the old house, and in relating the famous Sophonisba episode late at night, and only in the very fastnesses of the wine cellar, as it were, at the most lachrymose passage he spoke of "l'Oncle Célestin" with the deepest feeling.

"Did you ever hear the Frenchman tell that story about Sophonisba?" Doctor Stoic, whom on account of his affectation of insensibility we were wont to call Old Adamant, once asked me. "Well, sir, the other night he told it to me, and he was drunk, and he cried, sir; and I was drunk, and I cried too!"

I had known the Frenchman now ten or a dozen years. That he came from Marseilles, that he had served on the Confederate side in the Trans-Mississippi, that he possessed an annuity, that he must have been well born and reared, that he was simple, yet canny, and in his money dealings scrupulously honest, was all I could be sure of. What had he done to be ashamed about or to wish to conceal? In what was he a black sheep, for that he had been one seemed certain? Had the beautiful woman, his wife—a tireless church and charity worker, who lived the life of a recluse and a saint—had she reclaimed him from his former self? I knew that she had been the immediate occasion of his turning over a new leaf. But before her time what had he been, what had he done?

Late one night, when the rain was falling and the streets were empty, I entered the Brunswick. It was empty too. In the farthest corner of the little dining room the Major, his face buried in his hands laid upon the table in front of him, sat silently weeping. He did not observe my entrance and I seated myself on the opposite side of the table. Presently he looked up and, seeing me, without a word passed me a letter which, all blistered with tears, had brought him to this distressful state. It was a formal French burial summons, with its long list of family names—his among the rest—the envelope, addressed in a lady's hand his sister's, the wife of a nobleman in high military command—the postmark "Lyon." Uncle Célestin was dead.

Thereafter the Frenchman told me much which I may not recall and must not repeat; for included in that funeral list were some of the best names in France, Uncle Célestin himself not the least of them.

At last he died, and as mysteriously as he had come his body was taken away, nobody knew when, nobody where, and with it the beautiful woman his wife, of whom from that day to this I have never heard a word.

Editor's Note—This is the twelfth of a series of articles by Mr Watterson. The next will appear in an early issue

ALLEY MONEY

(Continued from Page 38)

all these other fools, huh? You is still got yo' eyes on the faces an' figgers of young gals? Well, when I finishes with you"

The news became general. It was at first received with open incredulity. It was substantiated and became the topic of the hour. The election was only two weeks distant and for the first time in years the members of the lodge were keyed up to a high pitch of excitement.

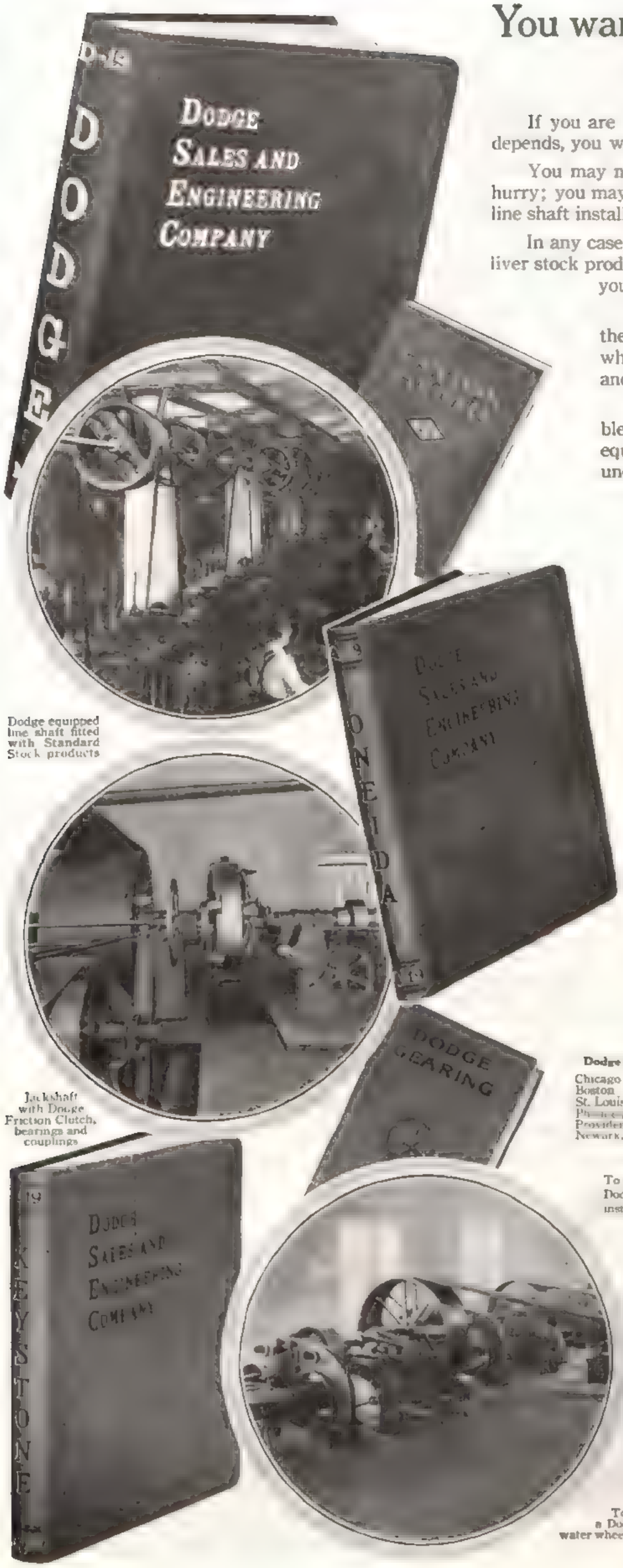
Otheller was in his element. He was enjoying himself hugely. He snooped about industriously, picking up morsels of political gossip where he could, quietly campaigning for Ethline and trying his best to get a true line on the situation. Things seemed to be coming his way. More, he arranged secret conference after secret conference between Isaac and Ethline. Nothing of importance was discussed at the conferences, but they were thoroughly enjoyable and kept the rival candidates satisfied. Each was trusting in Otheller and disdainful of the other's credulity. Of course the conferences were strictly private. It would never do, explained Otheller, to let the others know they were in cahoots.

Otheller himself became the champion conferee in the Burmingham district. He met Christeen in isolated spots and liberally imparted high-sounding and utterly foolish advice. He conversed frequently and profusely with the harassed Isaac and convinced him that his election was assured. But more frequently than all he was with Ethline.

His political conversations with her bordered on the personal. Otheller's sun was shining brightly and he was making an excellent crop of hay.

But it was Bud Peaglar who limped in and heaved a bomb into Otheller's political cosmos. Bud was a shrewd observer with a hundred per cent acquaintance among the voters of the lodge. In the rear of Bud's pool emporium one afternoon Otheller heard Bud lay fifty dollars against forty that Isaac Gethers would win, provided no other

(Continued on Page 137)



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GENCO RAZORS

(Continued from Page 134)

male candidate entered the field. Much perturbed, Otheller cornered his employer.

"You think Isaac is gwine be re'lected?"

Bud laughed.

"They is a law of the lodge which says a candidate is got to be at the meetin' or he cain't be voted on. If'n Isaac is at that they meetin', Otheller, he's gwine be 'lected sho's hell's a fishpond."

"How come you think that?"

"I ain't on'y think it—I know it!"

"How come?"

"These heah wimmin is gwine split the female vote an' that'll give Isaac a big lead."

"But they is plenty of men which don' like Isaac an' which will vote fo' Sis' Ethline."

"Yeh, an' you is forgotten that they is a heap of wimmin which don' like Christeen cause's she is pow'ful uppity an' hates Ethline cause'n she is young an' one of the pretties' gals which they is in Bummin'ham. An' when wimmin hates other wimmin, Otheller, they is gwine do all which is in they power to keep 'em from gittin' a high presition what the head of the lodge is."

"But," inquired Otheller thoughtfully, "which one of them wimmin would git 'lected if'n Isaac Gethers never showed up to the meetin'?"

"Ethline Rollerson, of co'se."

"Shuah?"

"Positive."

"I mean is you hones' shuah?"

"They ain't even one li'l single chancet otherwise, Ortheller, cause'n Ise tellin' you they ain't never been a woman hated so much like what Christeen is. They ain't nobody likes her an' they neither ain't nobody gwine vote fo' her, 'ceptin' she's the only woman in the race."

The idea was disturbing. Otheller was grimly determined to elect Ethline to the potentacy. He was beginning to suspect that he had read the cards wrong.

Those in close touch with the situation were unanimous in believing that Isaac could win handily against either or both women. They asserted that under any circumstances he would poll a majority vote. Bud Peaglar was an oracle in such matters and he loved a dollar as the average man loves his life. He had given odds on Isaac. Isaac himself was no fool and he radiated confidence in himself. He knew his own strength and his own weakness; he had shown his wisdom in hiring Otheller to guard against contingencies. But he maintained stoutly that he could defeat both female candidates.

Otheller sought the advice of Florian Slappey, the dapper, dandified secretary of the lodge. He laid the question before Florian. Brother Slappey's verdict came unhesitatingly:

"No matter who runs, Brother Heyward, they ain't gwine be on'y one pusson in the race an' his name is Isaac Gethers. He's gwine git mo' votes than what them two wimmin is gwine poll t'gether."

The following night was a sad and thoughtful one for Otheller. Ethline's election was not only the trump card in his suit for her heart and hand, but the failure of his plan and her defeat would change her idolatry of him to withering scorn. He would then be in the position of having made her a laughingstock in the colored community; he would have throttled his last chance and opened the road to Jerry Skillet's early matrimonial bliss.

Toward morning an idea seeped into his brain. It was a good idea. It stuck. Otheller rose, crossed to the mirror of his dresser and addressed his reflection:

"Otheller Heyward," he orated sternly, "they ain't on'y one thing fo' you to do: you is got to git Isaac Gethers outen that race!"

He was particularly appalled by the magnitude of the job he thus calmly bade himself do. Already he was gripped by the preliminary pains of an idea directed toward Isaac's undoing. It was obvious that Christeen was his key.

Christeen—how could he arouse her to the point of action where she would bodily yank Isaac out of the race? She was skinny, passing ugly and green-eyed. Otheller slapped his thigh, threw back his head and roared with laughter. The completed scheme fairly slapped him in the face. It was a veritable wonder. "They ain't no pickle a man can't git out of if'n he's got brains like what I is got," he observed to himself.

His whole card was Christeen's jealousy. Isaac wasn't much to be jealous of, but such as he was Christeen made the most of him. All well and good; Otheller was the arranger of the many secret conferences between Isaac and Ethline. Therefore Otheller calmly purposed making his adored one the *tertium quid* in arousing the jealous ire of Christeen to the point where she would immediately and forcibly eliminate Isaac as a candidate.

Otheller sat down to think it over. Just one little detail was lacking to make the plan complete. In thinking of jealousy Otheller's mind reverted to the sparks of green he had seen in Jerry's eyes the last few days.

Otheller entertained no ambition to arouse Jerry's ire. He didn't mind marrying Jerry's fiancée, but until he did so he didn't wish that gentleman to suspect that he had any personal designs upon her.

Therefore it appeared to him that somehow Jerry must be injected—as an ally—into the Gethers' débâcle. At first blush such a condition appeared impossible, but Otheller was not one to be stumped by a simple problem in manipulation. He gave himself over to a session of headachy thinking.

He had managed things so well that no one save himself, Isaac and Ethline was aware of the many confabs between the two candidates for the potentacy of the lodge. Heretofore he had not thought of them as grist for his mill. But now ——

He wanted Jerry Skillet as an ally, not as an enemy. Jerry boasted two strong arms and Otheller didn't know when he—Otheller—might need them. Besides he wished to lull Jerry's rousing suspicion that he might entertain toward Ethline a feeling which was not in keeping with the sentiments which an unattached gentleman is commonly supposed to have toward the lady of his friend's choice.

By the following morning his scheme had fully matured. Otheller was quite entranced with it. He hastened to Jerry and smiled away the baleful glare which that young man bestowed upon him. The conversational preliminaries done away with, Otheller got down to brass tacks.

"I is been seein' a heap of Miss Ethline lately," he vouchsafed.

"You ain't tellin' me nothin' I don' know a'ready," snapped Jerry.

"She's a nice gal—pow'ful nice. But foolish."

"How comes, foolish?"

"Jes' so, jes' so. 'Co'se I is on'y int'rested in her 'countin' I is a friend of yourn an' you is gwine make ma'iage with her."

"Thet so?"

"Absotively."

"I is been wond'rin' lately ——"

"Wond'rin' ain't never he'ped no man. You is been misundumstandin' things, Jerry Skillet, an' I is 'shame' of you. You is been thinkin' they was sumthin' 'twix' I an' Ethline, wa'n't you?"

Jerry gazed upon his beaming friend and shook his head in shamefaced negation.

"Not 'zactly."

"I is been tryin' to he'p you, Jerry Skillet, an' now I is came to you as a frien' an' adwiser both."

"Bouten which?"

Whereupon Otheller pulled out all stops and plunged into the little matter of Ethline's candidacy for Grand Magnificent High Potentate of The Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise. He averred that Ethline was certain of election.

"An' you knows yo' ownse'f, Jerry Skillet, that if'n any woman is 'lected to a office like what that is it's boun' to go to her haid an' she won't be fitten fo' no se'f-respectin' man to live with. You ain't on'y got to look at Isaac an' Christeen Gethers. A'ready Christeen is makin' Isaac's life so mis'able that it's even wuss'n it's ever been befo' an' jes' 'countin' she thinks she is gwine be 'lected—which she ain't."

"Tha's so, Brother Heyward; tha's plumb so. But I ain't been so wo'ied bouten Ethline 'cause I thought she was gwine git beat."

Otheller nodded sympathetic understanding of Jerry's colossal ignorance. "Tha's cause'n you ain't no prelitical expert like what I is, Brother Skillet. If'n you was you'd see right off quick that they ain't nobody got a chancet to be 'lected 'ceptin' on'y Ethline. She's plumb certain to git the mos' votes less'n they's some expert prelitical work done to keep her from it."

"How c'n that be done?"

Otheller opened his lips, then closed them. He shook his head hopelessly.

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"Tha's sumthin' which cain't be 'splained, Brother Skillet. Politics is got to be bohn in a man like what it was in me. But sumthin' oughter be done. Tha's shuah. If'n 'tain't, Ethline is gwine be 'lected an' it's goin' to her haid an' then you ain't gwine be so ve'y glad that you ma'ied her."

"Ain't it the truth?"

"It sho' is. I wisht I could give you the right adwice—on'y it's one of them things which has to be did an' cain't be talked."

"Mebbe she is gwine be 'lected 'gainst all anybody c'n do."

"No. They ain't no candidate cain't be 'feated if'n she is handled right. It's a pity you ain't a expert like what I is, 'cause'n if you was you could 'ten' to it."

Jerry cogitated intensively.

"Tha's yo' prefessional business, ain't it, Otheller?"

"What?"

"Politics."

"It shuah is."

"Then," inspirationally, "why cain't I 'ploy you prefessionally to see that Ethline gits defeated in the 'lection? Co'se she ain't never to know I is doin' it an' they ain't nobody else to know."

Otheller appeared to think.

"That ain't seeh a bad idee, Jerry. I'd do it fo' you fo' nothin' on'y a long time ago I swore a swear that I always would cha'ge a fee fo' my se'vices. But if'n twen'y-five dollars ——"

The money was paid on the spot and the contract closed. Otheller parted from the gullible Jerry Skillet in an exalted frame of mind. He had not only collected twenty-five dollars of his money and brought his total cash-in-hand earnings on the political mixup he had started to one hundred dollars even, but he had made it possible to spend considerable of his time in the company of Ethline Rollerson without arousing Jerry's auspicion. He was not one whit less determined to elect Ethline, but he could now go ahead freely and count on Jerry as a blind ally.

"They say they is one bohn ev'y minute," reflected Otheller. "If'n tha's the case Jerry must of been intended to be twins."

Immediately following his remunerative conversation with Jerry, Otheller made his way to the Gethers homestead, where he found Mrs. Gethers engaged over several pairs of ex-socks. She bade him be seated and inquired the object of his visit.

Otheller was portentously secretive. He appeared to be bursting with the importance of his tidings. And then, when he had the fiery spouse of the flabby potentate worked up to a fever pitch, he spoke softly but convincingly of an infatuation which had but recently developed between her husband and the fair Ethline Rollerson.

At first she was skeptical. "Huh! A good-lookin' gal like Ethline ain't got no time fo' a fat no-'count like what Isaac is."

"Ain't no use conversationin' 'bout why she is runnin' with him, Sis' Christeen. Fac' is they is together constant an' I knows it."

"How you know it?"

"I sees 'em together frequent, mos'ly at her house. Is you been knowin' that?"

"No-o!"

"An' 'sides, if'n that ain't 'nough to convince you, mebbe this will: Did you know that it was yo' ve'y own husban', Isaac Gethers, which got Ethline to enter the lodge race jes' so's you'd be beat?"

Christeen rose. She rose suddenly and heatedly. She demanded proof, which Otheller blandly furnished. Then she raved. He gave her free rein for fifteen minutes, encouraging her when she faltered in denouncing her consort. He was chuckling quietly over what was going to happen in the Gethers household in the very near future, with Isaac as the happenee. Truly the revenge he was wreaking against the once discourteous official was a dire one and the best part of the situation was that Isaac was paying for it. It was soothing to Otheller's artistic sense; a case of politics on the highest possible plane.

But he had not yet played all of his good cards. He waited until the first storm had toned down and fired the inevitable question:

"What you want me to do, Sis' Christeen?"

"Huh! 'Tain't no question of what is you to do—it's what is I to do?"

"Tha's the truth."

"What is you got to siggest?"

"Make him stop cuttin' fumadiddles with Ethline."

"How I c'n do that, Brother Heyward?"

"Tell Jerry Skillet bouten wha's goin' on. Him bein' Ethline's fiansay he'll mos' prob'ly 'ten' to it."

That afternoon Mrs. Christeen Gethers told the tale to Jerry Skillet with such embellishments as occurred to her heated mind. Jerry came frothing to Otheller with news of the perfidy of his fiancée. Otheller attempted to soothe him.

"Co'se I is been aispectin' same fo' the longes' time," he admitted. "Leastaways I is been thinkin' I was aispectin' it. But they wa'n't no use tellin' you. 'Twou'n't do nothin' on'y make you mis'able."

"Otheller, when a man's ve'y own fiansay is runnin' roun' with another man, ain't he got a right to be mis'able?"

"You ain't know she is."

"Christeen says ——"

"Christeen uses her mouth a whole heap to make talk with. Now my adwice to you, Brother Skillet, is to keep yo' shirt on. My idee is that Brother Gethers is gwine git beat in the 'lection an' Ethline is gwine git beat too also. An' when Ethline gits beat she ain't gwine have nothin' mo' to do with Isaac, 'countin' she'll be sore at him cause'n he got her into the race."

"Nothin' mo' ain't he'pin' now, is it?"

Otheller was enjoying himself. Jerry was rising avidly to the bait and Otheller had rose-pink visions of a consuming jealousy which would result in the jilting of Ethline by her lover. The fact that he was placing her in a rather questionable light did not bother him materially. He was far more vitally concerned with the end than with the means.

There were two courses open to him: one the crude inflaming of Jerry's jealousy with immediate action; the other—the far more artistic plan—of storing Jerry's wrath until the night of the election and then drafting it to keep Isaac away from the meeting in case Christeen's jealousy did not do the work.

And it didn't. During the following ten days Isaac wore an exceedingly woebegone and bedraggled expression which hinted broadly of domestic discord of the practical type, but there was too much at stake for even a henpecked husband to capitulate, and he was fighting his hearthstone battles with greater spirit than he had exhibited since the days of his honeymoon. Christeen admitted to Otheller that she couldn't understand Isaac. He refused to be subdued entirely. The best she was able to do was terrorize him, and that was poor satisfaction. Otheller commiserated with her and drew golden pictures of her bliss when she should be returned winner in the lodge over her husband and the woman of whom she was so insanely jealous.

He experienced greater difficulty in handling Jerry Skillet. Jerry was on the warpath, yelling for blood and lots of it. He wanted to wrap his strong fingers round the windpipe of the perfidious Isaac and squeeze—squeeze hard.

Nothing would normally have pleased Otheller better, but, though not objecting to the *modus operandi* proposed by Jerry, he was most particular as to time and place. The closer the election the more certain Otheller became that the very presence of Isaac in the hall spelled victory for that gentleman and disaster for Otheller's pet schemes. Otheller could not think of a more bitter dose than the election of Isaac Gethers.

True an additional twenty-five dollars would be due from Isaac should he be the successful candidate, but on the other hand Otheller knew that by Isaac's victory he would irrevocably lose out with the delectable Ethline and incur the everlasting enmity of Christeen—two possibilities with potentialities not to be sneezed aside. In addition to that the most glorious portion of his elaborate plotting would have fallen flat.

Otheller insisted that Jerry might possibly be in a fair way to ruin his own chances for matrimonial bliss by flying off at a tangent and giving a too-ready ear to wild rumors. Of course he admitted his belief that all was not as it should be between Isaac and Ethline.

"But a ounce of bein' shuah, Brother Skillet, is wuth a poun' an' a halft of bein' sorry."

Things looked black for the crisscross schemes of the imported spellbinder when the day of election dawned. Late the previous night when the pool business had lulled for the moment he had adroitly questioned Florian Slappey and Bud Beaglar, the political mentors of The Sons

(Continued on Page 141)

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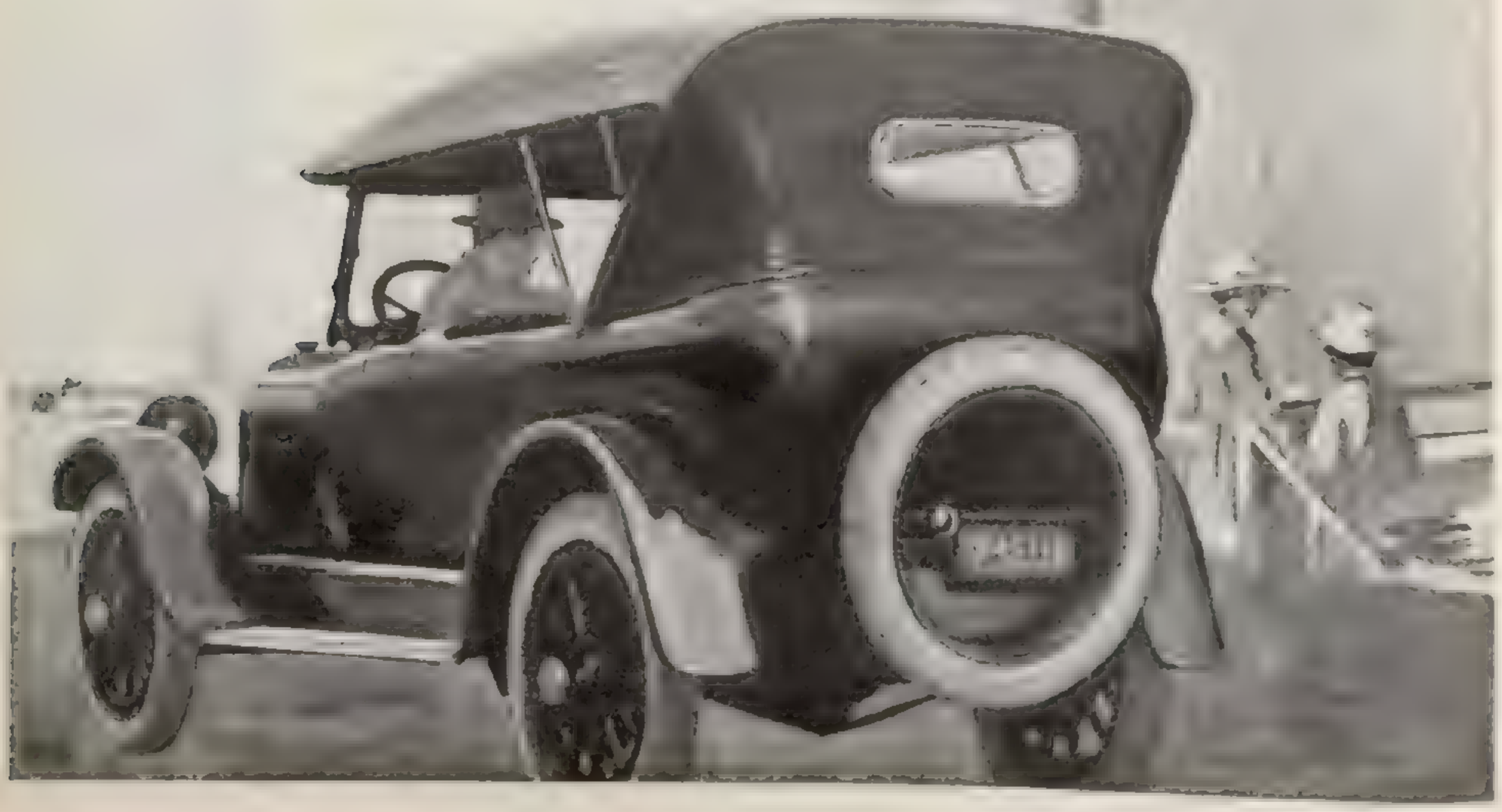

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and Daughters of I Will Arise. They agreed that Isaac would have a walkaway, whether both women ran or only one. Christeen's fatal weakness, they contended, was her disagreeable disposition and highfalutin airs; Ethline's lack of strength, her youth and lack of executive experience. Though they were sure that the women voters would not stand together, they were equally positive that the men would, when opposed by a crusader of the opposite sex.

"S'posin' they wa'nt on'y Christeen an' Ethline at the meetin'? S'posin' Isaac never showed up?"

"S'posin' somebody give me a pair of dice which woul'n't on'y shoot sevens an' 'levens?"

"Ise se'ious."

"You sounds plumb jokin'. But if'n Isaac wa'n't there I reckon Ethline would win fo' to one."

A studious survey of the last-minute situation convinced Otheller that these men had the true dope. Obviously it was up to him to keep Isaac Gethers away from the meeting, for, according to the by-laws of the lodge, no member was eligible to be voted upon for office unless present in person.

Otheller pasted an expression of utter lugubriosity upon his face and made his way to the place where Jerry Skillet worked.

"Brother Skillet," he began cheerlessly, "I is got two pieces of bad news fo' you."

"Huh?"

"Sho' nuff. Fust off, I now b'lieves that yo' sispicions regahdin' Isaac Gethers an yo' gal is true."

"An'—an' what else?" choked Jerry wrathfully.

"T'other piece of news is—I c'n prove it!"

Jerry clapped a perspiring hand to his forehead.

"An' that bein' the case, Brother Skillet, an' me bein' a frien' of your'n, I ain't no man to stan' in the way of a fiansay which has been treated like what you has from wreakin' his full revenge. I jes' wan's you to promise me one thing, Brother Skillet—on'y jes' one thing."

"Yeh! yeh! What might that be?"

"I is got proof fo' you that yo' fiansay is traipsin' roun' with Isaac Gethers, but I ain't want you to beat him up until you git said proof with yo' own eyes."

Jerry promised. He wanted proof, yet he feared it.

"'Twoul'n't be so bad if'n 'twas a reg'lar man," he wailed. "But a ol' moo-cow monkey like Isaac Gethers—Oh! Lawsy! Otheller, you don' know how awful it is!"

Otheller maintained that he did. "An' the proof which I is got is this, Brother Skillet: You know the alley which the lodge rooms of The Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise stan's on the corner of it?"

"Yeh, shuah I knows it."

"An' you know that the 'lection meetin' is gwine be at eight-thutty t'night?"

"Yeh."

"Does you also know on t'other end of that alley which the lodge rooms is on the corner of they is a vacant house which is owned by Brother Semore Mashby?"

"The house what Brother November Spurling went an' died in?"

"Tha's the ve'y same house what I designates.

"Well, t'night 'twix' sev'n-fo'ty an' eight o'clock Ethline Rollerson an' Isaac Gethers is gwine meet in that house —— Now wait a minute; don' you go skallyhootin' off like that. Lis'en to me out an' then decide what you is gwine do; decide it sober an' quiet. An' you don' know but what mebbe I is wrong. They is some better men'n me which has been wrong once in they lives.

"That alley which Brother Spurling useter live on, an' which his house is still on it, is a long dark alley 'thout no lights. I reckon that is jes' 'bouten the longes' an' darkes' alley which they is in Bummin'ham. Now I ain't sayin' what Sis' Ethline and Brother Gethers is meetin' they fo'—an' mebbe come they ain't gwine meet a-tall. But I'd siggest that you posts yo'se'f in the alley near to that house t'night 'bouten sevum-thutty or there'bouts an' wait. If'n I is right you is gwine see Sis' Ethline an' Brother Gethers sneak in they at diffe'ent times. An' under such succumstances, if'n I was you an' 'gage' to Ethline I'd jes' nacherally wait in that dark alley ontil they come out an' stahted fo' the meetin' an' then I'd step up an' squish Brother Gethers in the jaw; one time right in the jaw—an' hahd. I reckon it'd come might' nigh bein' a lesson to him.

"An' case'n you wan's to know why I sigges's a dahk alley, Brother Skillet, it's 'cause'n you is gwine marry Sis' Ethline an' you don' want no scandal 'tached to her name. An' if'n you busted Brother Gethers in public ev'ybody would know it an' fin' out why you done same.

"Now after you is slammed him a good one, why all you got to do is jes' to quiet Ethline up she's gwine be bellerin', an', knowin' wimmin' like I do, I know she's gwine be plumb sorry you foun' her out—an' bring her straight down to the lodge meetin'. Then when they fin's Brother Gethers lyin' up in the alley they ain't gwine sispec' you was mixed up in them injerries which he is goin' to got. On'erstan'?"

"Yeh—yeh, but wha's that 'bouten me bringin' Ethline to the meetin'? Mebbe she's gwine git 'lected if'n I do."

Otheller threw back his head and laughed uproariously.

"G'wan, Brother Skillet, you is jes' makin' a whole passel of foolish talk. When you reemahks 'bouten Sis' Ethline gittin' 'lected you is showin' you ain't got good sense. I is got things fixed up suchwise that Sis' Christeen will git ten votes to ev'yone which comes Sis' Ethline's way. An' b'lieve me, bein' an expert like what I is, I knows jes' zac'ly what I is talkin' 'bout. An' that bein' the case, Brother Skillet, you know well as me they coul'n't be no better lesson fo' the woman which you is gwine marry than to be beat in public like that, an' by another woman. Ain't it a fac', now, ain't it?"

Jerry admitted that it was a fact. He was thoroughly convinced. More, he was hypnotized and completely taken in by Otheller's deft switching from false premise to pleasing conclusion. The plan of Otheller appeared perfect in every detail. Jerry was to get satisfying revenge upon Isaac Gethers, escape the consequences of it, avoid scandal, reunite himself to a docile and contrite Ethline and celebrate his own supremacy by witnessing her public defeat at the election. There didn't seem to be a flaw.

He expressed that opinion to Otheller and Otheller chuckled.

"No," he agreed readily, "they ain't nothin' wrong with it a-tall. Not a thing." And then to himself added: "S'far's I is concerned."

Otheller whistled blithely as he parted from Jerry and went in search of Isaac Gethers. He found Brother Gethers blithely confident of his success at the approaching election and extremely appreciative of Otheller's infinite wisdom in introducing Ethline as a candidate. Isaac had been through many a wild-eyed experience with his wife since her jealousy of Ethline had become aroused, but he counted the world well lost should he be victorious over her that night.

"It's gwine be a lesson she is been needin' fo' the longes' time," he said.

Otheller accepted a cigar and came straight to the point.

"We ain't want nothin' to go wrong t'night, Brother Gethers, does we?"

"We shuah don't."

"Theyfo' it becomes nessery that you an' Sis' Ethline have a confe'ence jes' befo' the meetin' takes place. Co'se I is gwine be there too. We wan's to prepare fo' all con'ingumcies."

"Ain't it the truth?"

"You said it. Now lis'en heah at what I is sayin': You know that house which Brother November Spurling used to live in up the alley from the lodge rooms?"

"Yeh."

"Well, at eight o'clock t'night I is gwine meet you an' Sis' Ethline up there an' we is gwine talk over final plans. Co'se it goes 'thout sayin' that meetin' is on the squ'— K. T. 'Medjitly as we finishes I is gwine 'sco't Sis'-Ethline to the meetin' an' you is to folly a couple of minutes later—see?"

"I see; I see."

"Co'se if'n anythin' sh'd prevent my comin' there, d'n' you wait no longer'n eight-fifteen. If'n it sh'd be that I ain't there, you bring Sis' Ethline down the alley yo' ownse'f an' lef' her just outside the do' of the lodge rooms."

Secret conferences with Otheller and the fair Ethline had gone to Isaac's head. He was intoxicated by the atmosphere of conspiracy which completely surrounded the election. And of course he agreed to be at the appointed spot at the designated hour. He agreed gratefully and effusively.

How it Happened!

(What the officer said)

"YOU know that heavily shaded road near Hunter's Point, with so many bends and turns? Well, the cars were piled up there and each driver blamed the glare of the other's headlights. I found that neither of the cars was properly equipped.

"My records show that glaring headlights still cause a great many night accidents. With municipal ordinances and state laws all warning drivers, you'd think car owners would stop taking chances and equip with the best no-glare protection.

"If you car owners in your clubs and associations will get together and give us your moral support, there will soon be mighty few offenders."

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Join the million considerate motorists who safeguard night driving with Conaphores. Notice them as you pass. Then equip your car for your own safety and comfort. The best accident insurance—and the cheapest—is accident prevention.

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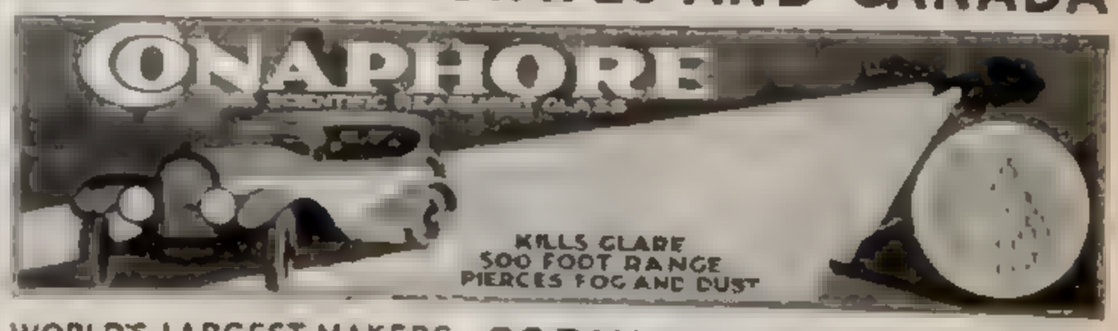

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REVERE TIRES

"Brother Heyward," he concluded, "you is shuah been the bestes' frien' which I is ever had."

Otheller returned a delphic answer:

"You ain't know how good a frien' I really has been, Brother Gethers."

From the presence of the potentate he made his way to the home of the girl whom he desired first to elect to the rulership of the lodge and later of his home. He found her on the qui vive with excitement and busy over a ravishing election gown. To her he disclosed the plans for the conference at the Spurling home. She was as receptive as Isaac had been—and as unsuspicious.

"Co'se, above all things what is, Sis' Ethline, you ain't to tell Jerry 'bouten this talky-talk which you and Brother Gethers is gwine have t'night."

"Ain't no chancet of that, Brother Heyward."

"'Member—eight o'clock. An' be on time."

"I is gwine be 'head o' time."

"Good!" He turned away, paused and then as an afterthought "An' say, Sis' Ethline, case'n anythin' sh'd go wrong an' I don't git to meet you-all at the Spurling house, you an' Brother Gethers be shuah an' git to the meetin' in time. I reckon you'd better go right down the alley. Whatever you does, don' miss that meetin', even if'n sumthin' sh'd prevent me from showin' up an' bein' there."

Ethline promised happily. Otheller departed the same way. During the afternoon he shot a masterly cue at Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room and Billiard Parlor whilst freely devouring many savory sandwiches. His plans were letter-perfect. Isaac had suffered miserably at home and was destined to get quietly and efficiently beaten up and finally defeated because of his absence from the meeting. More, that very absence would insure the election of Ethline over Christeen, and Otheller knew that in the flush of victory the girl of his choice would fairly fling herself into his arms.

Night came; clear, balmy, star-sprinkled. Fraternal darktown breathed tensely. By seven o'clock the membership began to gather at the lodge rooms of The Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise. Circulating through the knots of eager gossipers was Otheller Heyward; insinuating himself wherever he fancied there might be something of interest under discussion.

The consensus of opinion was that Isaac Gethers was certain of election over either or both of the feminine candidates. The female vote was turning out in excited, overdressed force but it was obviously split. Most of them didn't want to vote for Ethline and were bitter against the uppity Christeen. Otheller was very well pleased with himself at having insured against Isaac's presence at the meeting. As between Ethline and Christeen the former was a sure thing.

By eight o'clock the lodge rooms were packed. It appeared that every member was present. Otheller seated himself in a corner and gave himself over to the enjoyment of envisioning the scene up the alley: Jerry Skillet skulking darkly in the shadow; Isaac Gethers and Ethline Rollerson cooling their heels in the vacant and therefore lightless Spurling house awaiting the coming of Otheller.

At eight-ten action was promised. Otheller knew that nothing could keep Isaac from an attempt to get to the meeting and to make assurance doubly sure he had impressed upon both would-be conferees that they were not to wait overlong in the event that he failed to put in appearance. Otheller knew further that as soon as the meeting was called to order—and Christeen would see to it that there was no delay—routine business would be dispensed with by viva voce vote and nominations for the Grand Magnificent High Potentate be called for. Then with Ethline and Christeen present and Isaac lying unconscious up the alley—it was all Otheller could do to keep from laughing aloud.

Christeen was present in full force. She oozed industriously through the crowd; a smile, resurrected from an affable and long-forgotten past, stuck upon her long since soured physiognomy.

At eight-fifteen Otheller became fidgety. He kept his eyes riveted on the door. There were no signs of Ethline and Jerry. Above all things, save one, Otheller least desired the unanimous election of Christeen. At eight-seventeen there was a burst of applause emanating from the crowd about the entrance. Otheller rose, started forward to greet Ethline, then paused in frozen horror.

Entering the door, a genial, victorious smile upon his fat and flabby face; his clothes unruffled, celluloid collar glistening in all its pristine beauty, patently no victim to a jealous and hard-fisted rival, was Isaac Gethers, Grand Magnificent High Potentate of The Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise!

Isaac Gethers! Otheller writhed under a sudden surge of illness. He was faint and weak. Isaac's very presence at the meeting meant that Isaac was certain to win. In a jiffy Otheller's carefully laid plans had gone flooie. He couldn't understand it. There was Isaac tantalizingly serene and smiling, but he caught no glimpse of Ethline.

"Somebody," he reflected gloomily, "is shuah gone an' played hell!"

He glanced at his watch. It indicated eight-twenty. Still no sign of Ethline. And Otheller was a game fighter; he was determined that Ethline must be produced on the barren chance of victory. He fought his way fiercely through the crowd and seized the beatific Isaac by the arm.

"Where Sis' Ethline is at?" he sibilated.

Isaac favored him with a blank stare. "Sis' Ethline?"

"Yeh! Where is she at?"

"Ain't she here?"

Otheller shook him with angry impatience. "Look heah, man, does you reckon I'd be astin' you where she was at if'n she was heah? Where has you been? Ain't you been to Brother November Spurling's house?"

Isaac shook his head.

"No, I ain't been there. I was kept late to my wuk an' when I got off an' dressed it was so late I was skeered I'd miss the meetin'. So I come straight heah. The confe'ence w'an't ve'y impo'tant, was it?"

"Yeh," howled Otheller, "it shuah was! If'n you knowed what I know you'd think it was dam' impo'tant."

Otheller had one idea and one only—to get Ethline to the meeting and take a gambler's chance of victory. He let loose a throaty bellow and battled his way to the door. He reached the corner in one second flat and clipped something off that in negotiating the rest of the distance. He approached the Spurling house from the street, dashing through the yard of some white folks and entering the rear door of the shack.

The three-room cabin was exceedingly dark and gloomy. From the Stygian blackness there came a querulous female voice:

"That you, Brother Gethers?"

Otheller progressed to the sound and clutched Ethline by one plump rounded arm.

"No, 'tain't. It's me, Otheller Heyward. Brother Gethers is to the meetin' a'ready. How long is you been waitin'?"

"Sence befo' eight o'clock."

He propelled her violently to the door. "Heah's where you quits waitin'. The meetin' is jes' about to staht an' we is got less'n no time to lose. If'n we ain't there mighty quick the beans'll all be spilt. C'mon!"

They shot through the door and down the alley. Otheller was taking no chances. He knew that it was a ten-to-one shot that even with Ethline in the race Isaac would win hands down, but in matters political there is ever the element of uncertainty and Otheller was playing his last forlorn hope straight across the board.

They sped down the alley, slipping and stumbling in the blackness. The brilliantly lighted hall beckoned to them imperiously.

And then a particularly dark shadow detached itself from the impenetrable gloom along the side of the alley. It moved with soft cautious tread and set itself. Otheller drew unsuspectingly closer and closer to the all-but-hidden menace. The arm of the shadow drew back tautly. Then it leaped into action.

The blow squshed squarely against the side of Otheller Heyward's jaw. And as Otheller sank limply to the pavement he heard, in his last conscious moment, the triumphant voice of Jerry Skillet: "I got him that time!"

Otheller opened his eyes upon a heaven liberally besprinkled with twinkling stars. He tried to rise, gave it up as a bad job and sank back with a groan of misery. He attempted speech and discovered that his

(Concluded on Page 145)

DISSTON

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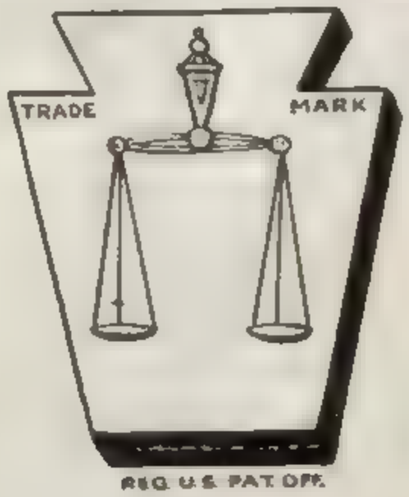

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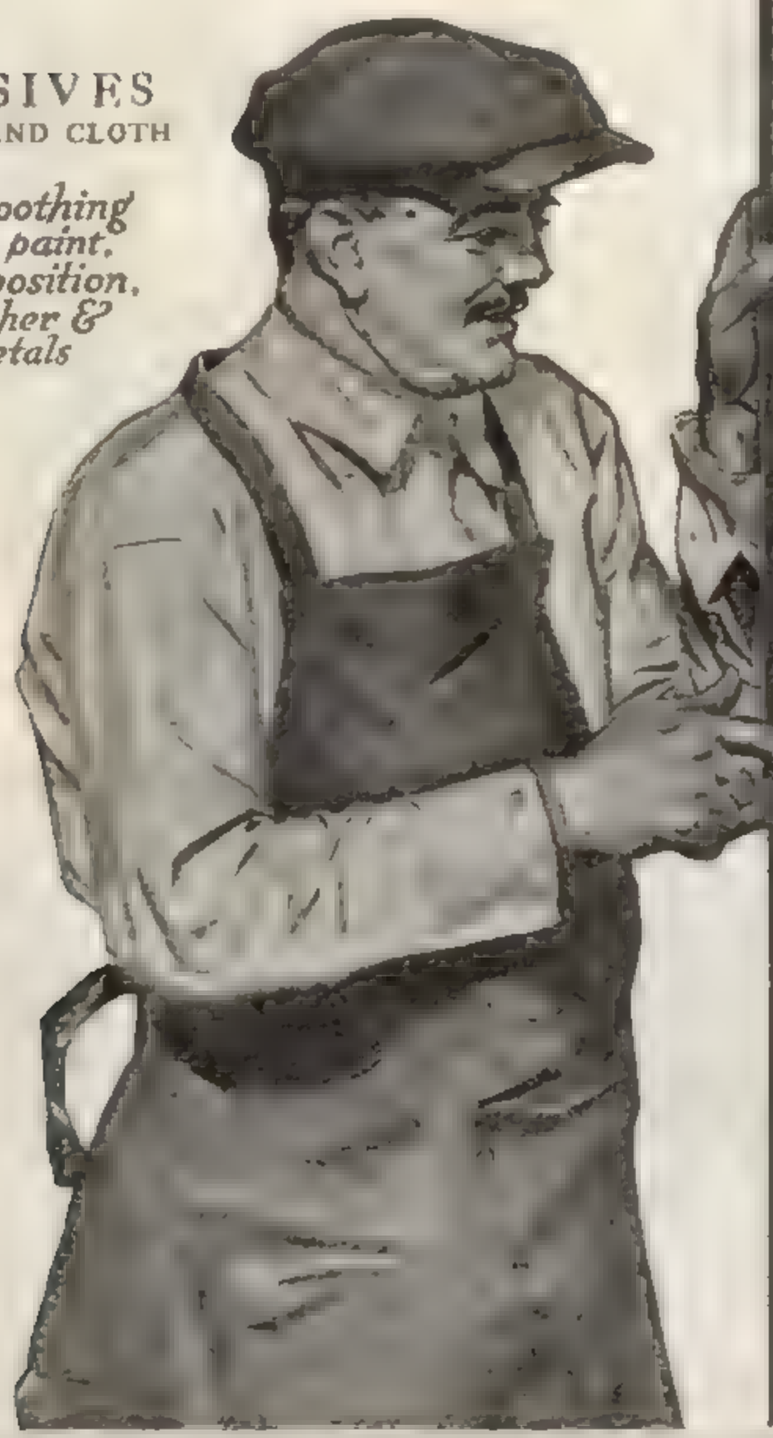

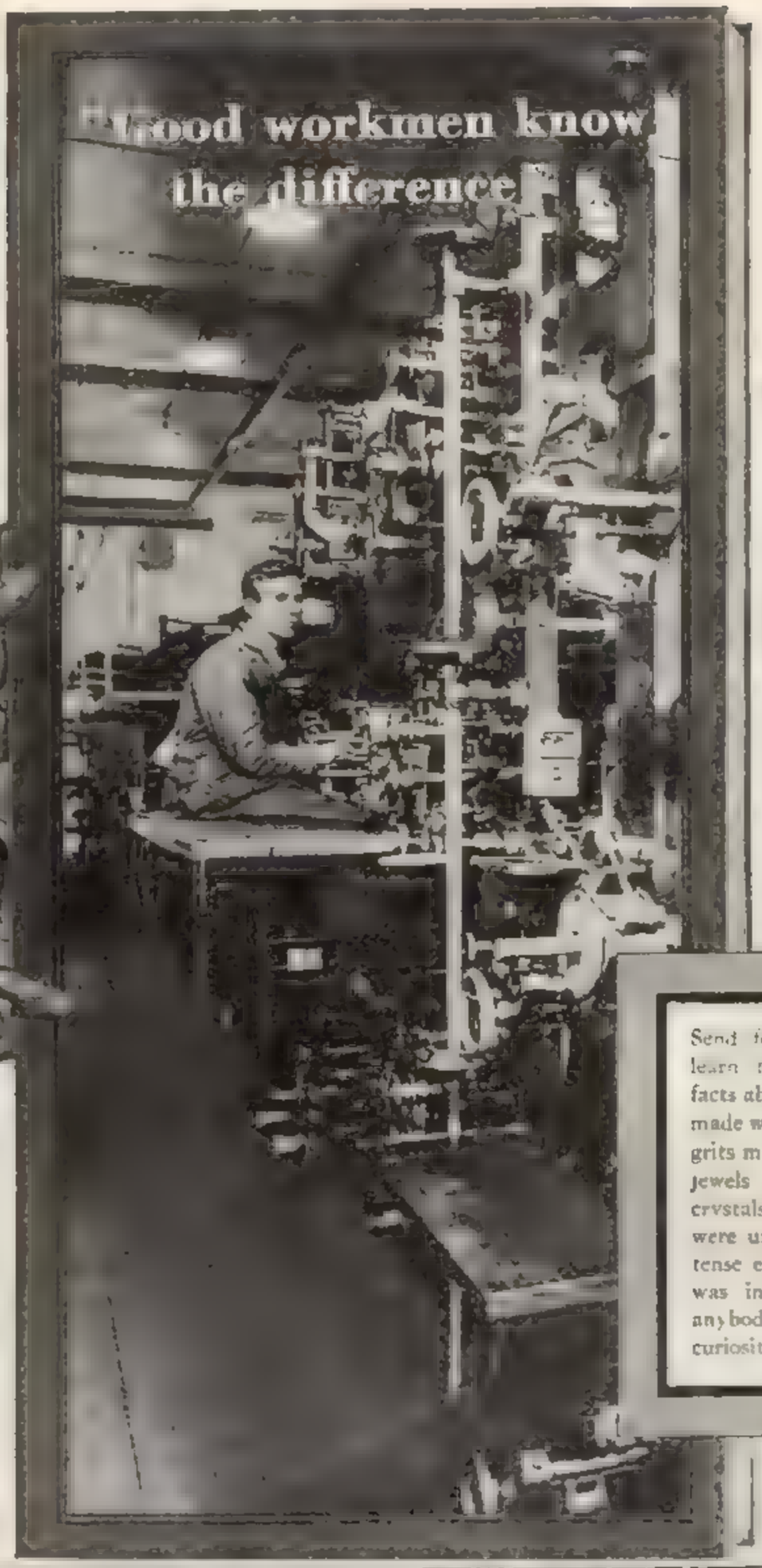

Speed-grits

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EMERY PAPER
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A 30-Day Fight Against Rust

A contributed story. We welcome them.

Look at Dick Cooke, perched on the monster 60-foot printing press. It is "*his* press" for he saved it; saved it from ruin in a fierce struggle that lasted thirty long days.

The fire in the Richmond *News Leader* office broke out one night last winter and ate its way toward the high speed sextuple presses.

To save them the great plate glass windows were smashed and for three hours a curtain of water seventy feet long was hurled above the splendid machinery—800 gallons a minute.

At daybreak Cooke, the foreman, began his long battle against corrosion. All the shining steel turned red with vicious rust and for a week the driving machinery was under water.

In the dampness and raw cold, ten men under Cooke fought the rust back, inch by inch with brown grit-cloth and oil. In a week Cooke knew he would win the fight, but he needed personal *grit* and *speed*.

Speed! He found mechanical grit and mechanical speed to help him when he got hold of Metalite Speed-grits, and he cheered and drove his men by turn, as he fed out reams of the brown rust-cutting cloth.

It was the most remarkable feat ever known in the printing-press world, said the Duplex people of Battle Creek, who built the presses, and knew that another set could not be built and running for many months.

"No nurse, no doctor ever had to rely on oxygen and medicine to save a life more than Dick Cooke had to rely on Manning Speed-grits," said the proprietor. "But most of the credit goes to Dick," he added, with affection in his eyes, "he's a good workman."

Good workmen know the difference

MANNING ABRASIVE COMPANY, Inc.
FACTORY AND LABORATORY, TROY, N. Y.

Boston Chicago Cincinnati New York Philadelphia St. Louis San Francisco

(Concluded from Page 142)

jaw had gone on a strike. It was throbbingly sore and decorated with a large tender lump.

He rolled his eyes in agony of apprehension. He understood that he had been the victim of a mistake but that did not lessen his suffering. Beside him a silhouette bulked largely against the face of a new moon. At first he couldn't understand. The shadow was not that of a woman, nor was it the exclusive property of a man. Finally Otheller miserably figured it out. The figure was composite—man and woman locked in ardent embrace. Instinct and circumstance informed him that he was gazing upon a very much reunited Jerry Skillet and Ethline Rollerson. He turned loose a loud and fervent groan.

The silhouette parted in the middle and man and woman turned vindictively upon him. Otheller struggled to a sitting posture and remained there. Jerry's attitude indicated that he was safer where he was than he would be upon his feet.

"They is a mistake," faltered Otheller.

"Ain't no mistake," growled Jerry.

"I ain't Isaac."

"I know you ain't. But I hit the right man jes' the same. Me an' Ethline is been splainin' things. Yassuh, we is been splainin' a heap of things to each other."

"Y-y-y-you is?"

"Yeh, we is. When I busted you fust off, Otheller, I thought you was Isaac Gethers. But sence that time Ethline is been tellin' me 'bouten how you is double-crossed us an' I know I ain't made no mistake a-tall. An' I is wa'nin' you right now, Otheller Heyward, either you makes yo'se'f mighty scarce roun' heah or I is li'ble to hit the right man again."

Otheller staggered to his feet. He knew when he was beaten. He lurched dizzily down the alley toward the lodge rooms, one hand clapped against his sadly bruised jaw, his mind still busy with the picture of the unmistakable embrace he had witnessed.

In the glow of the lodge windows he glanced at his watch which had managed to survive the shambles. It indicated ten minutes before nine o'clock. Otheller slipped through the entrance and stood uneasily near the door. The meeting was in a pandemonium

"'Lection been hel' yet?" he queried of a brother standing near by.

"Shuah is."

"Who won?"

"Isaac Gethers! He got him 'bout six votes fo' ev'yone Sis' Christeen got an' she is plumb mad."

Otheller spied her coming down the aisle toward him. His neighbor had described her mental condition conservatively. Christeen was in a rich red fury. Otheller decided unanimously that it would be unwise for him to remain where he was. Birmingham had grown mighty small in the last half hour.

Much too small for him.

He eased through the door. He reached his boarding house and loaded two hand baga.

He dropped into Bud Peaglar's and collected what money was due him and progressed wearily to the railway station. He bought a ticket for Memphis and lay back to wait the hour of his train's departure.

And suddenly he smiled. The smile broadened and became a chuckle. The chuckle blossomed into a laugh.

"My golly!" he mused. "Jes' s'posin' that had of been Isaac Gethers!"

ARCADY THE BLEST

(Continued from Page 44)

The voice that came back to him over the wire told him plainly that Peter was being calm solely because it was his one bet to be calm.

"You won't do it!"

"Oh, I think I will. Too much effort to resist the impulse."

"Man, I say you won't!"

"What's the sense of arguing it? So long, Peter. I've got to toddle along and jump out of my window!"

He hung up the receiver.

Peter Babcock had that call traced to the Arcady Apartments. He promptly demanded connection with the Arcady Apartments, and added the explanation: "Emergency!"

Mr. Mullen answered the phone. Because of certain things soon to be forbidden by the Government, and therefore to be made the most of before they were forbidden, there was neither any satisfaction nor comfort to be gained by a conversation with Mr. Mullen just then. So Peter Babcock summoned his car and told his chauffeur what to do. And the chauffeur did it. And so they came to the Arcady, where Mr. Mullen was pretending to pick scattered patches of rusted leaves off one of those clipped willow trees in its tub on the front steps, but in reality sought to cool a somewhat fevered brow in the crisp evening breeze.

"Party here named Weatherby?" Peter demanded.

"Swee seven'y-seven," said Mr. Mullen thickly and with much labor of certain facial muscles.

And then, aware from Peter's manner something unusual was afoot: "Wha's wrong?"

"Man's all in. Just phoned me he was going to jump out of his window."

"Hell! Can't have anything like that! Give house black eye!" sputtered Mr. Mullen.

He lurched across the vestibule. Peter was at his heels. The automatic elevator being somewhere in regions above, Mr. Mullen concluded not to wait for it. He stumbled up the stairs at a speed which both his years and his condition made something of a miracle. Peter, rest assured, was a close second and trying his best to be first.

They're all the go!

On the boardwalk, on the hotel porch, at receptions, wherever well-dressed men and women gather, Keds are "it".

They're canvas rubber-soled shoes of distinction—suitable for any and every occasion in town and country, indoors or outdoors.

Keds come in a wide range of styles. Better-looking shoes you have rarely seen. Certainly you've never worn shoes more comfortable in hot weather.

Every member of the family can wear Keds with thorough satisfaction in their quality and value.

Ask your shoe dealer for Keds. You should be able to obtain the exact style you want. Look for the name "Keds" stamped on the sole.

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BEEMAN'S
ORIGINAL PEPSIN CHEWING GUM

100% Efficiency and Good Digestion

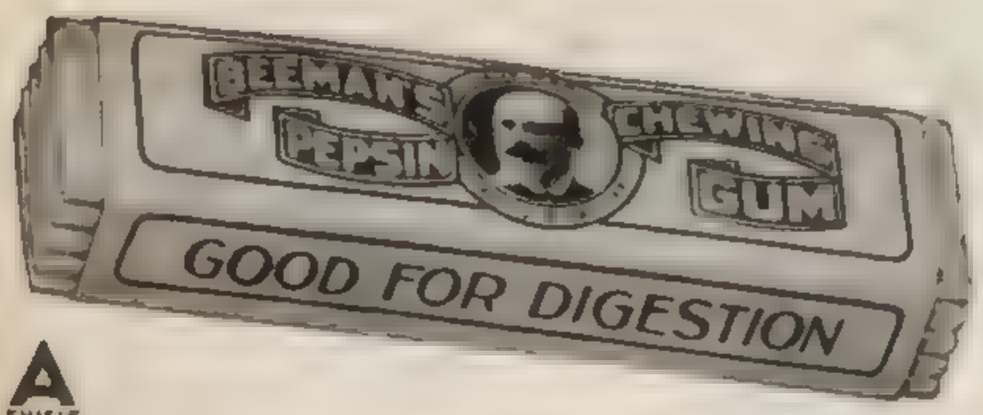
NO man can be 100 per cent efficient whose digestion causes him the least discomfort. His nervous system will be depressed, his optimism lowered and he will be prone to magnify the worst of everything.

Such a man cannot give his best to his work, nor can he inspire those around him to do their best.

Many a business firm is thus denied the success it could achieve but for the slight digestive disturbance of some one of its high officials, due solely to hasty and improper mastication of food.

In a case of this character, if the individual will eat more regularly, masticate his food properly and make a routine practice of chewing a stick of my original pepsin gum for ten minutes after each meal, he will soon note, not only decided improvement in his digestion, but also what is no less gratifying—a notable gain in his personal efficiency.

D. E. Beeman



CHICLE

AMERICAN CHICLE COMPANY

New York Cleveland Chicago Kansas City San Francisco

Now, in tearing madly up those stairs they passed on the sixth floor the door of Suite 67. And, the evening being warm, the door of Suite 67 was open a space, yet held against intruders by a chain inside. And through that space came voices, one of which gave Peter Babcock pause, for it was the voice of Jerry Weatherby:

"No, really I'm all right. Not hurt at all. No, really! Fearfully sorry I smashed your little garden. Careless of me to doze off like that. Oh, please don't bother! What a frightful mess I've made of your pretty window box."

Peter's shoulder against the door snapped the chain within. He burst into the room. Mr. Mullen continued his perturbed upward climb, oblivious of the fact his trailer had deserted him.

Jerry Weatherby, his face scratched, his clothes torn and dirty, the remains of a geranium sticking coyly out of his coat collar, was being fussed over by a much-disturbed young woman whom Peter in the anxiety of the moment did not deign to notice.

"Thank God!" he breathed, charging down on Jerry.

The young woman scowled at him. She was a wholly comely young woman. Comely even in her anger, which is an exacting test of comeliness.

"May I ask who you are and why you burst in my door in this fashion?" she demanded.

"All the pardons in the world!" Peter begged. "But when a man has just told you he intends to jump out of a window and you find that man safe ——"

Jerry had aimed a covert kick at Peter's shins, but it was too late.

The girl stiffened into a fine young pillar of ice.

"What man told you all this, pray?"

"Why—why, this man here," said Peter, his hand on Jerry's shoulder.

"He told me he went to sleep on his window ledge and fell off. Thank you for this information that there was a deliberate plan behind it all."

Her head went back in cold disdain. Jerry Weatherby seemed about to crumple to the floor.

"It is painfully apparent that my cue just now," he said in a voice altogether too beautifully calm, "is to take account of the damage I have done to your flowers and send you some to replace those I have put out of commission, and then blend myself with the outer darkness as gracefully and unobtrusively as possible."

Miss Hooper neither approved this suggestion nor vetoed it.

She said nothing at all. She merely turned her back on Jerry and went to the hall door, where her interest became too obviously centered in the dangling bit of broken chain.

Jerry strode to the window, stuck out his head and began an inventory of crushed mignonette and flattened candytuft and denuded and starboard-listing stalks which had once been geraniums. Presently Peter's head was pushed out beside Jerry's.

"Horribly sorry about all this," said Peter in guarded tones.

"Well, of all the bean spilling!" Jerry groaned. "I rack my brains for some scheme to break the ice of acquaintance with a darned nice little girl, and I hit upon the perfectly lovely one of falling off my window ledge into her window-box posy bed, and it's all working out to the queen's taste, and you have to blow in and upset things by bawling out the malice-aforethought part of it! Say, she'll be strong for me now, won't she? Girl like her wised up to the fact I did it a-purpose!"

"What in thunder did you think I'd do when you informed me you were about to jump out of a window?"

"I was fool enough to suppose," said Jerry in that voice held steady by an effort of will, "you'd grasp the very salient point that I was trying to pay you back for all your fool meddling down at the office, and getting me sidetracked with this vacation obsession of yours in the middle of the most important thing that had come my way. I thought I'd drop one lovely little scare into you, the why and wherefore of which same you'd be ordinarily bright enough to size up correctly when you woke up. Trouble is you didn't wake up. Good Lord! If a man was going to jump out of a window would he be phoning all over the place about it?"

"He might."

"Well, I've found Arcady—and lost it. It's up to me to settle for these slaughtered blossoms and retire in as good order as possible."

"Wish I could help you straighten things out. Any way I can?"

"Yes! Get out before I add the blight of murder to my suffering young soul!"

Peter's head and shoulders were withdrawn from their point of vantage above the wreckage just outside the window.

"You're dead right, Jerry! Credit me with a bushel or two of bonehead stuff! Blamed sorry! Wish I could make amends somehow!"

Jerry Weatherby, leaning far out over one end of that window box, did not hear him. He craned out yet further. Then he knelt on the sill, stretched out his arms and sent exploring fingers feeling along underneath that sixth-story window garden. He whistled softly to himself. He smiled. The smile broadened to a grin. He glanced over his shoulder. Miss Constance Hooper was tinkering that broken chain.

He crossed the room with great dignity. He paused with yet more dignity at the hall door. He said to Miss Hooper: "I will see that a similar amount of candytuft and mignonette and geraniums is replaced in your window box."

"Pray, don't trouble yourself," said she.

"Then, I presume, there is nothing left but to say good-by."

"Don't trouble about that either."

Jerry stalked past her into the hall. But in the dusk of the hall he swung about so abruptly that the girl jumped.

"Only, Miss Constance Hooper, before I leave forever, please be good enough to explain why there are now six iron brackets beneath your window box, when last week there were but three."

She started to be a frozen pillar again. Something in Jerry Weatherby's eyes made that impossible. She lowered her head. He couldn't see her face, but her neck was a beautiful red.

"Are there six?"

"I think—I hope—you know there are six."

Silence in that dusky hallway, broken at length by Mr. Mullen falling down the last four stairs of the third flight.

"Well, you see I heard you quizzing Mullen about window boxes one day; pretending you were thinking of having one yourself; asking him if they were put up solidly. And you'd been sitting up there in your window every night, looking down at mine. And then you went into the alley and made sure for yourself what sort of iron brackets were under it. I had the three extra ones put in the very next day."

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Imitations, at any price, cost you too much

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Children's **HICKORY** Garters

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BUILDERS of America—industries which produce the steel, the ships, the locomotives, the agricultural machinery, the great dynamos, the automobiles and trucks, and even the airplanes, buy thousands of Columbian Sledge-Tested Vises every year.

Among the hundreds of nationally known concerns, with whom Columbian Vises are standard or exclusive equipment, you find the Bethlehem and Carnegie steel companies, American and Fore River and Newport News shipbuilding companies, The International Harvester Co., General Electric and Westinghouse companies, Packard, Pierce-Arrow and Ford motor companies, Curtiss Airplane Co., and Lincoln Motor Co., and such railroads as the Pennsylvania, Southern Pacific, Erie, C. B. & Q.

Columbian Sledge-Tested Vises are the one make which is truly national in use and sale. They are the only malleable iron vises made. And all Columbian Vises (except those for blacksmiths) have removable steel jaws which may be replaced by specially formed jaws, or may be renewed when worn or if broken by a careless hammer blow.

Columbian Vises combine all desirable features in one vise—and they are obtainable anywhere in the United States.

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TERRE HAUTE, IND.
TOLEDO, OHIO

TUTT AND MR. TUTT

(Continued from Page 10)

The mills of the gods had begun to grind, and Angelo was being dragged to his fate as inexorably and as surely, with about as much chance of escape as a log that is being drawn slowly toward a buzz saw

"You may open the case, Mr. O'Brien," announced Judge Babson, leaning back and wiping his glasses.

Then surreptitiously he began to read his mail as his fellow conspirator undertook to tell the jury what it was all about. One by one the witnesses were called—the coroner's physician, the policeman who had arrested Angelo outside the barber shop with the smoking pistol in his hand, the assistant barber who had seen the shooting, the customer who was being shaved. Each drove a spike into poor Angelo's legal coffin. Mr. Tutt could not shake them. This evidence was plain. He had come into the shop, accused Crocedoro of making his wife's life unbearable and—shot him.

Yet Mr. Tutt did not lose any of his equanimity. With the tips of his long fingers held lightly together in front of him, and swaying slightly backward and forward upon the balls of his feet, he smiled benignly down upon the customer and the barber's assistant as if these witnesses were merely unfortunate in not being able to disclose to the jury all the facts. His manner indicated that a mysterious and untold tragedy lay behind what they had heard, a tragedy pregnant with primordial vital passions, involving the most sacred of human relationships, which when known would rouse the spirit of chivalry of the entire panel.

On cross-examination the barber testified that Angelo had said: "You maka small of my wife long enough!"

"Ah!" murmured Mr. Tutt, waving an arm in the direction of Rosalina. Did the witness recognize the defendant's young wife? The jury showed interest and examined the sobbing Rosalina with approval. Yes, the witness recognized her. Did the witness know to what incident or incidents the defendant had referred by his remark—what the deceased Crocedoro had done to Rosalina—if anything? No, the witness did not. Mr. Tutt looked significantly at the row of faces in the jury box.

Then leaning forward he asked significantly: "Did you see Crocedoro threaten the defendant with his razor?"

"I object!" shouted O'Brien, springing to his feet. "The question is improper. There is no suggestion that Crocedoro did anything. The defendant can testify to that if he wants to!"

"Oh, let him answer!" drawled the judge.

"No ——" began the witness.

"Ah!" cried Mr. Tutt. "You did not see Crocedoro threaten the defendant with his razor! That will do!"

But forewarned by this trifling experience Mr. O'Brien induced the customer, the next witness, to swear that Crocedoro had not in fact made any move whatever with his razor toward Angelo, who had deliberately raised his pistol and shot him.

Mr. Tutt rose to the cross-examination with the same urbanity as before. Where was the witness standing? The witness said he wasn't standing. Well, where was he sitting, then? In the chair.

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Tutt triumphantly. "Then you had your back to the shooting!"

In a moment O'Brien had the witness practically rescued by the explanation that he had seen the whole thing in the glass in front of him. The firm of Tutt & Tutt uttered in chorus a groan of outraged incredulity. Several jurymen were seen to wrinkle their foreheads in meditation. Mr. Tutt had sown a tiny—infinitesimally tiny, to be sure—seed of doubt, not as to the killing at all but as to the complete veracity of the witness.

And then O'Brien made his coup.

"Rosalina Seraphino—take the witness stand!" he ordered.

He would get from her own lips the admission that she bought the pistol and gave it to Angelo! But with an outburst of indignation that would have done credit to the elder Booth Mr. Tutt was immediately on his feet protesting against the outrage, the barbarity, the heartlessness, the illegality of making a wife testify against her husband! His eyes flashed, his disordered locks waved in picturesque synchronization with his impassioned gestures. Rosalina, her beautiful golden cross rising and falling hysterically upon her bosom, took her seat in the witness chair like a frightened, furtive creature of the woods, gazed for one brief instant upon the twelve men in the jurybox with those great black eyes of hers, and then with burning cheeks buried her face in her handkerchief.

"I protest against this piece of cruelty!" cried Mr. Tutt in a voice vibrating with indignation. "This is worthy of the Inquisition. Will not even the cross upon her breast protect her from being compelled to reveal those secrets that are sacred to wife and motherhood? Can the law thus indirectly tear the seal of confidence from the Confessional? Mr. O'Brien, you go too far! There are some things that even you—brilliant as you are—may not trifle with."

A juryman nodded. The eleven others being more intelligent failed to understand what he was talking about.

"Mr. Tutt's objection is sound—if he wishes to press it," remarked the judge satirically. "You may step down, madam. The law will not compel a wife to testify against her husband. Have you any more witnesses, Mister District Attorney?"

"The People rest," said Mr. O'Brien. "The case is with the defense."

Mr. Tutt rose with solemnity.

"The court will, I suppose, grant me a moment or two to confer with my client?" he inquired. Babson bowed and the jury saw the lawyer lean across the defendant and engage his partner in what seemed to be a weighty deliberation.

"I killa him! I say so!" muttered Angelo feebly to Mr. Tutt.

"Shut up, you fool!" hissed Tutt, grabbing him by the leg. "Keep still or I'll wring your neck."

"If I could reach that old crook up on the bench I would twist his nose," remarked Mr. Tutt to Tutt with an air of consulting him about the Year Books. "And as for that criminal O'Brien, I'll get him yet!"

With great dignity Mr. Tutt then rose and again addressed the court:

"We have decided under all the circumstances of this most extraordinary case, Your Honor, not to put in any defense. I shall not call the defendant ——"

"I killa him ——" began Angelo, breaking loose from Tutt and struggling to his feet. It was a horrible movement. But Tutt clapped his hand over Angelo's mouth and forced him back into his seat.

"The defense rests," said Mr. Tutt, ignoring the interruption. "So far as we are concerned the case is closed."

"Both sides rest!" snapped Babson. "How long do you want to sum up?"

Mr. Tutt looked at the clock, which pointed to three. The regular hour of adjournment was at four. Delay was everything in a case like this. A juryman might die suddenly overnight or fall grievously ill; or some legal accident might occur which would necessitate declaring a mistrial. There is always hope in a criminal case so long as the verdict has not actually been returned and the jury polled and discharged. If possible he must drag his summing up over until the following day. Something might happen.

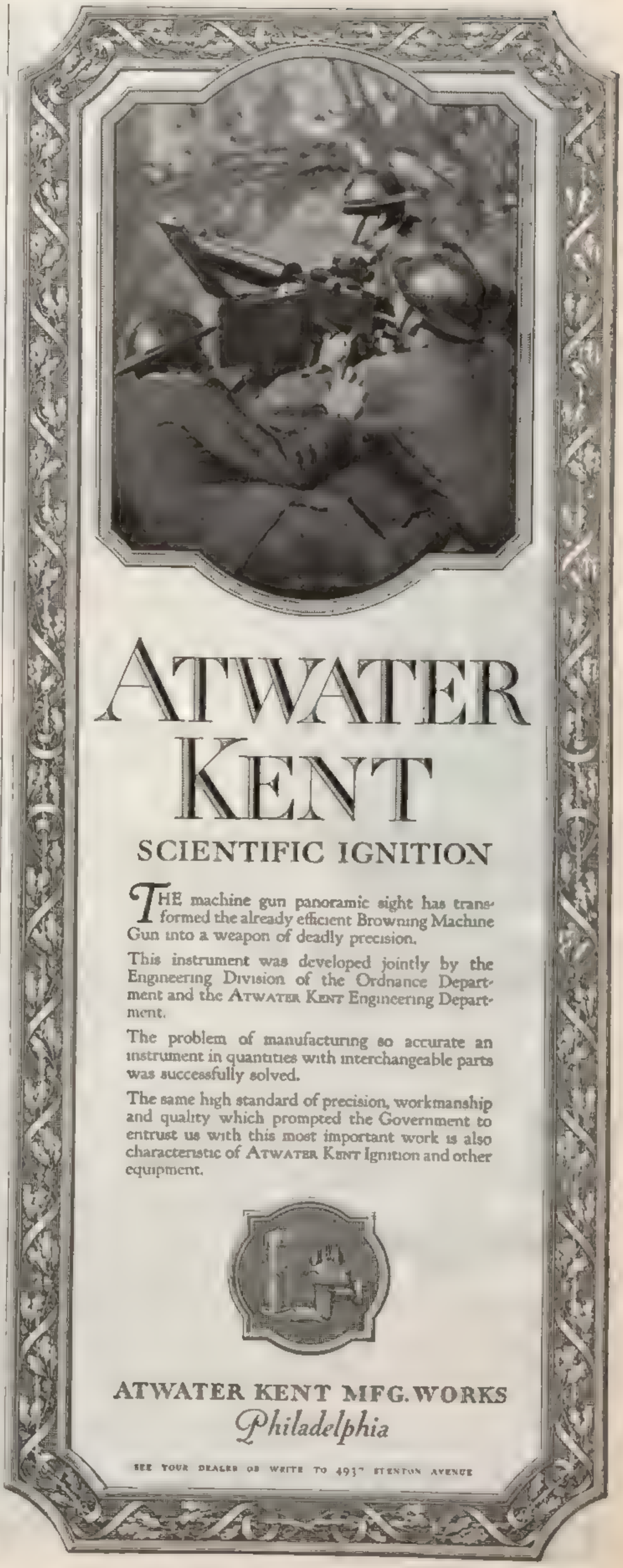
"About two hours, Your Honor," he replied.

The jury stirred impatiently. It was clear that they regarded a two-hour speech from him under the circumstances as an imposition. But Babson wished to preserve the fiction of impartiality.

"Very well," said he. "You may sum up until four-thirty, and have half an hour more to-morrow morning. See that the doors are closed, Captain Phelan. We do not want any interruption while the summations are going on."

"All out that's goin' out! Everybody out that's got no business with the court!" bellowed Captain Phelan.

Mr. Tutt with an ominous heightening of the pulse realized that the real ordeal was at last at hand, for the closing of the case had wrought in the old lawyer an instant metamorphosis. With the words "The defense rests" every suggestion of the mountebank, the actor or the shyster had vanished. The awful responsibility under which he labored; the overwhelming and damning evidence against his client; the terrible consequences of the least mistake that he might make; the fact that only the sword of his ability, and his alone, stood between



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Angelo and a hideous death by fire in the electric chair—sobered and chastened him. Had he been a praying man in that moment he would have prayed—but he was not.

For his client was foredoomed—foredoomed not only by justice but also by trickery and guile—and was being driven slowly but surely toward the judicial shambles. For what had he succeeded in adducing in his behalf? Nothing but the purely apocryphal speculation that the dead barber might have threatened Angelo with his razor and that the witnesses might possibly have drawn somewhat upon their imaginations in giving the details of their testimony. A sorry defense! Indeed, no defense at all. All the sorrier in that he had not even been able to get before the jury the purely sentimental excuses for the homicide, for he could only do this by calling Rosalina to the stand, which would have enabled the prosecution to cross-examine her in regard to the purchase of the pistol and the delivery of it to her husband—the strongest evidence of premeditation. Yet he must find some argument, some plea, some thread of reason upon which the jury might hang a disagreement or a verdict in a lesser degree.

With a shuffling of feet the last of the crowd pushed through the big oak doors and they were closed and locked. An officer brought a corroded tumbler of brackish water and placed it in front of Mr. Tutt. The judge leaned forward with malicious courtesy. The jury settled themselves and turned toward the lawyer attentively yet defiantly, hardening their hearts already against his expected appeals to sentiment. O'Brien ostentatiously producing a cigarette lounged out through the side door leading to the jury room and prison cells. The clerk began copying his records. The clock ticked loudly.

And Mr. Tutt rose and began going through the empty formality of attempting to discuss the evidence in such a way as to excuse or palliate Angelo's crime. For Angelo's guilt of murder in the first degree was so plain that it had never for one moment been in the slightest doubt. Whatever might be said for his act from the point of view of human emotion only made his motive and his responsibility under the statutes all the clearer. There was not even the unwritten law to appeal to. Yet there was fundamentally a genuine defense, a defense that could not be urged even by innuendo: the defense that no accused ought to be convicted upon any evidence whatever, no matter how conclusive, in a trial conducted with essential though wholly concealed unfairness.

Such was the case of Angelo. No one could demonstrate it, no one could with safety even hint at it; any charge that the court was anything but impartial would prove a boomerang to the defense; and yet the facts remained that the whole proceeding from start to finish had been conducted unfairly and with illegality, that the jury had been duped and deceived, and that the pretense that the guilty Angelo had been given an impartial trial was a farce. Every word of the court had been an accusation, a sneer, an acceptance of the defendant's guilt as a matter of course, an abuse far more subversive of our theory of government than the mere acquittal of a single criminal, for it struck at the very foundations of that liberty which the fathers had sought the shores of the unknown continent to gain.

Unmistakably the proceedings had been conducted throughout upon the theory that the defendant must prove his innocence and that presumably he was a guilty man; and this as well as his own impression that the evidence was conclusive the judge had subtly conveyed to the jury in his tone of speaking, his ironical manner and his facial expression. Guilty or not Angelo was being railroaded. That was the real defense—the defense that could never be established even in any higher court, except perhaps in the highest court of all, which is not of earth.

And so Mr. Tutt, boiling with suppressed indignation, weighed down with the sense of his responsibility, fully realizing his inability to say anything based on the evidence in behalf of his client, feeling twenty years older than he had during the verbal duel of the actual cross-examination, rose with a genial smile upon his puckered old face and with a careless air almost of gayety which seemed to indicate the utmost confidence and determination, and with a graceful compliment to his arch enemy upon the bench and the yellow dog who had hunted with him, assured the jury that the defendant had had the fairest of fair trials and that he, Mr. Tutt, would now proceed to demonstrate to their satisfaction his client's entire innocence; nay, would indeed show them that he was a man not only guiltless of any wrongdoing but worthy of their hearty commendation.

With jokes not too unseemly for the occasion he overcame their preliminary distrust and put them in a good humor. He gave a historical dissertation upon the law governing homicide, on the constitutional rights of American citizens, on the laws of naturalization, marriage, and the domestic relations; waxed eloquent over Italy and the Italian character, mentioned Cavour, Garibaldi and Mazzini in a way to imply that Angelo was their lineal descendant; and quoted from D'Annunzio back to Horace, Cicero and Plautus.

"Bunk! Nothing but bunk!" muttered Tutt, studying the twelve faces before him. "And they all know it!"

But Mr. Tutt was nothing if not interesting. These prosaic citizens of New York County, these saloon and hotel keepers, these contractors, insurance agents and salesmen were learning something of history, of philosophy, of art and beauty. They liked it. They felt they were hearing something worth while, as indeed they were, and they forgot all about Angelo and the unfortunate Crocedoro in their admiration for Mr. Tutt, who had lifted them out of the dingy sordid courtroom into the sunlight of the Golden Age. And as he led them through Greek and Roman literature, through the early English poets, through Shakspere and the King James version, down to John Galsworthy and Rupert Brooke, he brought something that was noble, fine and sweet into their grubby materialistic lives; and at the same time the hand of the clock crept steadily on until he and it reached Château-Thierry and half past four together.

"Bang!" went Babson's gavel just as Mr. Tutt was leading Mr. Walsh, Mr. Tompkins and the others through the winding paths of the Argonne forests with tin helmets on their heads in the struggle for liberty.

"You may conclude your address in the morning, Mr. Tutt," said the judge with supreme unction. "Adjourn court!"

Gray depression weighed down Mr. Tutt's soul as he trudged homeward. He had made a good speech, but it had had absolutely nothing to do with the case, which the jury would perceive as soon as they thought it over. It was a confession of defeat. Angelo would be convicted of murder in the first degree and electrocuted, Rosalina would be a widow, and somehow he would be in a measure responsible for it. The tragedy of human life appalled him. He felt very old, as old as the dead-and-gone authors from whom he had quoted with such remarkable facility. He belonged with them; he was too old to practice his profession.

"Law, Mis' Tutt," expostulated Miranda, his ancient negro handmaiden, as he pushed away the chop and mashed potato, and even his glass of claret, untasted, in his old-fashioned dining room on West Twenty-third Street, "you ain't got no appetite at all! You's sick, Mis' Tutt."

"No, no, Miranda!" he replied weakly. "I'm just getting old."

"You's mighty spry for an old man yit," she protested. "You kin make dem lawyer men hop mighty high when you tries. Heh, heh! I reckon dey ain't got nuffin' on my Mistah Tutt!"

Upstairs in his library Mr. Tutt strode up and down before the empty grate, smoking stogy after stogy, trying to collect his thoughts and devise something to say upon the morrow, but all his ideas had flown. There wasn't anything to say. Yet he swore Angelo should not be offered up as a victim upon the altar of unscrupulous ambition. The hours passed and the old banjo clock above the mantel wheezed eleven, twelve; then one, two. Still he paced up and down, up and down in a sort of trance. The air of the library, blue with the smoke of countless stogies, stifled and suffocated him. Moreover he discovered that he was hungry. He descended to the pantry and salvaged a piece of pie, then unchained the front door and stepped forth into the soft October night.

A full moon hung over the deserted streets of the sleeping city. In divers places, widely scattered, the twelve good and true men were snoring snugly in bed. To-morrow they would send Angelo to his death without a quiver. He shuddered, striding on, he knew not whither, into the night. His brain no longer worked. He had become a peripatetic automaton self-dedicated to nocturnal perambulation.

With his pockets bulging with stogies and one glowing like a headlight in advance of him he wandered in a sort of coma up Tenth Avenue, crossed to the Riverside Drive, mounted Morningside Heights, descended again through the rustling alleys of Central Park, and found himself at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street just as the dawn was paling the electric lamps to a sickly yellow and the trees were casting strange unwonted shadows in the wrong direction. He was utterly exhausted. He looked eagerly for some place to sit down but the doors of the hotels were dark and tightly closed and it was too cold to remain without moving in the open air.

Down Fifth Avenue he trudged, intending to go home and snatch a few hours' sleep before court should open, but each block seemed miles in length. Presently he approached the cathedral, whose twin spires were tinted with reddish gold. The sky had become a bright blue. Suddenly all the street lamps went out. He told himself that he had never realized before the beauty of those two towers reaching up toward eternity, typifying man's aspiration for the spiritual. He remembered having heard that a cathedral was never closed, and looking toward the door he perceived that it was open. With utmost difficulty he climbed the steps and entered its dark shadows. A faint light emanated from the tops of the stained-glass windows. Down below a candle burned on either side of the altar while a flickering gleam shone from the red cup in the sanctuary lamp. Worn out, drugged for lack of sleep, faint for want of food, old Mr. Tutt sank down upon one of the rear seats by the door, and resting his head upon his arms on the back of the bench in front of him fell fast asleep.

He dreamed of a legal heaven, of a great wooden throne upon which sat Babson in a black robe and below him twelve red-faced angels in a double row with harps in their hands, chanting: "Guilty! Guilty! Guilty!" An organ was playing somewhere, and there was a great noise of footsteps. Then a bell tinkled and he raised his head and saw that the chancel was full of lights and white-robed priests. It was broad daylight. Horrified he looked at his watch, to find that it was ten minutes after ten. His joints creaked as he pulled himself to his feet and his eyes were half closed as he staggered down the steps and hailed a taxi.

"Criminal Courts Building—side door. And drive like hell!" he muttered to the driver.

He reached it just as Judge Babson and his attendant were coming into the courtroom and the crowd were making obeisance. Everybody else was in his proper place.

"You may proceed, Mr. Tutt," said the judge after the roll of the jury had been called.

But Mr. Tutt was in a daze, in no condition to think or speak. There was a curious rustling in his ears and his sight was somewhat blurred. The atmosphere of the courtroom seemed to him cold and hostile; the jury sat with averted faces. He rose feebly and cleared his throat.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he began, "I—I think I covered everything I had to say yesterday afternoon. I can only beseech you to realize the full extent of your great responsibility and remind you that if you entertain a reasonable doubt upon the evidence you are sworn to give the benefit of it to the defendant."

He sank back in his chair and covered his eyes with his hands, while a murmur ran along the benches of the courtroom. The old man had collapsed—tough luck—the defendant was cooked! Swiftly O'Brien leaped to his feet. There had been no defense. The case was as plain as a pikestaff. There was only one thing for the jury to do—return a verdict of murder in the first. It would not be pleasant, but that made no difference! He read them the statute, applied it to the facts, and shook his fist in their faces. They must convict—and convict of only one thing—and nothing else—murder in the first degree. They gazed at him like silly sheep, nodding their heads, doing everything but bleat.

(Concluded on Page 153)

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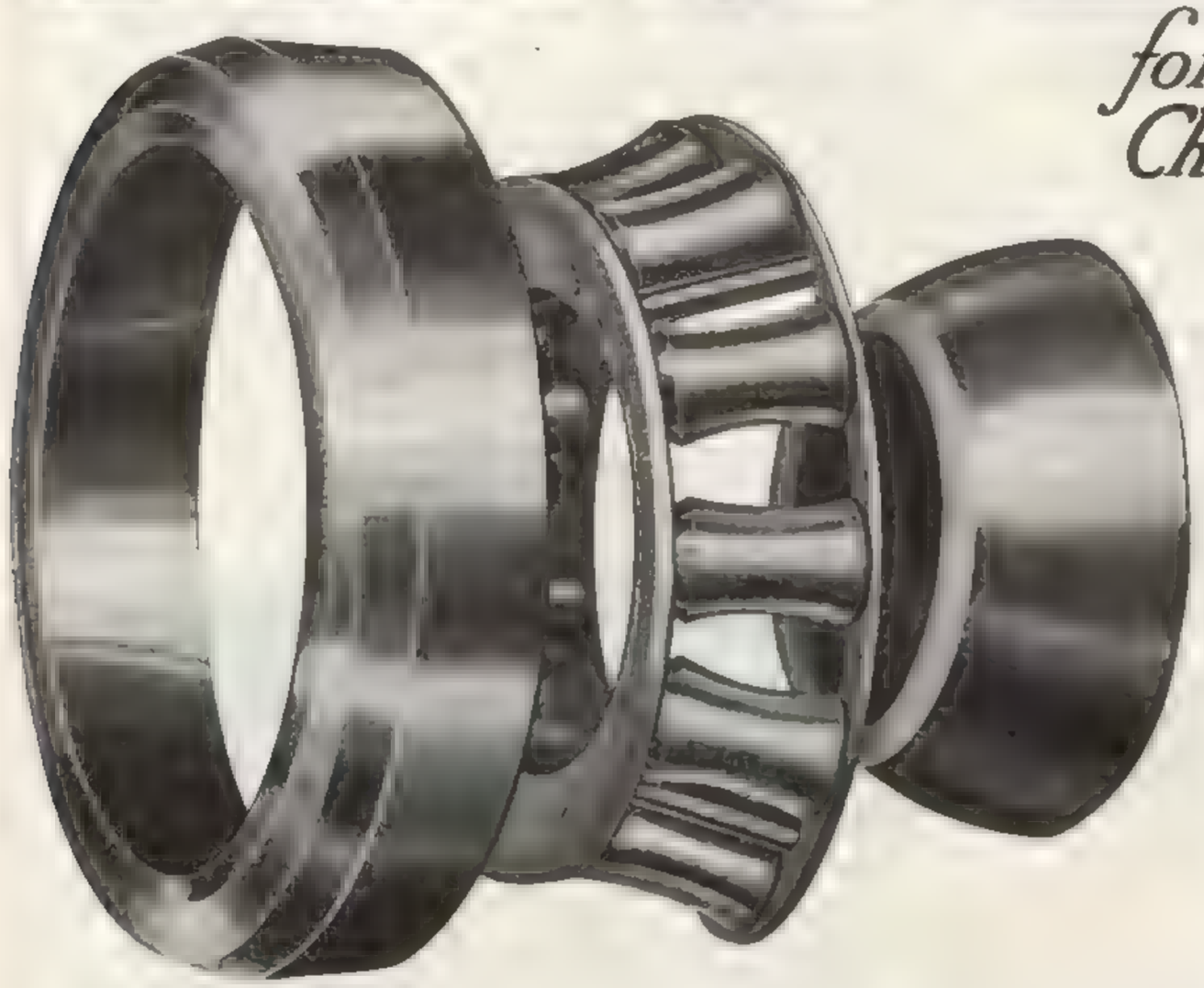
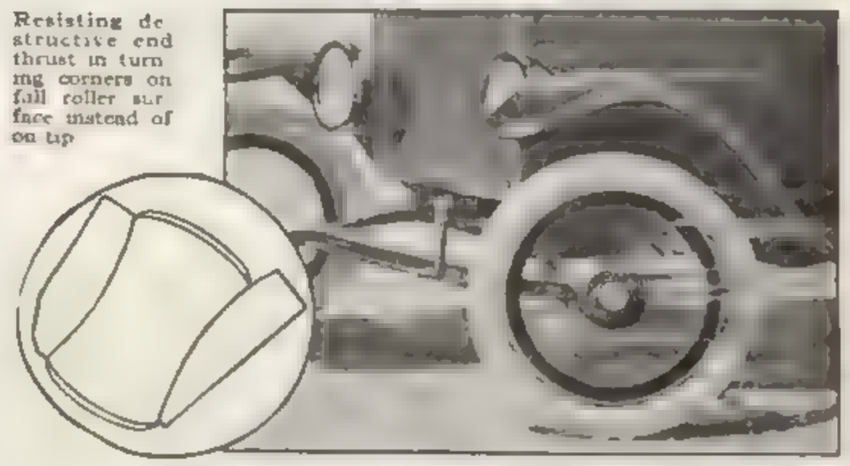
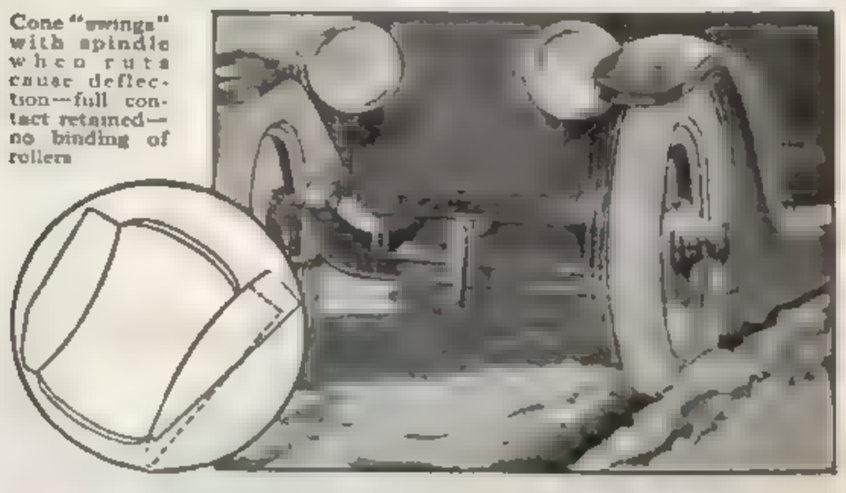
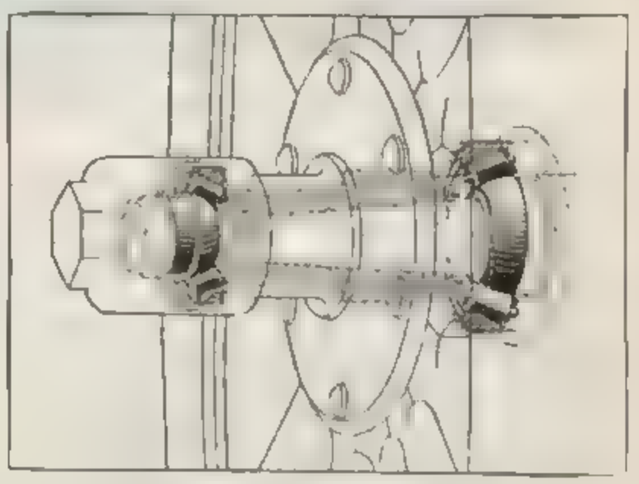




Resisting destructive end thrust in turning corners on full roller surface instead of on tip



Cone "swings" with spindle when ruts cause deflection—full contact retained—no binding of rollers



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The acid test of the efficiency of a roller bearing is its capacity for taking terrific momentary side thrusts on the entire length of rollers instead of only on the outer edge of the rollers' end, the latter means but 25% to 30% thrust capacity.

Shafer Bearings, with their concave rollers of extraordinary strength, are rapidly replacing other types. See that your Ford, Maxwell or Chevrolet 490 is SHAFER equipped and put your front wheels on 100% efficiency basis.

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By George A. Kissel

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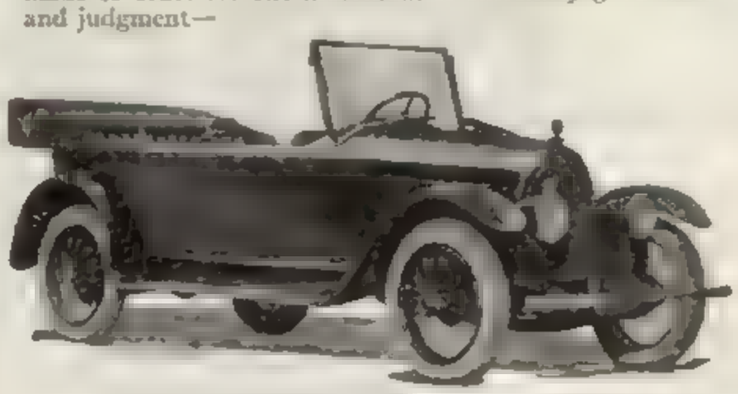
Its first conception was as pictured above, through the development of the individual idea—the desire for exclusiveness and refinement of a strictly tailored job—tailored in mechanical development, chassis construction, body design and graceful appearance—a composite idea of the outstanding features tending toward class, beauty and exclusiveness, which have been evolved by chassis and body builders the world over who claim distinction in the building of motor cars.

How It Was Consummated

The **Kissel Custom-built Six** came into being as if made to order for one individual of extremely good taste and judgment—



A car prominent in its exclusive richness and refinements.

An individual who typified America's automobile critics—who wanted a car of marked distinction in appearance and positive superiority in mechanical construction—a car that was a perfect symphony of lines—a blend of the best features, accessories, comforts and conveniences, which the "custom-trade" buyer would select.

So the Kissel designers and engineers moulded the first **Custom-built Six** into one of individuality, thoroughly original in design, of special units of the highest quality and superior in workmanship to any of a like nature—

A car prominent in its exclusive richness of refinement with that well-bred aloofness of the custom-built motor car that graces the Champs Elysees, Paris; Park Lane, London; Riverside Drive, New York; Lake Shore Drive, Chicago.

Here then is a car built to individual specifications—a custom-built chassis that incorporates everything that the name in itself implies.

Custom-built Chassis Features

Only those standard units not made in our own shops and which have been used on the highest grade automobiles for years and have proven their superiority over all other units of every kind, were adopted. This search covered every detail of mechanical construction and development throughout this chassis. If there was a part or unit that had not through long years of hard service proven its merits, then something special was devised by our own engineers and manufactured in our own factories, to supplant it.

Take our brakes which are decidedly a custom-built feature. On any other car, regardless of price, it is a common practice to have to inspect the internal brake for lack of efficiency and find, after removing the wheel, that it was rendered inefficient from oil leaking over the differential case on the brake and lining. On the **Kissel Custom-built Six** this is eliminated by making both our brakes of the double external contracting type, the most powerful and sturdy brakes made.

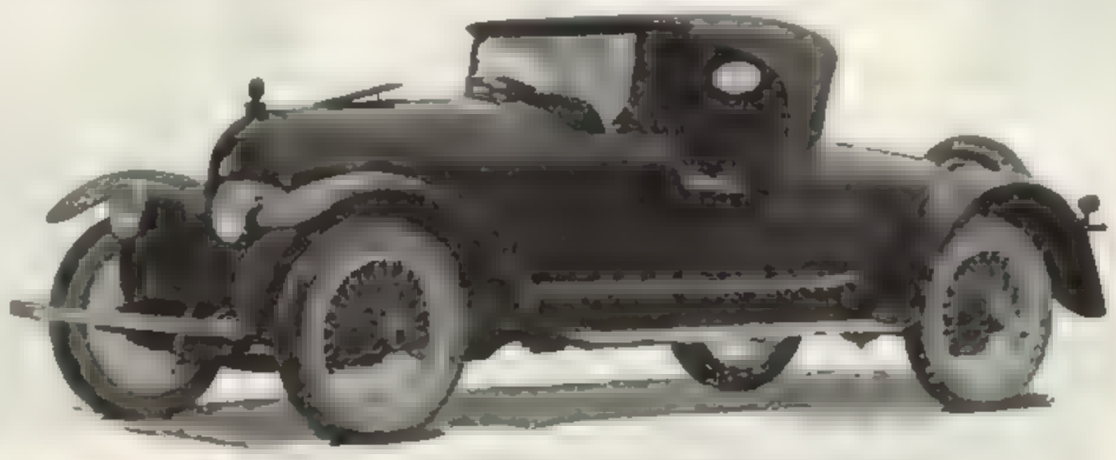
Still another important custom-built feature is the chassis oiling system. As a general rule the more you pay for a car the more grease cups you have to look after. On the **Kissel Custom-built Six** we have replaced them as far as is practicable with oil cups, using only two grease cups which are located on the water pump, where they are very accessible. Wherever lubrication is required a large oil cup is found, making filling very easy, without even getting your hands dirty.

Custom-built Motor Features

The **Kissel Custom-built Motor** is designed and built at the Kissel factory especially to provide a proper power and speed range for a car of its size, weight and capacity—

An exclusive custom-built feature of this motor that will add to its leadership in the gas engine field is that of the perfection of the new Kissel Automatic Oil Control.

Kissel engineers have been confronted with oiling problems exactly the same as have confronted all owners of motor cars. This is because the motor is subjected to such a range of conditions requiring a maximum horse power of the motor at certain times and at other times high speed for minimum power.



Fleetness and power combined with rakishness and style.

Absolute control of the oil supply in order to have a sufficient amount of oil under the most strenuous conditions and still not too much oil when using too little power, has been the result of continuous study by the Kissel engineers in perfecting the new Kissel Automatic Oil Control which accomplishes the following results:—

A—When the motor is pulling a maximum load or using its full horse power with the throttle wide open, it provides the maximum oil pressure needed.

B—When the motor load is reduced and its throttle closed, it reduces the oil pressure as well as oil supply.

C—It prevents the piling up of oil at ends of oil basin when going either up or down grade.

D—It distributes the correct amount of oil in the oil pockets for each cylinder regardless of the grade, load or condition of speed.

The importance of the above is fully appreciated by engineers and owners who have occasion to subject the motors of their cars to every maximum pull.

Added Custom-built features found in this chassis cover such details as connecting rods, rod-bolts and nuts, axle spindle bolt, transmission gear clutch, pinions, push rods, valve spring, timing gears, cylinder heads, re-enforced fenders, etc.

Thus the under-the-surface details received the same personal inspection as those on the surface. Our thirteen years of engineering and construction experience proved the vital necessity for this.

Custom-built Body Features

And then we came to the body that was to clothe this custom-built chassis—that, too, must be hand made. So the custom shops here at the factory, with their small army of skilled wood-workers from many foreign countries were put to work under the supervision of our staff of body designers and builders.

In designing the custom-built body the dull monotony of effect caused by the tiresome and common jargon of lines and curves was eliminated. The Kissel body craftsmanship and artistry which built an enviable reputation for Kissel bodies in the past was asked to produce an ensemble of effect comparable with the exclusive foreign thoroughbreds.

Among the features which depart from the beaten path and which produce an exquisite harmony of body refinements, aristocratic appointments and artistic assemble of comfort accoutrements, characteristic of the custom elegance of individualized body designs, are a modish low-hung effect; original body lines; long tall hood; extra wide fenders shaped to the body; imported top design and material; tailored upholstery on body-moulded seats; a slanting windshield fastened directly to cowl, eliminating glare and mirror effects; hood and dash ventilators; sunglow bullet-shaped head-lights and tail-lights; special design hand-made radiator; all giving an air of rakishness and speedy appearance without departing from that air of dignity so desirable in the more formal car

The under-the-surface custom-built body features which indicate its substantial construction are those of specially seasoned hard woods for frames; a heavy solid pillar and sill construction for one of the main parts of the body, each joint and tenon connection united by wood screws, body units of 18 to 20 galvanized sheet steel of metal construction, doing away with all moulding and sharp angles; special construction features that eliminate squeaks and rattles and insure a close fit of the doors which cannot fly open under any conditions; separate dash board frame built into the body keeps the cowl in permanent shape, insuring a correct hood-fitting, and aluminum hood arch moulding which is united to the front of the body gives added appearance to the car.

In short, the Kissel Custom-built body is a tailored body with all the modern refinements and improvements such as good driving position, roomy, comfortable, restful and attractive, which only highly specialized body designing and construction technique can produce.

The simplicity and quiet dignity suggest fleetness and power combined with a pleasant touch of rakishness and style. The sleekness of its exclusive lines suggests instant speed.

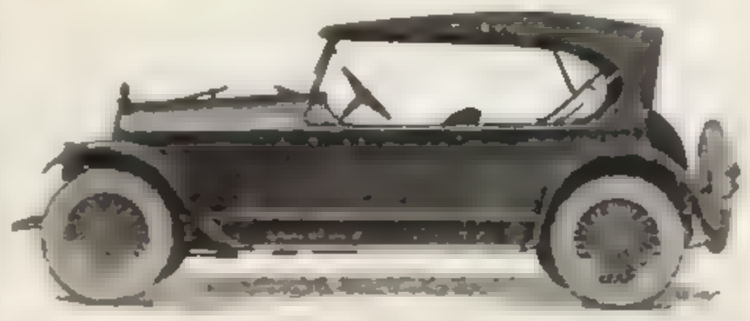
Standardizing the Custom-built Idea

Here then was a car built to individual specifications from head-light to tail-light and from the ground up, custom-built in every detail, but as the function of an automobile factory is not to build cars to every man's idea, the question remained whether there were enough critical individuals of the same mind regarding motor cars to keep the wheels of the big Kissel plant busy on a single standardized Custom-built job with the same specifications.

This question has already been answered by the overwhelming demand for **Kissel Custom-built Sixes** which at the present time exceeds the production ability of the Kissel factories.

The results have demonstrated that after all there are a lot of people who think, reason and act the same, which has made it possible to standardize the custom-built idea of a single individual and multiplied by others whose ideas come together on a common ground.

In all principal cities Kissel distributors are displaying the results of this Kissel Custom-built idea—the 4-passenger Custom-built Tourster in Kissel Blue; 2-passenger Custom-built Speedster in Chrome Yellow; and very



Its counterparts grace the Champs Elysees, Park Lane, Riverside Drive.

shortly the 7-passenger Custom-built Touring Model—all three mounted on the Custom-built chassis on which our entire engineering and production forces and facilities are concentrating and which possesses the countless Custom-built features that have been the subject of this story. Catalog on request.

KISSEL MOTOR CAR CO.

HARTFORD, WIS., U. S. A.

(Concluded from Page 150)

Then Babson cleared his decks and rising in dignity expounded the law to the sheep in a rich mellow voice, in which he impressed upon them the necessity of preserving the integrity of the jury system and the sanctity of human life. He pronounced an obituary of great beauty upon the deceased barber—who could not, as he pointed out, speak for himself, owing to the fact that he was in his grave. He venomously excoriated the defendant, who had deliberately planned to kill an unarmed man peacefully conducting himself in his place of business, and expressed the utmost confidence that he could rely upon the jury, whose character he well knew, to perform their full duty no matter how disagreeable that duty might be. The sheep nodded.

"You may retire, gentlemen."

Babson looked down at Mr. Tutt with a significant gleam in his eye. He had driven in the knife to the hilt and twisted it round and round. Angelo had almost as much chance as the proverbial celluloid cat. Mr. Tutt felt actually sick. He did not look at the jury as they went out. They would not be long—and he could hardly face the thought of their return. Never in his long experience had he found himself in such a desperate situation. Heretofore there had always been some argument, some construction of the facts upon which he could make an appeal, however fallacious or illogical.

He leaned back and closed his eyes. The judge was chatting with O'Brien, the court officers were betting with the reporters as to the length of time in which it would take the twelve to agree upon a verdict of murder in the first. The funeral rites were all concluded except for the final commitment of the corpse to mother earth.

And then without warning Angelo suddenly rose and addressed the court in a defiant shriek.

"I killa that man!" he cried wildly. "He maka small of my wife! He no good! He bad egg! I killa him once—I killa him again!"

"So!" exclaimed Babson with biting sarcasm. "You want to make a confession? You hope for mercy, do you? Well, Mr. Tutt, what do you wish to do under the circumstances? Shall I recall the jury and reopen the case by consent?"

Mr. Tutt rose trembling to his feet.

"The case is closed, Your Honor," he replied. "I will consent to a mistrial and offer a plea of guilty of manslaughter. I cannot agree to reopen the case. I cannot let the defendant go upon the stand."

The spectators and reporters were pressing forward to the bar, anxious lest they should lose a single word of the colloquy. Angelo remained standing, looking eagerly at O'Brien, who returned his gaze with a grin like that of a hyena.

"I killa him!" Angelo repeated. "You killa me if you want."

"Sit down!" thundered the judge. "Enough of this! The law does not permit me to accept a plea to murder in the first degree, and my conscience and my sense of duty to the public will permit me to accept no other. I will go to my chambers to await the verdict of the jury. Take the prisoner downstairs to the prison pen."

He swept from the bench in his silken robes. Angelo was led away. The crowd in the courtroom slowly dispersed. Mr. Tutt, escorted by Tutt, went out in the corridor to smoke.

"Ye got a raw deal, counselor," remarked Captain Phelan, amiably accepting a stogy. "Nothing but an act of Providence e'd save that Eyetalian from the chair! An' him guilty at that!"

An hour passed; then another. At half after four a rumor flew along the corridors that the jury in the Seraphino case had reached a verdict and were coming in. A messenger scurried to the judge's chambers. Phelan descended the iron stairs to bring up the prisoner, while Tutt to prevent a scene invented an excuse by which he lured Rosalina to the first floor of the building. The crowd suddenly reassembled out of nowhere and poured into the courtroom. The reporters gathered expectantly round their table. The judge entered, his robes gathered in one hand.

"Bring in the jury," he said sharply. "Arraign the prisoner at the bar."

Mr. Tutt took his place beside his client at the railing, while the jury, carrying their coats and hats, filed slowly in. Their faces were set and relentless. They looked neither to the right nor to the left. O'Brien sauntered over and seated himself nonchalantly with his back to the court, studying their faces. Yes, he told himself, they were a regular set of hangmen—he couldn't have picked a tougher bunch if he'd had his choice of the whole panel.

The clerk called the roll, and Messrs. Walsh, Tompkins *et al.* stated that they were all present.

"Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon a verdict?" inquired the clerk.

"We have!" replied Mr. Walsh sternly.

"How say you? Do you find the defendant guilty or not guilty?"

Mr. Tutt gripped the balustrade in front of him with one hand and put his other arm round Angelo. He felt that now in truth murder was being done.

"We find the defendant not guilty," said Mr. Walsh defiantly.

There was a momentary silence of incredulity. Then Babson and O'Brien shouted simultaneously: "What!"

"We find the defendant not guilty," repeated Mr. Walsh stubbornly.

"I demand that the jury be polled!" cried the crestfallen O'Brien, his face crimson.

And then the twelve reiterated severally that that was their verdict and that they hearkened unto it as it stood recorded and that they were entirely satisfied with it.

"You are discharged!" said Babson in icy tones. "Strike the names of these men from the list of jurors—as incompetent. Haven't you any other charge on which you can try this defendant?"

"No, Your Honor," answered O'Brien grimly. "He didn't take the stand, so we can't try him for perjury; and there isn't any other indictment against him."

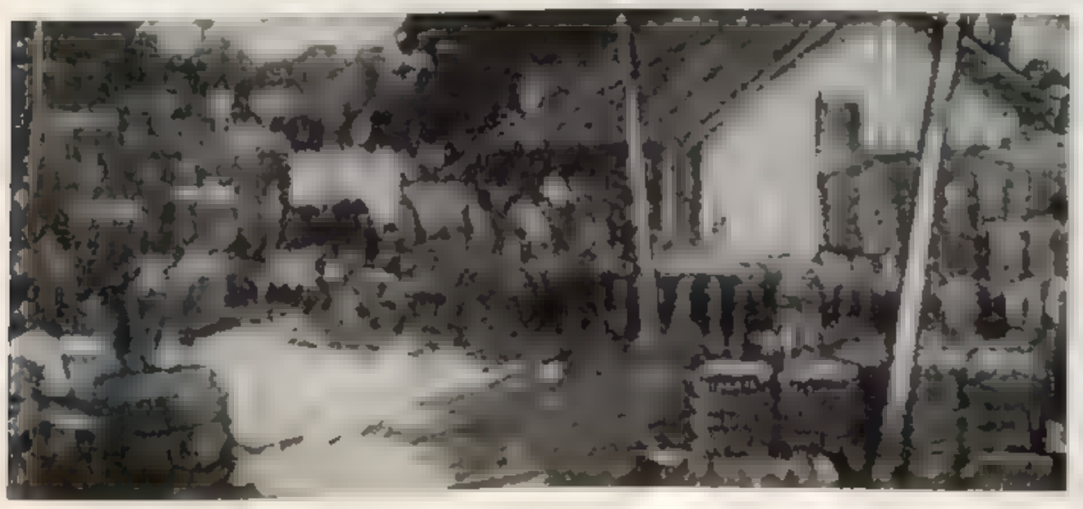
Judge Babson turned ferociously upon Mr. Tutt:

"This acquittal is a blot upon the administration of criminal justice; a disgrace to the city! It is an unconscionable verdict; a reflection upon the intelligence of the jury! The defendant is discharged. This court is adjourned."

The crowd surged round Angelo and bore him away, bewildered. The judge and prosecutor hurried from the room. Alone Mr. Tutt stood at the bar, trying to grasp the full meaning of what had occurred.

He no longer felt tired; he experienced an exultation such as he had never known before. Some miracle had happened! What was it?

Unexpectedly the lawyer felt a rough warm hand clasped over his own upon the rail and heard the voice of Mr. Walsh with its rich brogue saying: "At first we couldn't see that there was much to be said for your side of the case, Mr. Tutt; but when Oi stepped into the cathedral on me way down to court this morning and spied you prayin' there for guidance I knew you wouldn't be defendin' him unless he was innocent, and so we decided to give him the benefit of the doubt."



VITALIC Bicycle Tires

Big Mileage at Little Cost

VITALIC TIRES give you big mileage at a low cost per mile. Cheap tires give you little mileage at a high cost per mile. The less you pay in the beginning for bicycle tires the more you pay in the end.

Cost per mile, not cost per tire, is the real cost of bicycle tires. Divide the price you pay for Vitalics by the miles they give you on the road, and you will find they are always the most economical tires you can buy.

And you will ride many long miles on these handsome V-shaped non-skid treads, with never a fear of blowout or puncture, glad that you paid the price of Vitalic quality at the store and got the benefit of Vitalic economy on the road.

CONTINENTAL RUBBER WORKS
ERIE, PA.

Some Inside Information

All Vitalic Tires are made with an extra strong 14½-ounce fabric. The strongest fabric used in any other bicycle tire is 12-ounce—and most bicycle-tire fabrics are even lighter. Here is a magnified cross-section of 14½-ounce Vitalic fabric compared with an equally magnified cross-section of 12-ounce fabric. That's *one* reason why Vitalics give more miles for less money—also why the few punctures you get with Vitalics are so quickly, easily, and permanently repaired.

TRADE MARK

"Tougher Than Elephant Hide"

Carey

ASFALTSLATE SHINGLES

are

beautiful, safe, enduring,

NO SHINGLES that money can buy have greater beauty than these, for their color is a *natural* color—the *fadeless* red or green of the everlasting slate itself.

The facets of the chipped slate catch the light from any angle, enriching the coloration and embellishing the beauty of the finest home.

Because of their woolfelt base and elastic asphalt body, they can be laid on any surface and bent over the edge of rounded eaves without cracking.

And these shingles are spark-proof, absolutely non-curling and non-splitting. They are wind-proof as well as water-proof.

Fortunately, the great economies due to immense quantity production in the Carey factories cut the cost of these longer-lasting shingles. They are the economical buy for the smallest or largest home; for any building with a pitched roof. Send for folder.

THE PHILIP CAREY COMPANY

500-520 Wayne Ave., Lockland, Cincinnati, Ohio

Roofing Materials, Asbestos and Asphalt Products, Pipe and Boiler Coverings, Wall Board.

LET'S SAVE JUNK—BUT AT A PROFIT

(Continued from Page 11)

the probability of large purchases by the Central Powers, especially copper, for it is believed that millions of dollars' worth of metals will be needed to replace those gathered for war—the copper roofs and bells and door knobs seized by the government everywhere.

There are numerous wholesale dealers in waste material with a turnover running into tens of millions, and in contrast to the humble junkman, who is the best-known figure in this industry, they are men of large affairs, with plants that are part warehouse and part factory.

Not all the junk comes from the small collector by any means. A big Eastern railroad sells nearly $1,000,000 worth of scrap yearly, including iron, steel, copper, brass, bags, oil barrels, paper, air hose, rubber, rags and rope; even its cinders have a junk value. The American railway makes about forty dollars' worth of miscellaneous scrap each year for each mile of road operated, an aggregate exceeding $10,000,000.

This stuff is bought in large lots by big dealers, and handled by special machinery. Along with old car brasses the dealer will buy locomotives and steel cars to be broken up and sorted. Large shears are needed to cut big pieces for remelting, and the welding flame is used to cut sheet metal. One typical piece of scrap material lately reported to the trade weighed fifty-three tons, the cast-iron block from a drop-forging machine which developed a fracture and was sold. Three traction engines were needed to haul it away and explosives broke it up for remelting.

Large-Scale Reclamation

Railway junk illustrates how value is developed by sorting. As the miscellaneous waste material lies assembled in motley piles it is worth very little. But first the railway storekeepers classify this stuff under a hundred divisions, and set apart forty per cent which can be used again—worn rails for sidings are one instance. But in many cases it pays to sell old stuff and buy new, because the cost of reclaiming is higher than that of fresh material. One railroad-shop foreman was decidedly proud of his ingenuity in making spanners from old steel crank pins, but a little figuring showed that for the cost of fuel and labor used in this work it was possible to buy two new spanners, as large-scale production methods in the metal industry rendered such hand competition futile. After the railway has sorted out its forty per cent the remainder is sold in large lots by bid to wholesale concerns, which sort it for a thousand different uses and markets.

New classifications and outlets are constantly being found, and with profits of a fraction of a cent a pound on material ingenuity centers on economical handling. The whole tendency is to get closer to the source of supply, picking up large lots of material, and also closer to customers who can use large lots

Until about three years ago forty per cent of all the expensive high-speed tool steel scrap produced by machine shops was thrown away, for lack of a practical method of converting such refractory material into new tools. Then a new process of converting this material was evolved, and one concern now takes tool scrap by weight and turns it into new tool steel for a conversion charge. Such a development not only makes a new market for the waste-material dealer's tool scrap, leading him to sort it out, but also enables this converter concern to cut in between the wholesale junkman and his source of supply, for tool scrap is bought direct from machine shops at better prices than the junkman can pay. This converter plant is a complete manufacturing establishment in itself, with special crucible furnaces, steam hammers, rolling mill and facilities for heat treating and annealing.

Another typical illustration of the factory aspect of waste materials is found in the story of the secondhand bag. Ten years ago old bags had little value. To-day millions of dollars' worth of this material is handled by bag concerns, which purchase the bags after they have been used for fertilizer, stock feed, soda ash, chemicals, cement, vegetables and other uses, and put them through plants where they are shaken out, washed, mended and baled, for sale in competition with new bags. Millions of these reclaimed bags are used yearly for our Western grain crop, effecting great savings; and during the war millions more were used in trench work on the Western Front.

Uncle Sam used to spend money to dispose of his navy waste, dumping and burning it. Now he sorts it all out by methods similar to those followed in the waste-material trade, and works it up into new products himself or sells it to dealers. Scrap rope is made into fenders and mats, scrap metal melted and used again, old graphite foundry crucibles ground up for graphite paint, cork out of life preservers ground up and sold, hair from mattresses and feathers from pillows renovated, and even garbage rendered for grease, oil, glycerin, stock feed and fertilizer. Junk runs up quickly into big money. The Navy realized last year $500,000 from scrap iron and steel, $50,000 from garbage, $150,000 from wood waste used to save fuel, $40,000 from scrap rope, tens of thousands of dollars from waste paper and rags.

The Army finds itself with far larger quantities of waste material—one item is a million tons of scrap ordnance steel in the form of surplus forgings and castings for shells and other munitions, which can be most profitably disposed of by-sale, sorting and remelting.

One easily falls under the spell of junk, and begins organizing for reclamation, sounding the clarion call to housewives, women's clubs, Boy and Girl Scouts, charitable associations.

But as like as not the amateur and volunteer organization for collecting junk merely covers a field which is already much better taken care of by the waste-material industry, and cannot hope to compete with the latter in economy or skill. On the contrary, it is possible to do damage. For if the Boy and Girl Scouts gather junk spasmodically for a short period, doing the work free, the humble collector of old rags and scrap iron cannot make enough to pay expenses, and is driven into some other work, and later the waste-material dealers find that junk is coming in from that territory in smaller quantities.

Waste Turned Into Thrift Stamps

Were all the enthusiastic reclamation drives during the war a pure waste of effort?

No—they rendered very definite service. The quantity of waste material gathered was increased at least twenty-five per cent, and there was a fifty per cent increase in value. Moreover, they performed an educational service, teaching the public to save refuse instead of burning or dumping it, so that ultimately it came into the industry for reuse. If this habit can be maintained there will be a permanent national gain. Real conservation may take the form of community education to prevent destruction of seemingly useless material, and building increased volume for collection and handling through the regular waste-material trade.

After the patriotic New England ladies had their conference with waste-material men they worked out a commendable plan whereby junk collectors are to pay for household refuse in Thrift Stamps, thus saving materials which are worth money, and diverting it into the best machinery for realizing its value, and investing the profits in a safe form to help finance the Government.

Wherever the junkman calls or there is a city collection service the best way to save junk is to throw it away—but into waste-basket or refuse can. It cannot be lost, but is gathered, sorted and used again by the cheapest methods. Teamwork from the public consists chiefly in not destroying refuse but keeping it in good shape for the collector.

On the farms and in country districts there is a large tonnage of waste material which lies outside the regular collecting organization. Many thousands of tons of good scrap metal might be picked up round

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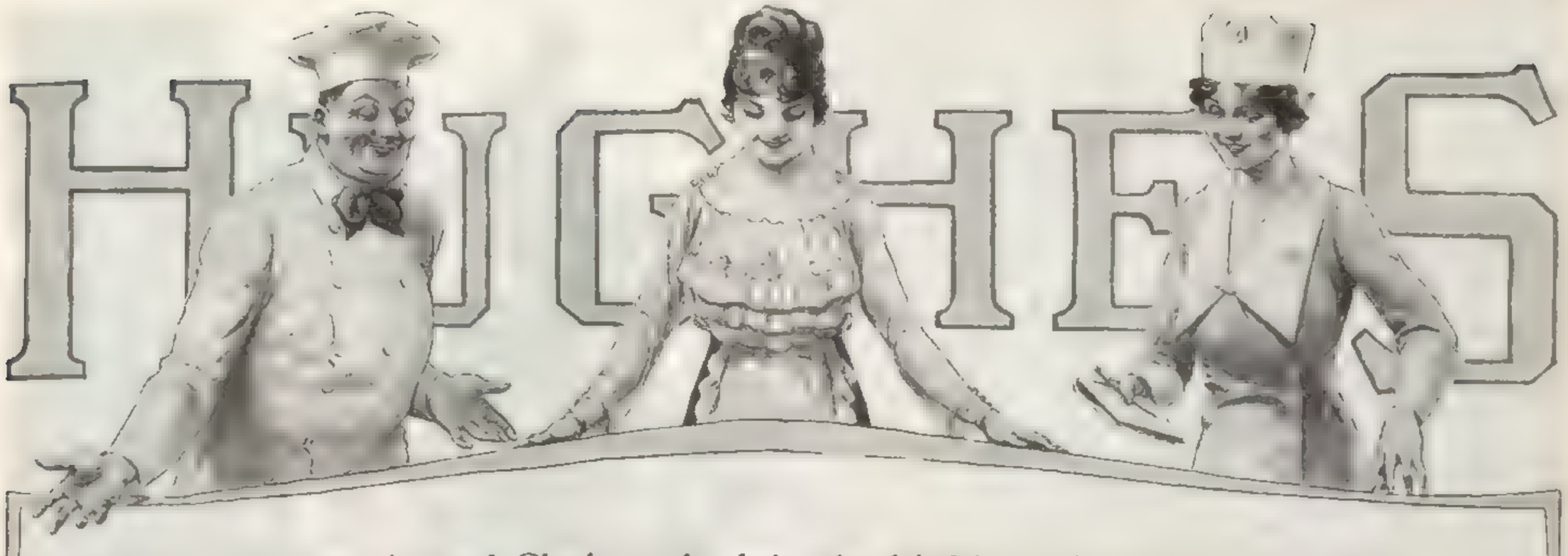

HUGHES

The world-experienced Chef on the left, the highly trained Domestic Economist on the right and between them the home-making woman of America—all have endorsed and enthusiastically adopted the

HUGHES Electric Range

Do you realize that household methods are being revolutionized by the general adoption of electric appliances? That when a Hughes Range is put into your kitchen the hot room drudgery disappears? That the occupation of home-keeping is thereby dignified and the servant problem solved?

It is because electric appliances will add so much to the comfort and joy of your home life that these questions demand your attention. And that is why we suggest that you take up with a representative of your Lighting Company this question of installing a Hughes Electric Range.

Hughes "50" Electric Range

The Range shown at the right is the most widely sold electric range manufactured.

It will do all the cooking for a large family and do it better than any fuel-burning range.

The oven is large and deep; upper burner is incomparable for broiling steaks. Warming closet above the oven.

Four surface burners with various size elements. You have three different heats on each burner, all under instant control.

Isn't this interesting?

Clean—room is clean because there is no fuel to bring in or ashes to take out; the air is clean because there is no flame to vitiate it or soot to float about.

For all of these reasons the food is more appetizing, the cook happier.

Quick—the instant you want heat you have it; the very moment you finish cooking the expense stops.

Cool—this range operating at full capacity will increase the temperature of the room hardly at all. It means summer time comfort.

HUGHES DIVISION
Edison Electric Appliance Company, Inc.
Chicago
New York Ontario, Calif. Atlanta
Manufacturers of three (our well known lines of household electrical appliances
Hotpoint Genera Electric Type Edison Hughes

ELECTRIC

HUGHES
Manufactured
World's Greatest
ELECTRIC
RANGES

Motorist has told motorist his experience with the Horse-Shoe--until today a million users know it as a super-mileage tire.
"Remember the Horse-Shoe Tread"
RACINE
HORSE-SHOE TIRES

RACINE AUTO TIRE COMPANY, RACINE, WISCONSIN

(Concluded from Page 154)

'arm buildings and fields—such material as waste paper, rags, rubber, and the like—which could be utilized if the cost of hauling to town were not too great. But even here the cost must be considered, and in many cases it would be better national service to employ labor and teams in the production of food and hauling it to market instead of pottering with a few dollars' worth of junk.

The waste-material industry feels that conservation will be furthered if the public understands how large it is and how thoroughly organized. So some facts may be helpful.

Last year's waste materials are estimated as follows:

Scrap iron, $600,000,000; scrap metal, $300,000,000; old waste paper and other rags, $200,000,000; woolen rags, $75,000,000; cotton and wool waste, $100,000,000; old rubber, $300,000,000; secondhand bags, $25,000,000; cotton linters, $15,000,000. Total, $1,615,000,000.

By adopting the sorting methods of the rag trade, for example, Uncle Sam saved directly during the war many millions from cloth used in making army uniforms. About seventy-five 'cents' worth of clippings of new wool was yielded in cutting each uniform. On a million uniforms this amounted to $750,000.

In past wars contractors making uniforms bid on the finished garment, purchasing their own clothing and selling the clippings. In this war, however, the whole basis of contracting was changed, the Government buying new wool and having the cloth made, paying so much for the making of the uniform and handling the clippings through its own base sorting plant in New York.

This plant was established under the supervision of Samuel M. Kaplan, one of the largest dealers in new wool clippings and old rags. Through his suggestions and experience the Government not only saved many millions directly but there was an indirect saving amounting to a much greater sum, because government sorting, handling and reuse of the clippings kept them out of the market and prevented speculation and higher prices in many directions.

Since the armistice the waste-material industry has been purchasing and reclaiming secondhand uniforms turned in by soldiers and sailors. These are cleaned, repaired, dyed and shipped abroad, the woolen garments turning up on the backs of Spanish peasants, while cotton garments go to South America and Italy. Without the organized facilities of the waste-material trade and its world view in sending the right thing to the right market much of the residue of war would have little money value.

So save the junk, but count the cost in terms of your own time.

Save the junk, but throw the burden of handling, sorting and marketing on the efficient organization already waiting to do that work.

ADVENTURES IN INTERVIEWING LORD NORTHCLIFFE

(Continued from Page 17)

I quote this sentence because never before perhaps in the history of the world, certainly of war, have sixteen words in a newspaper produced such epoch-making results.

This revelation was, of course, uncensored. It was never meant to be censored. Northcliffe knew perfectly well that if he had intrusted this significant dispatch to the Press Bureau—it should have been known as the Suppress Bureau—it would never have seen the light of day. With his usual courage he defied the government, and got away with it.

The bomb had a slow fuse. There were several reasons why it hung fire. It takes a long time for anything to soak into the British consciousness, even when it is harassed by defeat and racked with anxiety.

Northcliffe, who is naturally restless, became impatient. He wanted results. He then wrote the famous editorial entitled The Tragedy of the Shells—Kitchener's Grave Mistake. It was the first terrific attack on Britain's war idol, and it shook the Kingdom. Translating this historic episode into American terms, it was as if Horace Greeley had made a violent assault on General Grant when he was flushed with the triumph of his Civil War success. Northcliffe's act was even more daring because America had been rent by civil war and had a divided people, while practically all England believed Kitchener to be the perfection of everything that war leadership should embody.

The storm broke about The Times. Northcliffe's name became a hissing and a byword. His newspapers were burned in the streets; his life was threatened again and again. He smiled grimly and stuck to his task. The country reluctantly came round to his way of thinking and the Ministry of Munitions was organized. Lloyd George became the first minister. Britain was converted into one vast arsenal. The shell episode brought the future Premier and Northcliffe really together for the first time.

The munitions upheaval did more than jolt Kitchener from his pedestal and give Britain a real weapon against the Germans. Northcliffe never does things by halves. With others he saw that strict party rule in the midst of a great war was wrong. His shell revelations and his assault on the Dardanelles enterprise practically forced Mr. Asquith to reconstruct his Liberal cabinet, and coalition became a fact.

Just about this time Northcliffe led the fight for conscription and won. I mention this to emphasize one of his outstanding qualities, which is foresight. Early in the war he asked me: "What do Americans think about the duration of the war?" This question indicates that he was engaged in his well-known occupation of interviewing others.

"Our people are inclined to be optimistic and believe that the war will not last long," I replied.

"They are much mistaken," replied Northcliffe. "It is going to be a long war and a costly one. Before it ends all Europe will be involved."

He was right. Because he had unwavering faith in his judgment he pounded away at conscription, with Kitchener and the whole War Office practically arrayed against him. Lloyd George backed him up, however.

Northcliffe's foresight was never more strikingly demonstrated than in his provision against shortage in paper. Other British publishers depend upon the general industry. He supplies himself. To do this he built an immense factory in a virgin forest in Newfoundland and established a steamship line to haul the product to England. During the war a paper famine developed in Europe. Northcliffe was the only newspaper proprietor with an abundant stock. Now developed the tragic humor of the situation. Like everything else, paper passed under a control. Life in those days was one control after another. The British Paper Controller decreed that Northcliffe's supply should be apportioned among all his competitors!

When Reginald M'Kenna was Chancellor of the Exchequer Northcliffe gave me a letter of introduction to him, though practically a state of war existed between them. I wanted to get at the crux of the British financial situation and Northcliffe was equally anxious that I should get it with authority. He felt that he was doing his country a service. I cite this to show Northcliffe's respect for accuracy.

To return to the sequence of war events, the shell exposure and the Kitchener episode merely marked the prelude to Northcliffe's outstanding war feat. I mean his part in the overthrow of the Asquith régime and the rise of Lloyd George to the premiership. It has such intimate bearing on the rupture between the publisher and the present Prime Minister that it is well worth rehearsing in brief.

The autumn of 1916 was not a particularly happy one for England. Things were going badly at the Front; coalition did everything but coalesce. Lloyd George now sat in Kitchener's chair, Secretary of State for War. Like Northcliffe he was dissatisfied with war policies. At that time the supreme court of war was the so-called War Committee, of which Mr. Asquith, as Premier, was president. It was a large cumbersome body, composed of men

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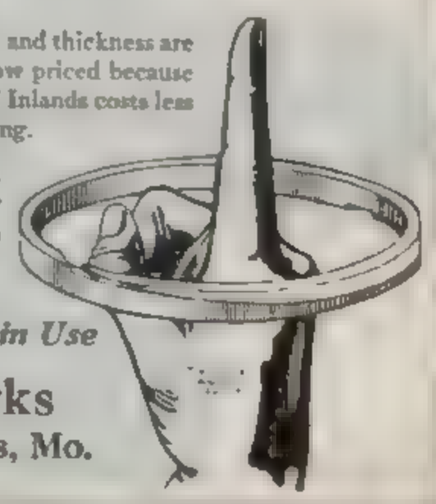

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drawn from both civil and military branches of the Government. Everything had to filter through many minds.

Northcliffe, who believes in a one-man power—even autocratic if it achieves results—began to pound away at the War Committee. I remember that just about this time in commenting on its unwieldy form and methods he said: "You cannot conduct war with a town meeting, and the War Committee is a town meeting."

Lloyd George shared this opinion. He not only chafed at the clumsiness of the committee but he resented what he termed Asquith's policy of "delay, hesitation, lack of foresight and vision."

Now began the duel between Asquith and Lloyd George.

To understand it let me first give you a close-up picture of Asquith. He represents the oldest traditions of British statesmanship. His face is cast in a classic mold. Of distinguished and courtly presence he looks the thing that he is—a scholar and a gentleman. He can make an address on Elizabethan literature with the same ease and grace with which he delivers himself of an opinion on a Foreign Office policy. He prides himself on the fact that he has never been interviewed. He believes that communication with the public should be through formal and official statements which never say anything.

Opposed to this view was Lloyd George—son of the people—Asquith's opposite in every way. Lloyd George and Northcliffe believed that victory in the war lay in a small compact war council that could get things done. Asquith was strong on tradition and precedent, while Lloyd George wanted action. The Northcliffe press opened up its guns on the Premier.

Meanwhile Lloyd George had made a suggestion to Mr. Asquith for a reorganization of the War Committee on what practically amounted to a five-man basis, the Premier to be president and Lloyd George chairman. Asquith construed it as an inroad on his power and prerogative. Lloyd George became an insurgent and was backed up by Northcliffe.

Beaverbrook the Political Strategist

The upshot of the whole matter was that early in December, 1916, Mr. Asquith decided that there must be a new Government, which meant that Lloyd George would have to get out. As usual, Lloyd George beat the flag and resigned first. He had maneuvered the Premier into such a position that he would either have to bare the friction and dissension existing in the cabinet, which would aid the enemy, or retire himself. To Asquith's everlasting credit let it be said that he sacrificed his post rather than expose the cabinet skeleton.

Lloyd George's great opportunity was now at hand, for the road to the premiership was open. Northcliffe saw in him the hope of the hour and advocated his elevation. He was not alone in this desire, nor did he lack a valiant colleague.

For two years there had lurked behind the political scenes a remarkable man whose peculiar talents were now to have full play. Indeed, they had been employed for a year in shaping and maintaining coalition. That man was Lord Beaverbrook, whose life story I told in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST just a year ago. Born Max Aitken, he was a struggling Canadian bank clerk at eighteen, a maker of mergers at thirty, a millionaire at thirty-four and a peer at thirty-nine. He had come to London a decade ago and was drawn irresistibly into politics. He had known Bonar Law, the Unionist leader, in the old days, and they became inseparable friends. Bonar Law practically held the Unionist whip hand. He was essential to a renewal of coalition. The moment Asquith resigned the King formally and perfunctorily asked Bonar Law to form a cabinet, which was about as feasible an undertaking for him as crossing the Atlantic in a canoe.

Here is where Beaverbrook came in. Down at his country house at Leatherhead was held a series of conferences at which the new government was practically framed. Every manner of conflicting political interest and personal ambition had to be reconciled. The one-time Canadian bank clerk proved that he could handle men as readily as he could make millions. He had the call, so to speak, on Bonar Law, and exercised strong influence with Lloyd George. While Northcliffe threw out a smoke screen in the shape of a newspaper barrage it was Beaverbrook in the rôle of manipulator of men who really framed up the new government with the intention that Lloyd George should be Premier. Here in a nutshell is the inside story of one of the most dramatic episodes of the war so far as British public life is concerned. For his services Beaverbrook was made a peer.

This reorganization, which speeded up the whole British war machine, emphasized Northcliffe's larger journalistic policy. He helped to bring about a great national change. He was the voice of reform. At the same time he kept himself free from any entangling alliances which might hamper him in the future and emerged from the transaction with an absolutely free hand.

Lloyd George now faced the difficult task of making a cabinet. To this piece of state carpentry Northcliffe contributed a full share. He demanded practical men of business experience. He named Sir Albert Stanley as President of the Board of Trade; Lord Rhondda as President of the Local Government Board; Sir Joseph Maclay, Shipping Controller; and Lord Devenport, Food Controller.

In connection with Lord Devenport I can relate an amusing story. Devenport is the Woolworth of the British grocery business. He began life as a clerk, saw the value of the chain-of-stores idea, and became a multimillionaire and a peer. Being the first food controller he had to combat that universal weakness which begins and ends with the stomach. People wanted all the food they could get and shied at the curtailment of its supply. The controller had a hard time.

Northcliffe, who had great confidence that Devenport would succeed, became irritated at what he termed the failure of the Food Administration. This meant that he let loose at the controller in his papers.

Soon after these attacks began I met Devenport—a big rubicund Britisher—at a dinner given by Sir Joseph White Todd. When the ladies left the table the men began to talk politics. Northcliffe's name came up.

Devenport turned to me and said: "Your friend Northcliffe is a strange person. He got me into the cabinet and now he is moving heaven and earth to get me out."

A few days later I saw Northcliffe and told him what Devenport had said.

He smiled and remarked: "Devenport seemed to lose all his business sense the moment he got into the cabinet."

Northcliffe had his way and Devenport retired in favor of Lord Rhondda, who literally died in harness. I saw him when the fatal illness already had its grip upon him.

I told him that he looked tired, whereupon he replied: "Food conservation will win the war, but the job of trying to make people realize it will probably kill me."

It did, for he broke down under the tremendous strain of censoring the British stomach.

The Personality of Lord Rhondda

Lord Rhondda represented the complete evolution in the attitude of British public men toward interviewing, which was wrought by the war. Before the great struggle he side-stepped publicity. He was the Welsh coal king, immensely rich and cared nothing for personal exploitation. When Lloyd George became Minister of Munitions he sent him—he was then D. A. Thomas—to Canada and the United States to straighten out shell contracts. He told me that American newspaper reporters had educated him in the fine art of interviewing. It became an acquired taste and he liked it. Lord Rhondda was a great administrator. He regarded a cabinet post in the same way that he looked upon a big business proposition. That is why he succeeded.

Northcliffe understands Americans thoroughly. When he wants to emphasize a fact about America with Americans he talks American—not British. He has that rare journalistic quality of being able to bring a matter home in local and familiar terms. In other words he talks New York in terms of New York; Chicago in terms of Chicago, and so on.

Contrary to the general belief and though he realized our power and prestige he was not particularly anxious for Uncle Sam to become a participant in the war. In 1916 he said to me: "If America goes into the war it will be because she is forced in."

It was Northcliffe who told me that we had broken off diplomatic relations with Germany. I was working in my room at the Savoy Hotel in London that historic

(Continued on Page 161)

Barked Knuckles

A set of barked knuckles will teach you more about a wrench than a course in mechanics:

A round-shouldered nut you can't get a grip on will add to this knowledge more than a year in a factory.

That's the way you learn that one wrench slips and the other grips—that one nicks its sharp edges under pressure while the other holds true—that one wears out and the other endures. Yes, there is all that difference between such simple things as one wrench and another.

They may look somewhat alike. But the wrench that fits and holds and endures is marked—for you—with Triangle B.

Ask your mechanic. He knows all about Billings & Spencer wrenches, because to him good tools mean a good job.

He will tell you that they are hand-fitting, well balanced, sturdy—tools of tough (not brittle) steel—tools you can lean on and rely on, day in and year out—tools that will gain and deserve such friendship and respect as you accord to tried friends.

It has taken several thousand men fifty years to develop all that Triangle B of Billings and Spencer means. On a drop forging, a tool, or a forging machine, it says: "Rely on me. I am made as well as I can be made. I shall not fail." And it started to say these things to the world of industry at the time of the Civil War.

The scleroscope tests hardness of steel by the rebound of a diamond tipped weight. Modern and scientific forging countenance no guesswork!

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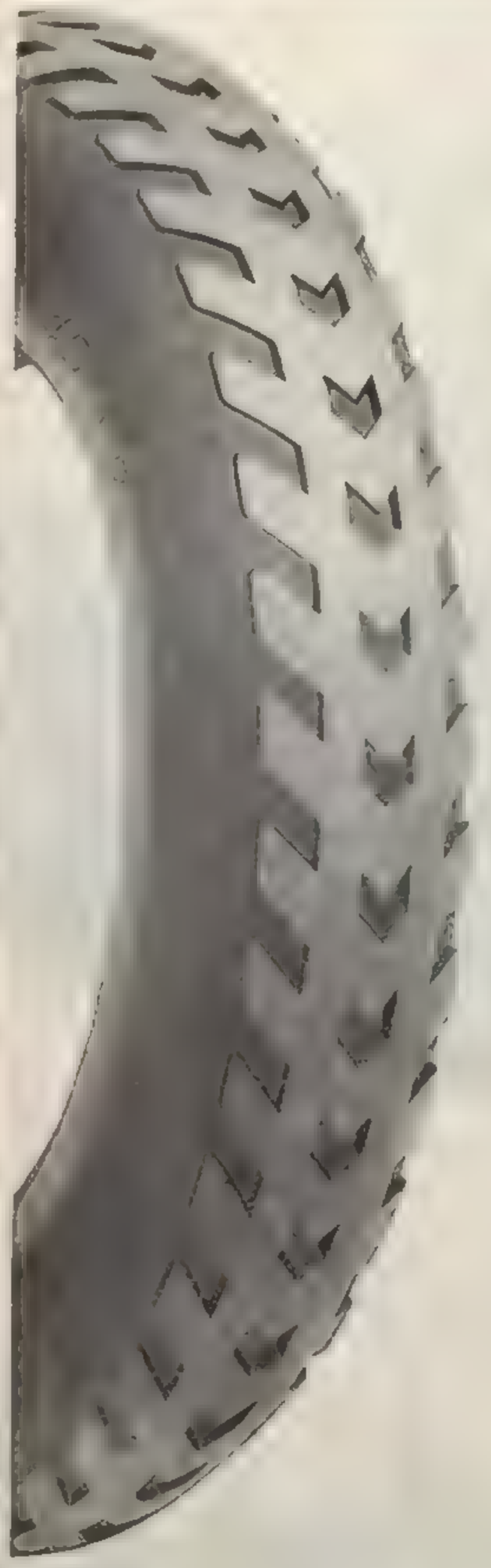

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Independent laboratory tests show that the strain necessary to pull the STERLING layers apart is from double to several times as great as that called for in United States Government specifications. Adhesion of the layers is what mainly determines the life of a tire. And it is this adhesion and the extra thick, tough Vacuum Bar Tread that accounts for the remarkable mileage records we are receiving daily.

STERLING Tires are guaranteed 5000 miles, but double and triple that mileage is not at all surprising.

If your dealer does not handle STERLINGS, he can get them for you from our nearest branch, or you can communicate direct with that branch.

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Sterling Tires

TRADE MARK

(Continued from Page 158)

afternoon in February, 1917. The telephone bell rang. I answered it, to find Northcliffe at the other end. He was down at Elmwood, his country place in Kent.

"It's happened," he said, "and I know you are glad."

The next morning I received a cablegram from New York asking me to get Northcliffe's opinion as to the immediate aid that America could render the Allies. I called him up and he said he would send me a statement. In this decision he was merely following his rule to write out his own statements. In a matter as important as this he did not want to take any chances on being misquoted.

At six o'clock that evening one of Northcliffe's messengers handed me a thousand-word statement which forecast precisely what America did at the start. He felt then, as he felt throughout the war, that after man power our chief weapon would be the aëroplane. Whenever he talked with Americans he emphasized this fact.

Yet up to the moment that we actually declared war Northcliffe did not believe that we would go in. I can illustrate with a somewhat personal incident. On March 2, 1917, the American Luncheon Club in London gave a luncheon in the ballroom of the Savoy Hotel. It was the first big gathering of Americans in England since the breaking off of diplomatic relations with Germany. At the head table, among others, were Lord Rhondda, Lord Fisher, Lord Sydenham, Sir Albert Stanley, Sir James M. Barrie and H. G. Wells.

I had been asked to make the "long speech," as they call it in England, and took as my subject America and the War. Northcliffe was to act as chairman and introduce me.

Just before the speaking began he said to me: "I suppose you are going to be a jingo and say that America's destiny lies in participation in the war."

"Yes," I replied, "and a good deal more."

"You don't mind if I differ with you?" was his retort.

Of course I said that I did not. Northcliffe made a brilliant speech in which he paid high tribute to America.

He said, however: "So far as Anglo-Saxon participation in the war is concerned, John Bull can go it alone. He never fights so well as when he is in a corner."

Northcliffe Accepts Office

Yet when President Wilson registered the great decision he was greatly pleased. He became our most sympathetic interpreter abroad. I was on the Russian frontier when the United States formally arrayed herself on the side of freedom, and did not get back to London until the end of May, 1917. I found Northcliffe full of optimism about our plans.

Because of America Northcliffe broke what had been one of his rigid rules. This rule—which he established long before the outbreak of the war—was that he would never hold any public office. He felt that to occupy any public post would handicap or embarrass him in criticism.

With our entry into the war England's affairs in America became more complicated. She had a vast network of contracts for everything from horseshoe nails to cargoes of wheat. Half a dozen missions looked after her various interests. Once we became a belligerent our first obligation was to our own needs. It called for an immediate readjustment of all these international agreements.

Lloyd George saw that England's interests in the United States would have to be consolidated under one head. He knew that Northcliffe understood America better than any other Englishman, so he invited him to become head of the British Mission to the United States, which was to coördinate all her activities in America except propaganda. The publisher declined on the ground that he did not want any public post. The Prime Minister, who is a persistent person, urged him again and again to accept. How Northcliffe came to acquiesce is an illuminating example of the swift way he does things.

I had booked passage on the Steamship St. Paul, of the American Line, which in those days sailed from Liverpool on Saturdays. On the Thursday preceding this particular trip I went to The Times for a good-by luncheon with Northcliffe.

Just as I was about to leave he said: "You will probably find a friend of yours on the boat."

"Who is he?" I asked.

"You will find out in ample time," was his answer.

I thought nothing of it at the moment. When I reached Euston Station the following Saturday morning I found Northcliffe there ready to go on the boat train to Liverpool, and to take the St. Paul.

The point I want to emphasize in this matter is that between Thursday morning and Friday night he had not only made up his mind to head the British War Mission but had organized his many enterprises so that he could leave them for an indefinite period; had had an audience with the King; had rehearsed the whole project with Lloyd George, and had in every way made ready for what was one of the most strenuous and exacting experiences of his life.

Northcliffe entered upon this trip with an ominous feeling. On the train to Liverpool, in which we shared the same compartment, he told me that he had a "hunch" as he called it, that the Germans would get him. There is no doubt that the Hun would have taken a hellish delight in removing the man who had first bared the German menace in England and who then, with Lloyd George, was their chief stumbling block in British public life. The loss of Northcliffe would have meant more to the enemy than the wiping out of a small British army. As a result his departure was shrouded in secrecy. Only his immediate family, his closest business associates and the members of the war cabinet knew that he was going.

Quick Action

In those days the submarines were at their worst. Every passenger ship that left England went under secret orders. The captain did not know his route until he was about to depart. On that trip the St. Paul took what is known as the North-of-Ireland route. We were one of fifteen vessels bound for Halifax and New York. All had started about the same time. As we swung down the Irish Coast, green and brilliant in the sunshine, these ships were strung out in a long procession. Before twenty-four hours had passed three were at the bottom of the sea. This information, which was communicated to me privately by Captain Mills, with whom I had traveled much on the St. Paul, did not add much to the gayety of the early stages of the voyage.

On that trip I had daily contact with Northcliffe. He felt the responsibility of the American Mission keenly. Long an admirer of American business methods he decided that he would organize and conduct an undertaking, which meant the expenditure of many millions of dollars every day, on the American scientific-efficiency basis. In his stateroom one day he blocked out a huge chart of organization in the form of a pyramid with himself at the apex and the myriad subordinate British missions then in the United States radiating from it. When we got to New York he had the whole business definitely set down. It is typical of his energy that one hour after we docked he was at work at a desk in an office on Fifth Avenue. He had rented it by cable and it was fitted up while we were at sea.

At a luncheon that I had the privilege of giving him in New York he made his first really public utterance following his arrival. I refer to it because in his speech he urged America not to commit Britain's blunder in suppressing war news. He felt that in a nation that dripped publicity the whole war effort should stand revealed. He also made a tactful plea for a war cabinet. He knew how the cumbersome English War Committee had made a mess of things and he did not want America to fall into the same error.

Northcliffe conducted the British War Mission in precisely the same way that he ran his newspapers. He brought over his own auditors and secretaries. It developed into a great business enterprise. I happen to know better than most people the sacrifice that it imposed upon him. No man likes comfort more than Northcliffe. Yet he left a half dozen country establishments and the life that he loved best in the world, as he expressed it himself, to "sweat blood" during the hottest summer that America had known in years. His work made him a viscount and also a good many new enemies.

After his return to England Lloyd George offered him the Air Ministry, which he declined. Subsequently, at the Prime Minister's urgent request he became Director of

This grooved steel block holds all irregular shapes.
Note screw in direct line with jaws.
"YANKEE" No 1993
Swivel base bolts to bench.
"YANKEE" No.1993
REMOVABLE from its Base for Continuous work

as illustrated in circles, showing a few of the many operations possible without releasing the work.

The "YANKEE" VISE

lifts off its base, work and all. Still gripping your work, it may be taken in turn to surface-plate, drill-press, shaper, milling machine, emery-wheel, or any other machine in the shop for consecutive operations.

The bottom, sides, ends and top of the "YANKEE" Vise are machined true. True with the jaws; true with the surface plate; true with each other. Set your work and it stays set. No chance to go wrong.

Note illustration of grooved steel block. This is for holding round or irregular shapes. By actual test, it has held a nickel plated rod for threading, without marking polished surface.

No. 1993 with Swivel Base . . . . . Price $7.75
[illegible] Body
2¼ 1¾ [illegible] Hardened steel [illegible] jaws, open 2½

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Bakelite has the rich brilliant color of amber, and a transparent lustre beyond compare. It is tougher and more durable than amber, and at the same time is tasteless, odorless and non-inflammable.

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WORLD'S LARGEST MAKERS OF FINE PIPES

TRADE W D C MARK

Propaganda in Enemy Countries. Some day Northcliffe himself will probably tell the story of how he got his material into Germany and Austria. It is no exaggeration when I say that the literature he planted in enemy countries had an appreciable effect in ending the war. He had remarkable organizations in Holland, Switzerland and Italy. More than this, he had scores of agents actually in Germany and Austria. How he got them there and kept them there was part of an adventure no less thrilling or hazardous than the work of the army secret service in which men hourly carry their lives in their hands.

Lord Northcliffe has a surprising streak of sentiment. He has owned and still owns magnificent country estates whose storied halls have echoed with the footsteps of royalty and whose formal gardens are famous. Yet his favorite retreat is a modest establishment, Elmwood, down in Kent near Broadstairs, where Charles Dickens lived and worked. One reason why he likes it is that he bought it with his first big earnings. Here he finds refuge and sanctuary.

Northcliffe has one marked peculiarity in that he dislikes to sleep in London. He has Joseph Pulitzer's aversion to noise. He never spends a night in town if he can help it. Having a variety of country residences he turns up at unexpected hours. This means that they are always in readiness. One reason why he keeps fit is that he never talks shop after seven o'clock.

Unless he has a formal engagement elsewhere—he never goes to a public dinner when he can escape it—his rule is to dine at home and retire at nine. As a consequence he is awake at dawn. Like Mark Twain he likes to work in bed. This habit sometimes works a hardship on his friends. His morning hour for calling me up in London was seven o'clock.

Northcliffe is amused by simple things. No Englishman is a more devoted admirer of American ragtime than this peer who helps to shape British destiny. It takes courage to start a conversation with him when the phonograph—one of his greatest diversions—begins to reel off the latest George M. Cohan or Irving Berlin compositions.

It almost goes without saying that Northcliffe has a keen sense of humor. Here is an example of it: I once went to a luncheon in London given in honor of Sir Edward Carson, then First Lord of the Admiralty, by the Aldwych Club, of which Northcliffe was chairman. In introducing the guest of the occasion Northcliffe said:

"I have learned to have a great respect for Sir Edward Carson. He not only believes in publicity at the Admiralty, but he knows professionally how to put the probe into other people's pocketbooks."

On Green Box Day

They all laughed, because they knew the facts. Northcliffe referred to a celebrated libel suit against him. It was brought by a well-known manufacturer who employed Carson to prosecute the case. He got a big verdict.

Northcliffe likes to give his friends and associates titles. Though he insists on wearing the same pattern of red necktie every day he takes a peculiar delight in railing at my shirts. He thinks they are loud. On a photograph of himself that he gave me last November he wrote the following inscription: "His Radiance, I. Marcosson—*Roi des chemises.*" He calls me The Shirt King.

Northcliffe's ability as a phrase maker is not always expended on his friends. The closest competitor of his Evening News in London is owned by England's richest manufacturer of chocolate and allied products. Northcliffe never mentions this paper by name, but always refers to it as the Cocoa Press.

I have already intimated that Northcliffe dislikes to write letters. He receives an enormous number of them every day and many must be answered. He has one secretary whose sole task is to read all this correspondence first, write out a compact résumé of the contents, and pin it at the head of the communication. Thus the publisher gets the substance at a glance.

Being human Northcliffe postpones his general letter writing as long as possible. Meanwhile the mail accumulates in a leather receptacle which he calls The Green Box. On other occasions he terms it The Pandora Box. Sometimes when I stopped in to see him he would say grimly, "This is Green Box Day." He was answering letters and I knew that he was doing something that he did not like to do.

If you want to get a real glimpse into the character of a man, be he famous or otherwise, find out his relations with his mother. Between Northcliffe and Sir James M. Barrie exists a peculiar kinship. It is not based entirely on mutual admiration. The historian of Thrums never did anything finer in all his writing career than the life of his mother, Margaret Ogilvy. It is perhaps the only time that a mother's biography has been written by her son.

Northcliffe has written no life of his mother, but his adoration for this splendid old woman, Mrs. Harmsworth, who at eighty-four is as much interested in her son's activities as when he started, is a beautiful thing. Every day that he is in England he calls her up on the telephone. When he is out of England he sends her a telegram. This daily message from her first-born—he is the oldest of fourteen children—is as much a part of her life as food. Mrs. Harmsworth lives at Totteredge, which is not far from London. Northcliffe makes it a point to spend one night every week with her. She has so many sons that she can have one with her every day.

It only remains to speak of the dramatic break between Lloyd George and Northcliffe which has projected both men into a controversy that will doubtless be historic. With the merits of this quarrel we are not concerned. The question is: How do these men line up and what will be the outcome? Each is so essentially a part of the history of his time that whatever he does is bound to be big with significance.

Publisher vs. Premier

The break began soon after the signing of the armistice. Whether Northcliffe had an ambition to be a member of the British Peace Mission I am not prepared to say. One thing is certain: He was dissatisfied with its personnel. He chafed at the delay in the negotiations and at the failure of Lloyd George to make good on his December election promises. The most important promise is summed up in the phrase, "To exact the uttermost farthing from the German."

Whatever the cause, Northcliffe opened up on Lloyd George early this year. The result, as everyone knows, was a scathing denunciation of the publisher by the Premier in a speech in the House on April sixteenth. The two livest wires in England got crossed and the sparks are flying.

Who will win in this battle? That it is bound to be a bitter struggle no one can doubt. Neither Lloyd George nor Northcliffe is a quitter.

Lloyd George's prestige is largely contingent upon political fortune, always an unstable thing. On the other hand Northcliffe's papers are not dependent upon elections. The Times, like the proverbial brook, is an institution that goes on forever. Each has a tremendous following.

More than once Northcliffe's name has been mentioned in connection with the prime ministership. The disagreement with Lloyd George has revived the suggestion that he head the government. No man can be Prime Minister, however, without a party, and Northcliffe has no party.

If you knew his real mind in connection with this office you would probably discover that he prefers to remain what he has been and is—the unofficial premier of the British people.

Editor's Noté—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson showing some of the outstanding personalities of war and peace at close range. The next will deal with Sir Douglas Haig, Lord French, Sir Eric Geddes, Winston Spencer Churchill, General Smuts and Sir Edward Carson.

Poems by Mr. Burnet

TWO poems—Three Men o' Merri and The Glory of War—were printed in recent issues of THE POST as the work of Ira South, a young American sailor who died last year. The poems were sent to THE POST by his sister in good faith, believing that they had been written by him. It now appears that these poems had simply been copied by Mr. South for preservation in a notebook, in which were also certain verses of his own, and were not intended for publication. Both of the poems in THE POST were written by Dana Burnet, a valued contributor to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. Credit for their authorship is hereby given to Mr. Burnet.

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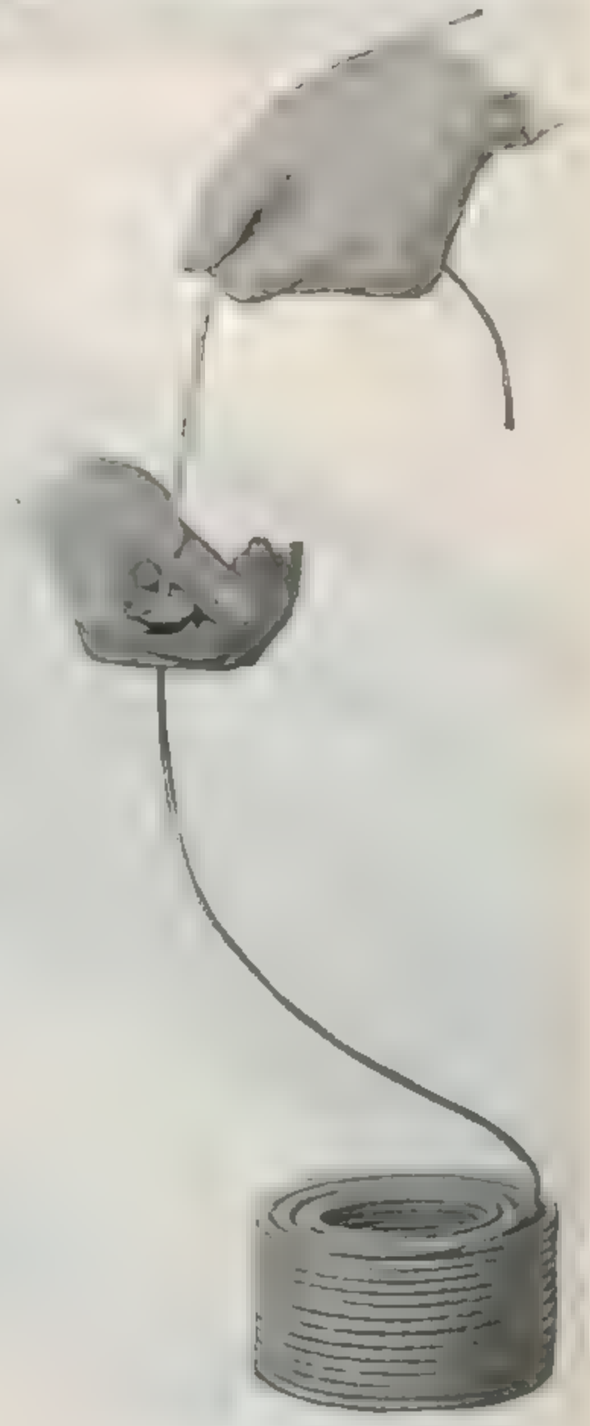

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THE SUPER-BOOBS

(Continued from Page 13)

point is a magnificent stream more than a mile in width. It has among other things electric lights, good hotels and restaurants, a river-front promenade, theaters, a large public library, a museum, three newspapers, four banks, ironworks, tanneries, soap factories, breweries, steam flour mills, sawmills, rope walks and some twelve schools—one of which, a girls' school with more than thirteen hundred pupils, occupies a beautiful white stone building that would do credit to any city in the United States. It has a population of more than seventy thousand. It is a regular place.

Blagoviestchensk has all the food that it wants, and more money than it needs. The province has all sorts of coöperative stores—a Peasants' Coöperative Union, a Peasants' Coöperative Bank and Credit Association and a Peasants' Coöperative Grain Association. These associations are all connected in one large coöperative institution with stores and representatives throughout the province. They claim ten per cent of the province as members, and declare that even those who are not members coöperate with them. They have coöperative storehouses for grain and coöperative stores to sell necessities to the people and coöperative mills and small factories. The profits are placed in part to capital account, and in part used for the improvements of schools, hospitals, and the like. Food is cheap in Blagoviestchensk—cheaper than it was fifteen and twenty years ago. Its people are happy and contented.

Now there is no more reason for the existence of Bolshevism in Blagoviestchensk than there is for its existence in Boston. If the arguments of those who propose to kill Bolshevism by feeding alone and who declare that it cannot exist in contented or enlightened communities are good for anything Bolshevism should have lain down on its side as soon as it entered Blagoviestchensk and become enthusiastically and irrevocably dead. But it didn't. It most certainly and emphatically did not!

Bolshevism came into Blagoviestchensk with a rush and a whoop and a roar. It entered in all its super-boobishness and upset and wrecked and destroyed and thieved and grafted and murdered; and all its exponents made complete and farcical asses of themselves.

They seized the reins of power by force, and they held them by intimidation. They were finally ejected by force of arms, and by a much smaller band of determined men, inspired by a capable and forceful leader—Alexiefsky. If Alexiefsky had tried to get them out by feeding them they would probably still be harassing Blagoviestchensk in all their boobishness.

Snares and Delusions

In common with practically all Bolsheviks everywhere they wanted only two things: Loot, and the power which would enable them to get loot. Ideals? They wouldn't have known an ideal if it had driven up to them in a limousine, climbed out and offered to shake hands with them. What is more, I claim that even the leading spirits of Bolshevism must know that their so-called ideals are nothing but snares and delusions. They claim to have ideals. They talk about them and wave their hands round, spreading an aroma of stale tobacco and unwashed bodies. It is their claims which have befuddled and bemused those soft-hearted, soft-headed persons who have twittered about and sympathized with the lofty and pure aspirations of Lenine and Trotzky. Lofty and pure poppycock! Lenine and his assemblage of super-boobs have had a year in which to make Bolshevism blend with loftiness and purity; and in that time they have had to cast into the discard practically every idealistic conception which they claim for their system. If Bolshevism be consistently realized there can be no society, no state, no law; even life itself cannot continue.

We were speaking, however, of the Blagoviestchensk super-boobs. They wanted loot; and they obtained followers by offering them chances to obtain loot. About a hundred miles from Blagoviestchensk there are wonderfully rich gold mines. These mines offered a great chance for the Bolsheviks. They fell on the mines like a pack of wolves, seized all the gold that had been mined, and then took a crack at gold mining on their own account. They indulged in that pursuit, so pleasing to the owner of a gold mine, known as high-grading. In other words, they stripped the mines of the gold that could easily be reached. By the time they finished with the gold fields they had gathered together a Red army of ten thousand men.

Their leader was a man named Muchin. Under Muchin they marched on Blagoviestchensk. They were met by an inferior force of Russian officers and Cossacks; and the Bolsheviks defeated them handily. Poorly organized as Bolsheviks invariably were, they were too often able to defeat the so-called armies composed of Russian officers of the old régime, even though the officers might outnumber them. This is one of the blackest marks against Russian manhood; for these army officers, supposed to be brave and resourceful men, more than once allowed themselves to be shot down and wiped out with scarcely an effort to defend themselves.

Muchin wasn't a bad sort of chap, as Bolsheviks go. He was serving a jail sentence for forgery when the jails were opened by Kerensky's decree. He believed in the more refined crimes rather than in the coarse work of the low-browed thugs. Murder didn't appeal to him strongly, and he attempted to restrain his men whenever their desire to murder and mutilate became too obstreperous. All told he had some success, though not enough to brag about with any marked enthusiasm.

Massacred for Being Prosperous

In the few days immediately following the fighting more than two thousand citizens of Blagoviestchensk were shot down by the Bolsheviks in cold blood. Most of them were shot because they were apparently prosperous, though many were killed for personal reasons or because it was easier to kill them and take their belongings than to attempt to argue them into giving up the belongings.

On the first day when the Bolsheviks were in power every man who was well dressed or who looked as though he belonged to the intelligentsia or the bourgeoisie was shot down without question. No man who ventured out on the street in a white collar on that first day escaped with his life; for the white collar was held to be an anti-Bolshevik badge. Many people escaped by smearing their clothes with mud and filth—and the filthier the filth the surer they were of not being molested.

The richest man in the province was a mine owner named Tetchakoff. He had a fortune of fifteen million rubles. The Bolsheviks caught him on the very first day, wounded him, clubbed him to death with their rifle butts and dragged him to his home. His wife was there. She was brought to the living room. Tetchakoff's body was placed upright in an easy-chair while she looked on, and the Bolsheviks then proceeded to shoot the body full of holes with their rifles and revolvers before her eyes. They wanted all his money that they could get, and they figured that this was the quickest way of making Madame Tetchakoff tell them where to find it.

After the first few days, however, Muchin obtained better control of his men. Whenever any of them got drunk, which they did with great enthusiasm and frequency, they would stagger round to the jail with the intention of taking out a few political prisoners and enjoying a bit of target practice on them. Never a day went by that two or three prisoners weren't shot; and every day there was a large number of drunken Bolsheviks whose desires in the shooting line were balked. These drunken shooting parties cluttered up the jail considerably, and after the jailer had permitted a party to enter and remove one or two victims he was usually so peeved over the mess they made that he would either get sulky and refuse to let any more in or he would lock up the jail and go out and get drunk himself.

There is no gainsaying that the Bolshevik claim of being everybody's equal—and most people's superior—is particularly true in the matter of drunkenness. The average Bolshevik can get as drunk as anybody in the world. If the Bolshevik Party in Russia should organize a drinking team and send it all over the world to engage the drinking teams of other parties and nationalities in long-distance drinking, sprint drinking,

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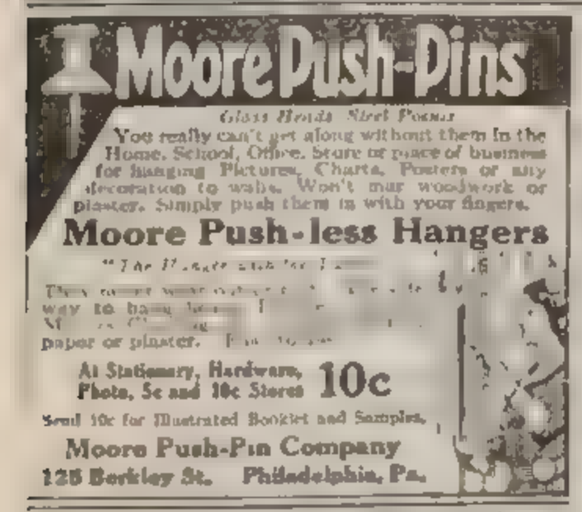
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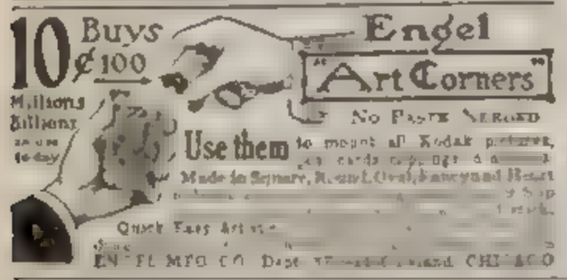

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standing broad drinking, running high drinking or any other brand of drinking known to the human race it would be the most worth-while thing that the Bolsheviks have ever done. And the most successful. The Bolshevik team would get drunk quicker and stay drunk longer than any team that could possibly be brought against them. Their success at getting drunk is one of the very few things for which the Bolsheviks deserve high rank.

If the Blagoviestchensk Bolsheviks hadn't got drunk so often there would have been very few people murdered after the first few days of Bolshevik rule; for Muchin was a humane man, as has been said, and didn't approve of extremely rough stuff.

As soon as the Bolsheviks had occupied the city they formed a government with Muchin as kommissar of the province. Muchin's appointments were truly democratic. His kommissar in charge of education had been a janitor in one of the Blagoviestchensk schools. He had been a janitor, I say—a lazy Russian janitor, with no thought of anything except graft and eating and sleeping and how to keep from working more than two hours a day. This janitor knew as much about education and schools and books as he did about the Bhagavadgita or the life and habits of the nine-spined stickleback. All that he or any of his brother Bolshevik kommissars knew concerning the matters over which they were supposed to kommiss could have been written on a postage stamp with a mop.

The kommissar in charge of commerce under Muchin had been the owner of a small grocery store. Commerce, of course, made great strides under his administration. He would get himself completely ossified on vodka and fall asleep at his desk with his hair tumbling into the ink bottle and his whiskered cheek resting against the pens; and when somebody wished his signature on a document the soldier on guard at the door would come in and take him by the shoulder and hoist him up and disentangle the great seal of office from the kommissar's scraggly mustache and stamp the document and put the great seal back under his face and lower him back onto it. He was a great help to commerce, was that kommissar—in just the same way that Bolshevism is a help to Russia.

How Muchin Ran the Railroad

Muchin put in one of his own men to run the Amur Railroad. He selected a man who had been a fireman on a Russian engine. He might have made a fair woodchopper or an eminently successful potato puller on an Aroostook County farm—if somebody had stood over him with a gun and made him work; but as the head of a large railway system he was a shine. He was one of the shiniest shines that ever shone; and what he did to the Amur Railroad was a sin and a shame, not to say an atrocity and a depravity. Ordinarily there was one passenger train and one freight train each way daily on the Amur Railroad; but after the new kommissar had been on the job for a short time the passenger train that was due on Tuesday wouldn't get in until the following Sunday; while travelers who hoped to start to Khabarovsk by train on a Monday would live in the station for a week or two without seeing anything that looked like an outbound train, and then decide to walk if they wished to reach their destination before the succeeding month had passed into history.

Muchin had a failing—which is not restricted to Bolshevik kommissars—of being unwilling to remove incompetent officials from office, even though their incompetence was sufficiently pronounced to make a pig whistle, as the saying goes. If there is anything in that saying, the whistling of the pigs in Russia and Siberia should be sufficiently shrill to be heard on Mars. However, the parlous state to which the Amur Railroad was reduced under the fireman head was so noticeable and so inconvenient for Muchin that he removed his first appointee and put the road under the management of the man who had run it under the Czar's régime. Muchin kept this man on the job by holding his family as hostages. If the trains weren't on time, threatened Muchin, one of the hostages would lose an arm or a leg. If there was an accident another hostage would be deprived of an eye and an ear. The railroad did very well under its new management.

All Bolsheviks want all the money they can get. That is an axiom of Bolshevism. They object strongly to capitalism, but they want to be capitalists themselves. They don't care how they get their capital, either, so long as they get it and get it quickly. Thrift and the slow accumulation of a modest competence mean nothing in the young but soiled life of the Bolshevik. The Bolshevik will let someone else fritter away his time on slow accumulation; and when he has got it accumulated the Bolshevik will pop out on him and beat him brusquely on the head and take it away from him. Danton, Robespierre and other leaders of the French Revolution lived simply and honestly. The Bolshevik leaders, after frothing at the mouth against the bourgeoisie and the nobility who live in palaces, seize the same palaces for their own homes and practice graft and theft to a degree that makes the old grafting, thieving Russian régime look drearily righteous by comparison. I have heard people compare the terrors of Bolshevism to the terrors of the French Revolution. In the entire French Revolution only ten thousand people were killed. The Bolsheviks up to the present time, so far as can be learned, have killed more than three hundred thousand people. The Bolsheviks have put the French Revolution in the bush league or strawberry festival class.

The Swag and the Get-Away

Muchin, being a fairly representative Bolshevik, wanted to become a capitalist immediately. If he had been an extreme Bolshevik he would have murdered a lot of rich men and stolen their money. But he was a gentle conservative soul; and his vocation in the old days had been forgery. So it was probably quite natural for him to seize a printing press and begin printing money. It was one of his first acts after he had made himself kommissar. He rounded up all the suitable paper in the city and kept the presses busy until all the paper was gone. The result was eighty million rubles in nice new paper notes.

The notes were really worth no more than the paper on which they were printed; but Muchin got out an order requiring all citizens to accept the Bolshevik money on a par with old imperial rubles. Then he proceeded to trade his Bolshevik money for imperial money; and when he had accumulated a few million rubles in money that could be used anywhere in the world he turned it over to his brother, and his brother skipped unostentatiously away. Somewhere Muchin's brother is roosting over his little pile of several million rubles, and some day Muchin himself will turn his back on Bolshevism and join his brother; and then the two of them will be capitalists together in very truth.

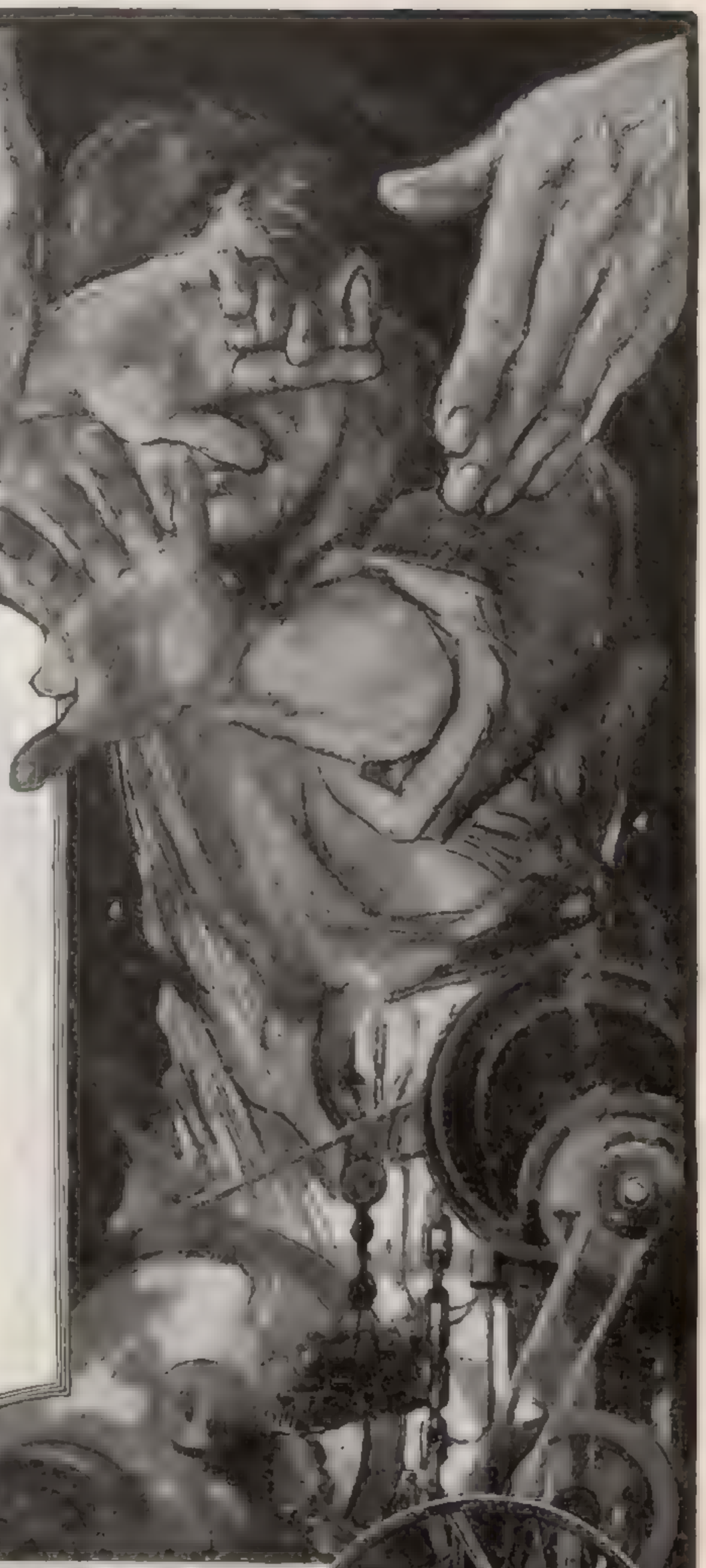
The people of Amur Province were fortunate to be ruled by such a refined Bolshevik as Muchin. The province to the west of Amur was seized by another Bolshevik army; and the kommissar whom they elected had been serving a life sentence for murder when Kerensky opened the jails and freed the criminals. Being a murderer that particular kommissar had little or no use for subtle or refined methods. When he wanted money he couldn't be bothered with hunting up a printing press and waiting for the printers to run off a fortune for him. He merely hunted up someone who had plenty of money, shot him abruptly and helped himself to all the valuables on the premises.

Like all other Bolsheviks, Muchin and his followers held that under the Bolshevik régime all those who had worked with their heads in the past should in the future work with their hands, while those who had worked with their hands under the old order of things should in the future work with their heads. Thus firemen, janitors and grocers became railroad heads, kommissars of education and kommissars of commerce; while capitalists, scholars and generals became day laborers and menials. A man named Shperk, who was the son of a famous Petrograd physician and who had been the inspector of factories of Amur Province under the Czar, was jailed by the Blagoviestchensk Bolsheviks and forced by them to clean those sections of the jail where modern conveniences were most needed. Other members of the intelligentsia were employed at the same task.

Alexandre Alexiefsky, who finally rescued Amur Province from the grip of Bolshevism, was in the revolution of 1905 the leader of the revolutionary groups in Amur Province and was the governor of the province

(Continued on Page 169)

Removing the Menace of Darkness



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Adjustable Foot Appliances

(Continued from Page 168)

after the revolutionists gained control. He was driven out by imperial troops and fled to Japan. He returned to Siberia in 1906 and was ultimately imprisoned on the charge of treason. He escaped from prison in a wardrobe constructed by prison carpenters who supplied orders from civilians, and reached Japan again. From there he and his wife started for the United States. They were held in New York by immigration authorities.

Mr. Root, then Secretary of State, was just about to complete a treaty with Russia, and only two or three minor points required settlement. There was a deadlock on these points; but Russia finally offered to yield on the points if Alexiefsky were delivered over to the Russian authorities. Mr. Root was willing and took the matter up with Oscar Straus, Secretary of Commerce and Labor, who had jurisdiction over immigration matters. Mr. Straus refused to permit Alexiefsky to be surrendered to Russia, stating that one of the fundamental principles of this nation was to provide a place of refuge for political refugees. The matter was laid before President Roosevelt, who upheld Mr. Straus; and Alexiefsky was permitted to enter the United States. He remained in this country until 1908, when he went to Paris and studied law at the Sorbonne.

The Adventures of Alexiefsky

At the outbreak of the revolution which resulted in the dethronement of the Czar he returned to Siberia. He was at once made the governor of Amur Province by acclamation. He held his position through the Kerensky régime. In November, 1917, in spite of the growth of Bolshevism in Russia and Western Siberia he was overwhelmingly elected to the Constituent Assembly—to be held at Moscow—on the Social Revolutionary ticket. When the Constituent Assembly started to sit, Bolshevism in Amur Province had reached a dangerous point. Alexiefsky did not wish to go to Moscow, but wished to stay in Blagoviestchensk to combat Bolshevism. The Bolsheviks, however, wishing to get rid of him, started propaganda among the people demanding that since he had been elected to the Constituent Assembly he proceed to Moscow and join it. The propaganda was successful, and he was forced to leave for Moscow in January, 1918.

At the Constituent Assembly he urged unification of all forces, even junction with the Cossacks, to fight the Bolsheviks. His pleas were disregarded. When he started back to Blagoviestchensk he learned that the Amur Bolsheviks had organized and captured the city. Nevertheless, he kept on. When sixty miles from Blagoviestchensk he was arrested by Bolsheviks, among whom were many of the men who only six months before had so overwhelmingly elected him as their leader. He was taken into the city as captives were taken into ancient Rome. The streets were lined with Red Guards, banners were flying, and the people were giving every indication of frantic joy at his capture.

Why he wasn't at once killed is a mystery. It may be accounted for by the fact that he had been extremely popular throughout Amur Province, so that the Red Guard, having admired him of old, may have been reluctant to shoot him. Muchin himself may have feared to lose prestige by killing one who had been so universally esteemed. At any rate he was threatened with death repeatedly, especially when General Horvath, military commander of Eastern Siberia under the new Omsk Government, appointed him Secretary of the Interior in his cabinet while he was still in jail. But he always eluded the death penalty; and finally, by repeatedly talking with the prison guards, he succeeded in so far weaning them from Bolshevism that they became his followers and allowed him to escape. In September, 1918, he crossed the Amur, rallied upward of three hundred refugees to his support, returned to Blagoviestchensk and whipped the Bolsheviks into submission, though his little band of supporters was overwhelmingly outnumbered. Thus he again became governor of Amur Province.

The overthrow of the Bolsheviks in Amur Province is a noteworthy confirmation of the views of all trained observers in Siberia.

Lt. Col. David P. Barrows, chief Intelligence Officer of the American Expeditionary Forces in Siberia, made the following statement to me: "Men like the Bolsheviks, whose doctrines are a negation of all morals, cannot prevail against a much inferior minority who will hold together in protection of what they have, and who believe—for military effectiveness at least—in discipline, obedience and subordination to authority. Had Russia possessed such a class, even to the number of one million out of her one hundred and sixty millions, that one-hundred-and-sixtieth part could have defeated Bolshevism and held the nation together."

Lieutenant Colonel Rodzianko of the British Army, son of the Rodzianko who was the president of the Russian Duma, returned to Vladivostok from the Volga Front early in December, 1918. Immediately after his return he talked with me about conditions on the Volga Front. Our information at that time tended to show that the Red Army on that front numbered in the vicinity of 140,000 men. "The Bolsheviks," said Colonel Rodzianko, "are a joke. They are cowards; they are not organized; they are not trained; they are not disciplined; they are not armed. It would be an insult to ask a soldier to fight them. But it wouldn't be an insult to ask a soldier to walk through them. Give me twenty thousand well-trained, well-organized, well-armed fighting men—only twenty thousand men, less than an American division—and with them I could clear Russia. I would take them to Ekaterinburg, divide them and send ten thousand toward Petrograd and ten thousand toward Moscow. I tell you that two weeks after they started from Ekaterinburg—only two weeks—those two forces would have walked through the entire Bolshevik Army, would have taken Petrograd and Moscow and would be holding them against all comers."

Colonel Rodzianko knew Russia and also knew the Russians, so that his opinion carries unusual weight. His views were upheld by Col. Edwin Landon of the American Expeditionary Forces. Colonel Landon also investigated conditions on the Volga Front in the autumn of 1918 and returned to Vladivostok with the tidings that the Bolshevik Army from the standpoint of a soldier was a more scintillating jest than could be found in the Joke Book of the late lamented Joe Miller or in any of the after-dinner speeches of the Hon. Chauncey Depew.

The Story of John Wolls

That, however, was in the autumn of 1918. Since then the Bolshevik Army has grown larger and has become better organized and trained. General Robert Paris, the French general who acted as adviser to the Czechoslovaks on the Volga Front, came back from Siberia on the same transport on which I traveled. He told me that when he left Omsk the Bolsheviks had so strengthened that in his opinion ten European divisions are now needed to clean them up in first-class fashion. But those ten divisions, he thought, could stand all the Bolsheviks in Russia on their heads and make them look even more like monkeys then they have always looked.

There are people who will look cross-eyed at these statements and declare that there must be more organization and intelligence among the Bolshevik forces than I have indicated. But all the crossed eyes in the world cannot alter the views of our people in Siberia who have had a chance to view the super-boobishness of Bolshevism at first hand. Perhaps the following incident will help to convince carpers that Bolshevik armies have nothing above the neck but some species of bone or ivory:

Toward the middle of December, 1918, a little man answering to the name of John D. Wolls was brought to American Headquarters in Vladivostok by a military escort. An American officer in Harbin had examined his passport and his naturalization papers, and had taken violent exception to them—first because he didn't see how anybody could travel on a passport like the one Wolls possessed, and second because the naturalization papers had been tampered with, the date of naturalization having been erased. So the American officer had shipped him in to headquarters under military escort.

At American Headquarters Wolls ultimately reached Capt. Bayard Rives, who among other Intelligence duties had charge of passport control for all the Allies. Captain Rives demanded his papers; and while Wolls was undoing several layers of garments and fishing for them Captain Rives asked him how far he had come. Wolls

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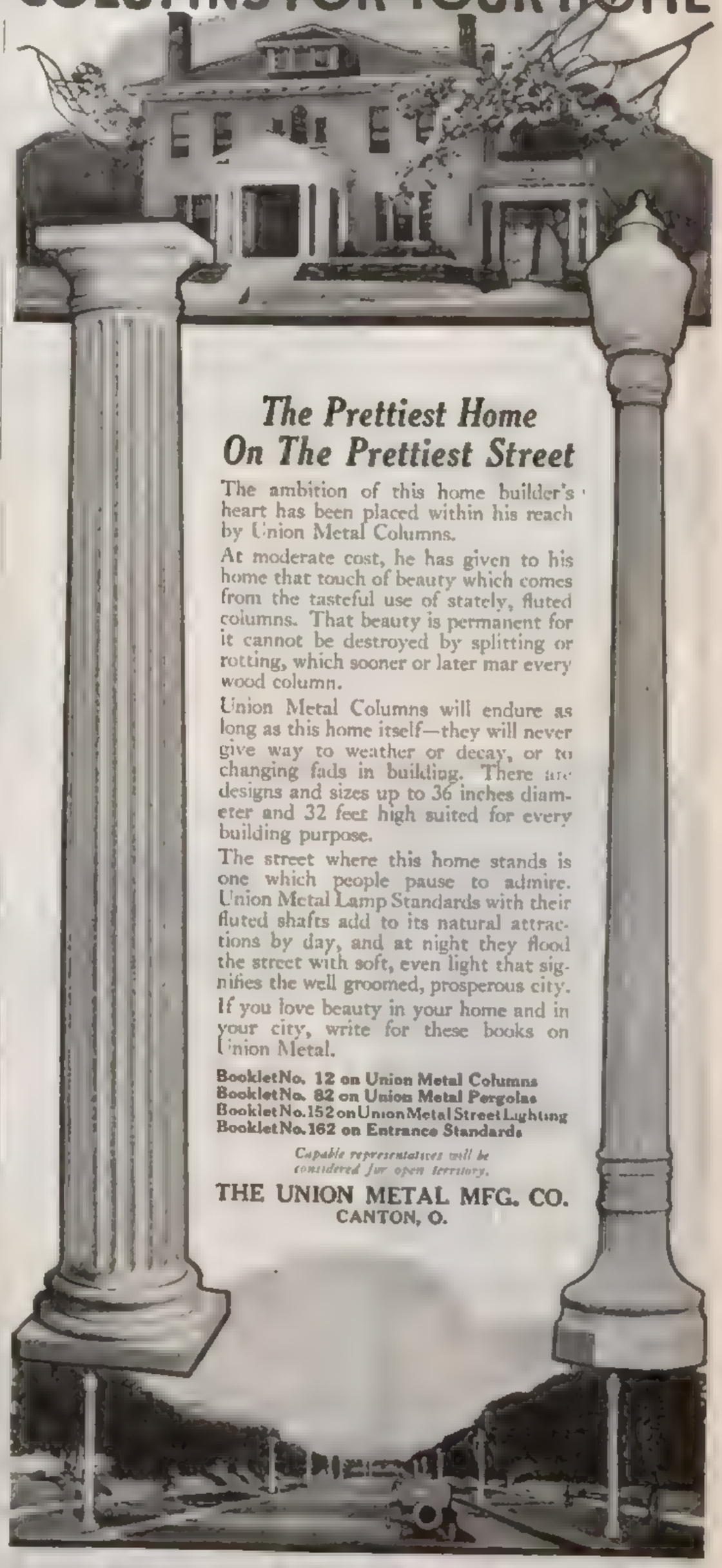

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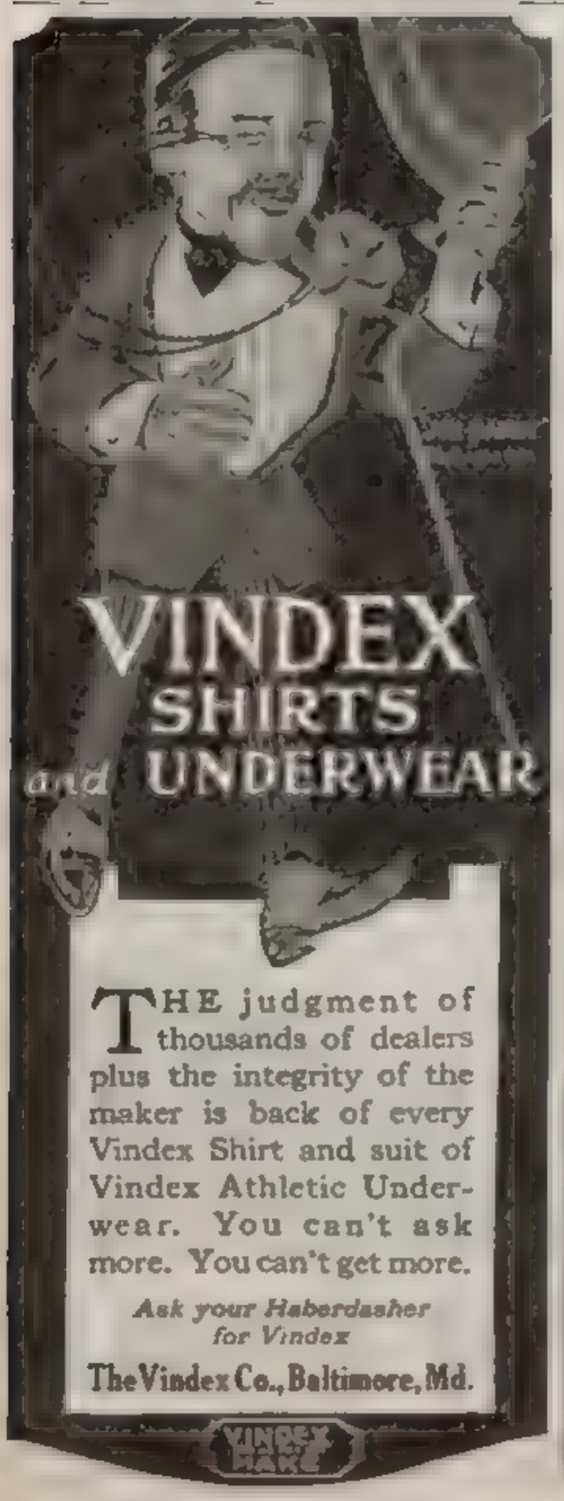

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replied that he had come from Petrograd. This gave Captain Rives pause; in fact, it gave him several pauses—several large, full-grown pauses—for the distance from Petrograd to Vladivostok is 5842 miles; and Bolshevik forces between Petrograd and the Urals were as thick as are black flies in the Maine woods in June; and it was as easy for a person to pass through them as for a St. Bernard dog to pass through a mouse hole. While Captain Rives was attempting to quiet the unrest which Wolls' statement caused him Wolls finally succeeded in digging out his passport. He handed it to Captain Rives, who examined it carefully and then excused himself and repaired to the office of Colonel James Wilson, the chief surgeon of the Siberian Expeditionary Forces, to have his tongue examined and his pulse noted. And considering the document which had got Wolls through the Bolshevik lines, Captain Rives could scarcely be blamed for wondering whether his eyes weren't playing tricks on him. This is the passport that Wolls produced:

THIS PASSPORT No. 6
entitles
JOHN D. WOLLS

to 1 week's board at "Do Svidanya" Camp, "Si Chas" beach, Upper Chatesugay
Lake [illegible] blacks
United States of America, and a seat near the fireplace the while you tell what little you actually know about Russia.

GOOD for ONE first-class coupé in the Wagon-Lits from WHERESOEVER—YOUARSKI
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provided you can get into it and hold it against all comers, "Catch-as-catch-can," "Jiu-Jitsu," "Collar-and-[illegible]-elbow," and "Russo-Rumanian" style of wrestling.

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SPECIAL NOTICE:—In case you are wrecked, lost, arrested, or in extreme peril or dire distress of any nature on land or sea, you are hereby authorized and empowered, having uttered your regular prayers, to offer up a prayer either to Allah, Buddha, Confucius, Krishna, Mohammed, Shinto, Vischnu, Zenda, Vesta, Yogi or Brigham Young, or to all of them, or to any other power or powers that have helped struggling souls in divers lands a-down the ages, to the end that they may,—perchance,—tip up the koovschin of salvation and let a little drizzle down upon you. Any port in a simoon!

P. S. Bring your Trans-Siberian Hymnals with you. Camp song: "And WHEN I Die, Don't Bury Me At All," e tok dahlia.

ODESSA, Feb. 20, 1918.

HOWARD D. HADLEY
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An Urge to Move On

People have an unpleasant habit of doubting the authenticity of documents; so the fact in Wolls' case had better be presented. I have even seen statements that the famous Saratov Decree, nationalizing women and making them the common property of any Bolsheviks who wanted them, was a myth. I have the Saratov Decree in my notebook, copied direct from the printed sheet which was pasted on the wall of a Saratov school.

Captain Rives found that Wolls was originally a native of Russian Poland. He spoke very little English, and almost as little Russian. Captain Rives examined him through Lieutenant Koslowski, an American officer who spoke Polish. His story held together perfectly, and he was given a clean bill of health by the Americans. This action was later upheld by the Polish Committee in Vladivostok. Wolls seemed a harmless little man, quite dazed by the magnitude of the adventures through which he had passed.

He became an American citizen after the outbreak of the European War. As the war went on he learned of the distressing state of affairs in Poland, and decided to go back for the purpose of salvaging some of the members of his family. He went back; but before arriving in Russia he was advised to erase from his American naturalization papers the date of his naturalization, on the ground that he would be forced into the Russian Army if he was known to have become an American citizen after the outbreak of the war. He did this, which accounts for the erasures on his papers.

His journeyings in Russia were stale, flat and unprofitable; for practically all of Poland was in German hands. He finally reached Odessa and made friends with some American Y. M. C. A. men who were stationed there. Then the Bolsheviks drew near and began to give evidences of superboobishness. Not being a native-born American, and consequently being somewhat doubtful as to how the Bolsheviks would treat him, Wolls felt an urge to go far from the madding Bolshevik throng. The winds of the western sea or of the eastern sea or of any body of water that was safely located a reasonable distance from Bolshevism were calling him, and calling him loudly and persistently.

A Changeable Name

Unfortunately—or maybe fortunately, as things later turned out—he had posed now as an American citizen with his naturalized name of Wolls, and again as a Polish subject of Russia with his original name of Volez, depending on circumstances. Consequently he couldn't get a proper American passport. But Americans are known to be resourceful and obliging; so in his extremity Wolls went to his American friends and tearfully entreated them to give an exhibition of resourcefulness and obligingness for his benefit. The Americans nobly upheld the reputation of Americans, took a snapshot of Wolls, and pasted it on the fake passport, which they had struck off on a portable printing press carried by them in their railway car for publicity purposes. They assured Wolls that it would get him by; and Wolls thanked them effusively and went away. He wanted to kiss them and was only deterred by force. Wolls told Captain Rives that he was aware that the passport wasn't regular or official; but he was totally ignorant of the absurd nature of its contents.

From Odessa Wolls fared up to Petrograd; and from Petrograd he set his face eastward, all the time flashing his passport on the Bolsheviks. He ran up against Bolshevik line after Bolshevik line; and upward of a thousand wild-eyed Reds hurled vile Russian oaths at him and commanded him to show cause why he shouldn't be killed precipitately and with the utmost thoroughness. Sometimes they toyed lovingly with the hair triggers of their rifles, and sometimes they even poked him familiarly with the points of their bayonets; and always Wolls would flirt perilously with death by producing his precious document authorizing him to proceed from Wheresoever-Youarski to Lyon Mountain, New York, and in case of railroad troubles to hoof it across lots to Suez, Singapore, Vladivostok, Jerusalem or other places. The Bolsheviks, super-boobish ever, would carefully scrutinize the potent paper, gaze at it upside down and right side up, to say nothing of edgewise, and occasionally smell of it or apply their tongues tentatively to its surface, after which they would step three paces to the rear and present arms, while Wolls would pass onward in blissful ignorance of the things that were spread out before his eyes.

It should be noted that Wolls' passport is Number 6. This would indicate that five others just like it were passed out to five other unsuspecting wretches. What happened, do you suppose, to the bearers of the five others? Are they among those present? Or did one of the super-boobs have a flash of intelligence and look into the matter? The subject is intriguing to one with an imagination.

(Continued on Page 173)

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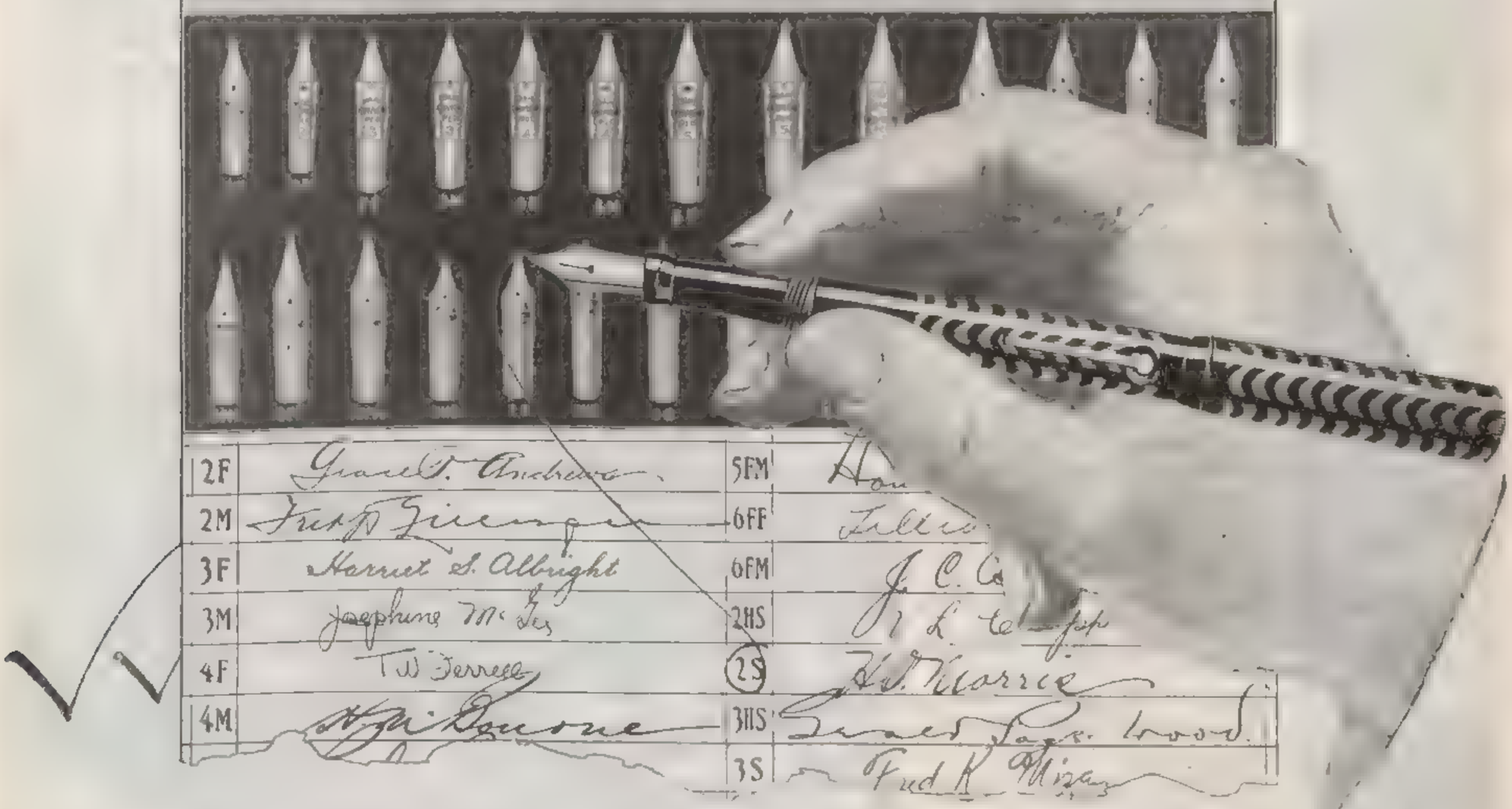

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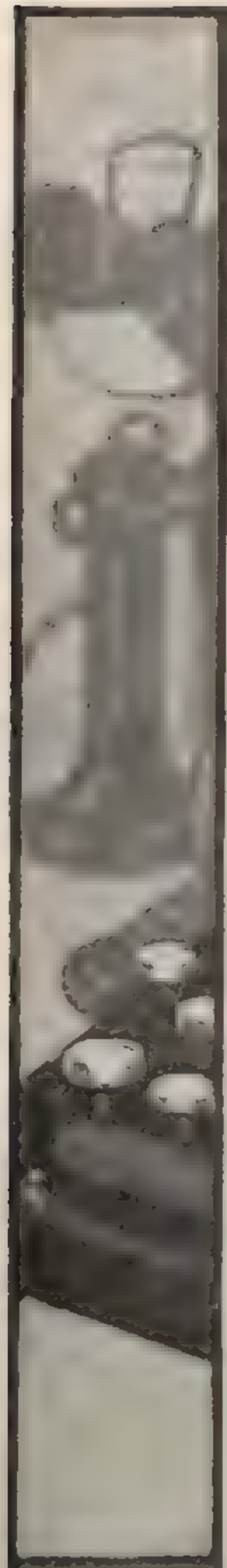

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(Continued from Page 170)

America—and Europe, too, for that matter—seems to be divided into two sets of persons: those who believe that Bolshevism can be cured if the people of Russia are fed, and those who believe that it can be cured only by force of arms. Allowing that the lack of food has anything to do with Bolshevism—but I don't allow it; I deny it, with the forefinger of my right hand pointing firmly to Amur Province—then hunger is the cause of the disease of Bolshevism, and the Red Guard is the open manifestation of it. No disease can be effectively treated by attacking the causes and letting the cases run loose in the street. One must remove the causes and treat the cases too. The same holds good for Bolshevism. It does no good to treat the causes of Bolshevism by feeding or by any other method, so long as the Bolshevik Army is permitted to Bolshiver unmolested. When the cause is attacked the Red Army must at the same time be given a swift, violent kick and driven into the middle of the Great Beyond with precision and dispatch.

There are still other people who advocate letting Russia severely alone and allowing her to settle her own questions by herself in her own way. "How long," I have been asked repeatedly, "would it take for Russia to set herself in order if the Allies left her to her own devices?" That question is about as hard to answer as the old familiar one, "How long is a piece of string?" Nobody can prophesy how long it would take Russia to get out of the gutter by her own efforts; but most people who have looked the ground over agree that it would take between fifty and one thousand years—possibly nearer one thousand than fifty, and probably not less than fifty.

Along that line some interest attaches to the views of Alexandre Alexiefsky on how Russia might be regenerated. Briefly they are as follows: To build up the Siberian provinces, and under the protection of the Allied troops build the provinces into states with efficient governments. These states would then recruit armies by draft, adopting the idea of universal military service. With these armies a confederacy of Siberian states would be formed, and a union would be formed with Allied forces for the purpose of fighting the Bolsheviks in Russia. Gradually, as territory was taken from the Bolsheviks, similar governments would be established in the retaken districts. All would finally unite in an all-Russian Government. Each local government and the final government would be republics. Each state as soon as formed would create its own army. By the time the all-Russian Government was formed there would be sufficient military forces to permit the Allies to withdraw.

The Ravings of Bolshevism

Alexiefsky estimated that this plan could be worked out in a minimum of five years, but that it would possibly take as long as ten years. He believed, however, that it was the only way in which Russia would be able to hold up her head among the nations of the world and at the same time safeguard herself from Japanese domination.

Another question that I have been asked repeatedly is: "What do the Bolsheviks want? What are they after?" That's a difficult question to answer, because most of them want nothing but loot and drink and women and easy money, and those wants are only the inevitable outcroppings of the primary Bolshevik hankerings.

But the Bolsheviks who are capable of conversing logically about Bolshevism talk somewhat as follows: "All things that have happened in the past have happened as a result of an economic struggle between social classes. No other variety of struggle is worth a tinker's cuss. When labor and capital get together and rip each other wide open—that's great stuff. When the bourgeoisie and the proletariat go to the mat and stick their fingers into each other's eyes and bite pieces out of each other's ears you are seeing something that is really worth while. One can rightly display some interest in such a muss or can make some sacrifices for it; but for any other sort of fight, what's the use of bothering? Any attempt to classify people in any sort of political or economic group is a waste of time. Everyone is either labor or capital proletariat or bourgeoisie. And only labor is productive. Capital produces nothing. Such things as patriotism and allegiance to a country are twaddle, bunkum and piffle. There is only one sort of loyalty, and that is the loyalty between men who have united to kick capitalism blithely into the discard."

Such are the ravings of Bolshevism. That is why Lenine and Trotzky haven't the slightest compunction about bringing Russia down in a welter of blood and waste and destruction, so long as the glad word of Bolshevism can be infused into America, other countries of Europe and the rest of the world.

The Bolsheviks start where the moderate socialists quit. Moderate socialists usually try to avoid wrecking the social system, and seek to better the condition of the people by giving the state or the community larger property rights in street-car lines, gas and electric companies, water works, and similar enterprises on which all members of the community depend. They want the people to get the profits by having the charges of the industry reduced to cost or by having the profits given to some form of public service, such as schools. They are peaceful souls, are most moderate socialists, and go about things through legal means. They use peaceful propaganda. Moderate socialists are not Bolsheviks; and the Bolsheviks have about as much use for moderate socialists as a nervous woman has for a rattlesnake. The Bolsheviks say that the moderate socialists have gummed things up terribly by going before legislatures and saying "Please" in a weak and whiny voice, when they should have gone before legislatures with machine guns and filled the legislators full of little round holes, just like a colander.

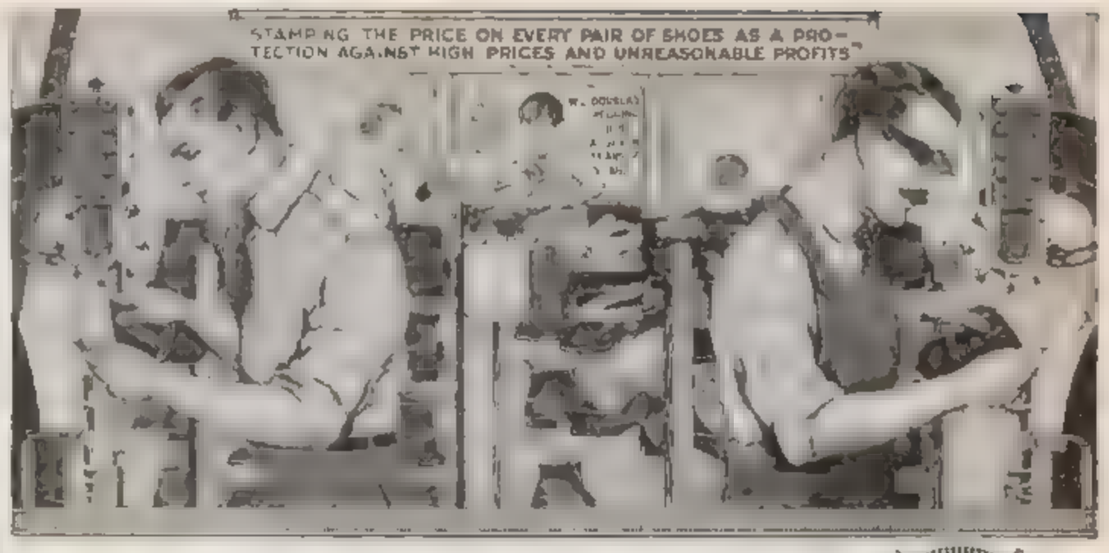
No Place for Religion

Of course there are more radical socialists, notably the French Syndicalists and the I. W. W., who are practically Bolsheviks. The Syndicalists want to do away with government entirely and turn things over to labor associations. All railroad operators would take over and operate the railroads; all hotel workers would take over and operate the hotels; all mine workers would take over and operate the mines. With society thus organized no higher control would be needed. They aim to attain their ends by seizing property which has been wrecked for the owners by strikes and sabotage. The I. W. W., as is well known, bear the same relation to the Bolsheviks that the leek does to the onion: the odor is the same but the onion is a trifle larger.

Lenine and his associates have a program which calls for an immediate socialization of everything, and for the seizure by the workingmen of all productive wealth. Instead of a government in which all classes of people vote and obtain results according to their numbers, the Bolsheviks stand for a proletariat dictatorship. Only the proletariat can have a voice. Everybody but the workingman and the peasant gets a crack in the eye, and that's about all he does get. All other classes of people are suppressed—sat on—canned. They are canned by disfranchisement and they are canned by confiscation of property; they are canned by being knocked on the head with a large knobby club or by being punctured with a large impersonal bullet. They are canned in whatever way the canning is best and quickest. The ultimate reliance of the Bolsheviks is force and coercion. The ends which they wish to attain are so important—to hear them tell it—that every form of violence is justified.

Everything undergoes revolution under Bolshevism. Religion is dropped overboard, because the Bolsheviks claim that the capitalists could never have held their privileges so long had they not deceived the proletariat with religious beliefs. Under the Bolsheviks man is entirely freed from legal restraint. He is permitted to gratify his natural passions to the limit without even being spoken to sharply. And as for obedience! The only form of obedience the Bolsheviks recognize is the voluntary assent which may be given to the edicts of the proletariat organizations.

If the Bolshevik doesn't want to do anything he doesn't do it—in theory. That's the theory that Bolshevik leaders teach. But if a Bolshevik leader wants a subordinate to do something, and the subordinate doesn't want to do it, the leader places his theories up behind the clock or behind the hall door for the nonce, or mayhap for a couple of nonces, and proceeds to jump all over the subordinate until he decides that he is passionately eager to do whatever the leader wants him to do.



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The goal of the Bolshevik who knows what he is Bolshivering about is a wholly revolutionized world. He wants nothing to do with the past. He is not satisfied to Bolshiver in Russia or in Europe or even in Europe and Asia together. He wants the whole world to Bolshiver also. He wants America to be Bolshevik, and Kamchatka and Canada and Borneo and the Argentine and Bermuda and Australia and San Marino and Central America and Jamaica and Africa. He wants to defile the largest nation and the smallest settlement. Smear everything; that's the Bolshevik all over. He is spending millions upon millions of dollars to-day to spread his false and discredited ideals—his super-boobish theories—throughout the world; and those who uphold him or pretend to see good in his system, in which there is no trace of good, and those who advocate treating with him or compromising with him, are doing for nothing what the Bolsheviks are paying to have done.

Germany's attitude toward the scrap of paper made the world refuse to treat with her in the ordinary way. The Bolsheviks have an episode to their discredit which is equally damning. Late in 1917 and early in 1918 forty thousand Czechs sought and obtained from the Bolsheviks permission to withdraw from Russia by way of Vladivostok, in order to join the Allies on the Western Front. Lenine and Trotzky gave them the permission. "Go ahead," said Lenine and Trotzky. "We guarantee you safe conduct." So the Czechs entrained. When they were strung out across Russia and Siberia the trains were stopped and Lenine and Trotzky demanded the surrender of the Czechs' arms, though they had previously agreed to allow the Czechs to retain them until they reached Vladivostok. However, the Czechs acceded to the demand. They were allowed to keep thirty rifles per train, and there were eighty trains. The trains resumed their journey. Then Lenine and Trotzky stopped them again, ordered that the Czechs be completely disarmed, and also ordered that they be taken from the trains and interned. The Czechs, though greatly outnumbered and almost without arms, fought to a standstill the Bolshevik forces treacherously sent against them, and cut their way to freedom. But Lenine and Trotzky, the heads of Bolshevism, had guaranteed them safe conduct.

I repeat again, Bolshevism holds that there is no loyalty save that which binds together the workers for the overthrow of the capitalistic system. Who dares to treat with people like that?

Those who talk of feeding Russia do not seem to realize that if the railroads are set to running again and the Red army is crushed Russia is perfectly capable of feeding herself. Russia is unbelievably rich and fertile. Siberia has agricultural possibilities and actualities which throw those of the United States into the shade. Siberian farmers have two and three years' supply of wheat in their cribs and granaries. Americans in Siberia have nothing but contempt for schemes to feed Russia when such schemes amount only to the forcing of aid on the Bolsheviks.

The Russian ardently desires to shake off political oppression, but he has no idea of what to substitute for it or of what freedom is; he is politically incapable; he has known and knows no discipline save force; he is ignorant; he is unmoral; he is dirty, inert, unreliable and a grafter. There are exceptions, but the Bolsheviks appear to have killed most of them or driven them into hiding. The Czechs have demonstrated that military government is the only possible rule of order in Russia to-day. Germany knows this and means to use her knowledge, if allowed. Pan-Germany was an idle dream beside the possibilities awaiting Germany in Russia and Siberia. In all the world there is no region so teeming with agricultural wealth as Russia and Siberia. It is the world's feeding ground, and the world needs feeding to-day. But aside from the economic standpoint there is the humanitarian side of the problem. One small army could save a great nation from a riot of murder and pillage and rape and superboobism such as the world has never known. Can anybody advance a good reason for not saving it?

The day before I left Siberia Colonel Barrows gave me a statement on Bolshevism. It is a good American statement, and it puts the case for American soldiers who have seen what Bolshevism does. Here it is:

"The world has been stricken and wasted by two perverted conceptions of political and social purpose—Militarism and Bolshevism. They are the extremes of the political and social theories. Whatever there was in either of them that was wholesome and manly has been exaggerated to the point of wickedness, until both systems are intolerable nuisances and menaces to life. Evidently if it is the duty of those who believe in democracy to oppose Militarism by force—'force without stint and without limit'—so it is the equal duty of those who believe in the necessity of the state, the sanctity of law and legal methods and the immutability of the moral order to oppose Bolshevism by every means which society may morally sanction for its own preservation. Admitting no compromise with the state, the state can make no compromise with Bolshevism. Bolshevism having drawn the sword must perish by the sword."

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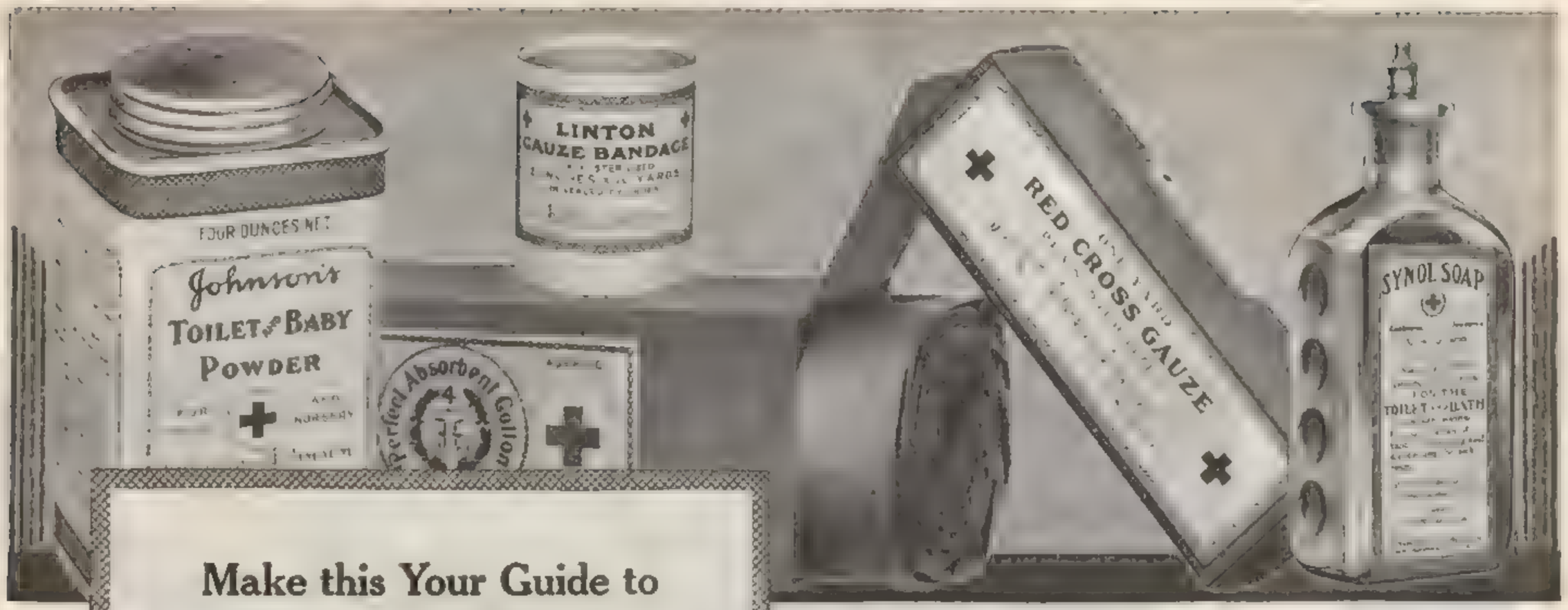

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Red Cross Gauze
is safest for dressing cuts, wounds, burns, etc., in connection with Red Cross Cotton. Use it also for making sanitary napkins and articles for the sick-room—for covering dishes in fly time, for straining liquids—to quickly prepare a dustless duster, etc.

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A WOMAN IS ONLY A WOMAN

(Continued from Page 15)

"When you're gone. Manhooset won't seem the same place. But of course you'll soon be able to come back. I shan't waste any time proposing."

"Leave me your address," said Elmer, "and I'll send you a wire when you can return. You won't be offended if I don't ask you to be best man at the wedding? In the circumstances, it might be painful to you."

Peter sighed dreamily.

"We'll have the sitting room done in blue. Her eyes are blue."

"Remember," said Elmer, "there will always be a knife and fork for you at our little nest. Grace is not the woman to want me to drop my bachelor friends."

"Touching this match," said Peter. "Strict Royal and Ancient rules, of course?"

"Certainly."

"I mean to say—no offense, old man—but no grounding niblicks in bunkers."

"Precisely. And, without hinting at anything personal, the ball shall be considered holed out only when it is in the cup, not when it stops on the edge."

"Undoubtedly. And—you know I don't want to hurt your feelings—missing the globe counts as a stroke, not as a practice swing."

"Exactly. And—you'll forgive me if I mention it—a player whose ball has fallen in the rough may not pull up all the bushes and grass within a radius of three feet."

"In fact, strict rules."

"Strict rules."

They shook hands without more words, like two knights of King Arthur's Round Table making an appointment to joust at the next tournament. And presently Peter walked out, and Elmer, with a guilty look over his shoulder, took down Sandy MacBean's great work from the bookshelf and began to study the photograph of the short approach shot, showing Mr. MacBean swinging from Point A, through dotted line B C, to Point D, his head the while remaining rigid at the spot marked with a cross. He felt a little guiltily that he had stolen a march on his friend, and that the contest was as good as over.

I cannot recall a lovelier summer day than that on which the great Todd-Willard eighteen-hole match took place. It had rained during the night, and now the sun shone down from a clear blue sky onto turf that glistened more greenly than the young grass of early spring. Butterflies flitted to and fro; birds sang merrily. In short, all Nature smiled. And it is to be doubted if Nature ever had a better excuse for smiling; for matches like that between Elmer Todd and Peter Willard do not occur every day.

Whether it was that love had keyed them up or whether hours of study of Braid's Advanced Golf and the Badminton Book had produced a belated effect, I cannot say; but both started off quite reasonably well. Our first hole, as you can see, is a par four, and Elmer was dead on the pin in seven, leaving Peter, who had twice hit America with his mashie in mistake for the ball, a difficult putt for the half. Only one thing could happen when you left Peter a difficult putt, and Elmer advanced to the lake hole one up. Peter, as he followed, trying to console himself with the thought that many of the best golfers prefer to lose the first hole and save themselves for a strong finish.

Peter and Elmer had played over the lake hole so often that they had become accustomed to it, and had grown into the habit of sinking a ball or two as a preliminary formality with much the same stoicism as that displayed by those kings in ancient and superstitious times who used to fling jewelry into the sea to propitiate it before they took a voyage. But to-day, by one of those miracles without which golf would not be golf, each of them got over with his first shot, and not only over but dead on the pin. Our pro himself could not have done better.

I think it was at this point that the two men began to go to pieces. They were in an excited frame of mind, and this thing unmanned them. You will no doubt recall Keats' poem about stout Cortes staring with eagle eyes at the Pacific, while all his men gazed at each other with a wild surmise, silent upon a peak in Darien. Precisely so did Peter Willard and Elmer Todd stare with eagle eyes at the second hole lake, and gaze at each other with a wild surmise, silent upon a tee in Manhooset. They had dreamed of such a happening so often and wakened to find the vision false that at first they could not believe that the thing had actually occurred. They doubted their senses. To see themselves lying there dead made them wonder if they could be alive.

"I got over!" whispered Elmer in an awed voice.

"So did I!" muttered Peter.

"In one!"

"With my very first!"

They walked in silence round the edge of the lake, and holed out. One putt was enough for each, and they halved the hole with a two. Peter's previous record was eight, and Elmer had once done a seven. There are times when strong men lose their self-control and this was one of them. They reached the third tee in a daze, and it was here that mortification began to set in.

The third hole is another par four, up the hill and past the tree that serves as a direction pole; the hole itself being out of sight. On his day Elmer had often done it in ten and Peter in nine, but now they were unnerved. Elmer, who had the honor, shook visibly as he addressed his ball. Three times he swung and only connected with the ozone; the fourth time he topped badly. The disks had been set back a little way, and Elmer had the mournful distinction of breaking a record for the course by playing his fifth shot from the tee. It was a low, raking brassey shot which carried a heap of stones twenty feet to the right and finished in a furrow. Peter, meanwhile, had popped up a lofty ball which came to rest behind a stone.

It was now that the rigid rules governing this contest began to take their toll. Had they been playing an ordinary friendly round, each would have teed up on some convenient hillock and probably been past the tree with their second, for Elmer would in ordinary circumstances have taken his drive back and regarded the strokes he had made as a little preliminary practice to get him into midseason form. But to-day it was war to the niblick, and neither man asked or expected quarter. Peter's seventh shot dislodged the stone, leaving him a clear field, and Elmer with his eleventh extricated himself from the furrow. Fifty feet from the tree Elmer was eighteen, Peter twelve; but then the latter, as every golfer does at times, suddenly went right off his game. He hit the tree four times, then hooked into the sand traps to the left of the hole. Elmer, who had been playing a game that was steady without being brilliant, was on the green in twenty-six, Peter taking twenty-seven. Poor putting lost Elmer the hole. Peter was down in thirty-three, but the pace was too hot for Elmer. He missed a two-foot putt for the half, and they went to the fourth tee all square.

The fourth is an elbow hole, curving along the road, on the other side of which are picturesque woods. It presents no difficulties to the expert, but it has pitfalls for the novice. The dashing player stands for a slice, while the more cautious are satisfied if they can clear the bunker that spans the fairway and lay their ball well out to the left, whence an iron shot will take them to the green. Peter and Elmer combined the two policies. Peter aimed to the left and got a slice, and Elmer, also aiming to the left, topped into the bunker. Peter, realizing from experience the futility of searching for his ball in the woods, drove a second, which also disappeared into the jungle, as did his third. By the time he had joined Elmer in the bunker he had played his sixth.

It is the glorious uncertainty of golf that makes it the game it is. The fact that Elmer and Peter, lying side by side in the same bunker, had played respectively one and six shots might have induced an unthinking observer to fancy the chances of the former. And, no doubt, had he not taken seven strokes to extricate himself from the pit, while his opponent by some act of God contrived to get out in two, Elmer's chances might have been extremely rosy. As it was, the two men staggered out onto the fairway again with a score of eight apiece. Once past the bunker and round the bend of the road, the hole becomes simple. A judicious use of the cleek put Peter on the green in fourteen, while Elmer with a Braid iron reached it in twelve. Peter was down in seventeen, and Elmer contrived to halve. It was only as he was leaving the hole that the latter discovered that he had been

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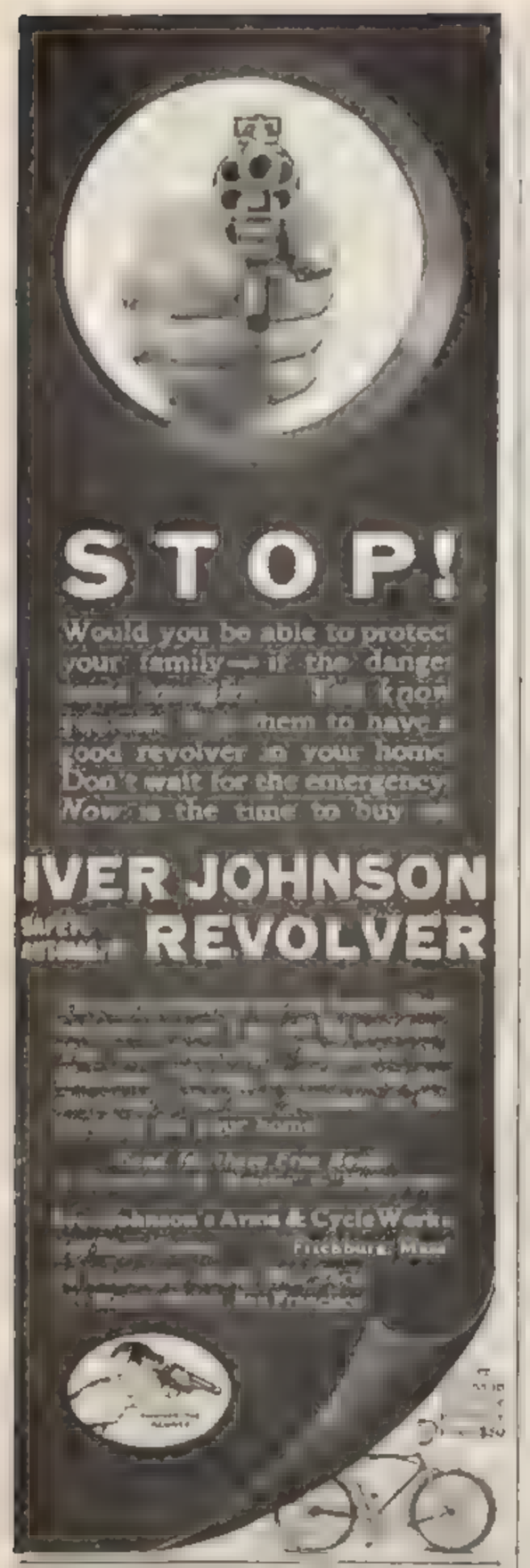

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putting with his niblick, which cannot have failed to exercise a prejudicial effect on his game. These little accidents are bound to happen when one is in a nervous and highly-strung condition.

The fifth and sixth holes produced no unusual features. Peter won the fifth in eleven and Elmer the sixth in ten. The short seventh they halved in nine. The eighth, always a tricky hole, they negotiated after the fashion of a couple of men rolling peanuts with toothpicks to settle an election bet, Elmer, sinking a long putt with his twenty-third, just managing to halve. A dingdong race up the hill for the ninth found Elmer first at the pin, and they finished the first nine with Elmer one up.

As they left the green Elmer looked a little furtively at his companion.

"You might be strolling on to the tenth," he said. "I want to get a few balls at the shop. And my mashie wants fixing up. I shan't be long."

"I'll come with you," said Peter.

"Don't bother," said Elmer. "You go on and hold our place at the tee."

I regret to say that Elmer was lying. His mashie was in excellent repair and he still had a dozen balls in his bag, it being his prudent practice always to start out with eighteen. No! What he had said was mere subterfuge. He wanted to go to his locker and snatch a few minutes with Sandy MacBean's How to Become a Scratch Man. He felt sure that one more glance at the photograph of Mr. MacBean driving would give him the mastery of the stroke and so enable him to win the match. In this I think he was a little sanguine. The difficulty about Sandy MacBean's method of tuition was that he laid great stress on the fact that the ball should be directly in a line with a point exactly in the center of the back of the player's neck; and so far Elmer's efforts to keep his eye on the ball and on the back of his neck simultaneously had produced no satisfactory results.

It seemed to Elmer, when he joined Peter on the tenth tee, that the latter's manner was strange. He was pale. There was a curious look in his eye.

"Elmer, old man," he said.

"Yes?" said Elmer.

"While you were away I have been thinking. Elmer, old man, do you really love this girl?" Elmer stared. A spasm of pain twisted Peter's face.

"Suppose," he said in a low voice, "she were not all you—we think she is."

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing, nothing."

"Miss Forrester is an angel."

"Yes, yes. Quite so."

"I know what it is," said Elmer passionately. "You're trying to put me off my stroke. You know that the least thing makes me lose my form."

"No! No!"

"You hope that you can take my mind off the game and make me go to pieces, and then you'll win the match."

"On the contrary," said Peter. "I intend to default the match!"

Elmer reeled.

"What!"

"I default."

"But . . . But . . ." Elmer shook with emotion. His voice quavered. "Ah!" he cried. "I see now! I understand! You are doing this for me because I am your pal. Peter, this is noble! This is the sort of thing you read about in books. I've seen it in the movies. But I can't accept the sacrifice."

"You must!"

"No, no!"

"I insist!"

"Do you mean this?"

"I give her up, Elmer, old man. I—I hope you will be happy."

"But I don't know what to say. How can I thank you?"

"Don't thank me."

"But, Peter, do you fully realize what you are doing? True, I am one up, but there are nine holes to go, and I am not right on my game to-day. You might easily beat me. Have you forgotten that I once took forty-seven at the dog-leg hole? This may be one of my bad days. Do you understand that, if you insist on defaulting, I shall go to Miss Forrester to-night and propose to her?"

"I understand."

"And yet you stick to it that you are through."

"I do. And, by the way, there's no need for you to wait till to-night. I saw Miss Forrester just now outside the tennis court. She's alone."

Elmer turned crimson.

"Then I think perhaps . . ."

"You'd better go to her at once."

"I will." Elmer extended his hand. "Peter, old man, I shall never forget this."

"That's all right."

"What are you going to do?"

"Now, do you mean? Oh, I shall potter round the second nine. If you want me, you'll find me somewhere about."

"You'll come to the wedding, Peter?" said Elmer wistfully.

"Of course," said Peter. "Good luck!"

He spoke cheerily, but when the other had turned to go he stood looking after him. Then he sighed a heavy sigh.

Elmer approached Miss Forrester with a beating heart. She made a charming picture as she stood there in the sunlight, one hand on her hip, the other swaying a tennis racket.

"How do you do?" said Elmer.

"How are you, Mr. Todd? Have you been playing golf?"

"Yes."

"With Mr. Willard?"

"Yes. We were having a match."

"Golf," said Grace Forrester, "seems to make men very rude. Mr. Willard left me without a word in the middle of our conversation."

Elmer was astonished.

"Were you talking to Peter?"

"Yes, just now. I can't understand what was the matter with him. He just turned on his heel and swung off."

"You oughtn't to turn on your heel when you swing," said Elmer; "only on the ball of the foot."

"I beg your pardon?"

"Nothing, nothing. I wasn't thinking. The fact is, I've something on my mind. So has Peter. You mustn't think too hardly of him. We have been playing an important match, and it must have got on his nerves. You didn't happen by any chance to be watching us?"

"No."

"Ah! Then you didn't see me at the lake hole. I wish you had seen me at the lake hole. I did it in one better than par."

"Was your father playing?"

"You don't understand. I mean I did it in one better than even the finest player is supposed to do it. It's a mashie shot, you know. You mustn't play it too light or you fall in the lake; and you mustn't play it too hard, or you go past the hole into the woods. It requires the nicest delicacy and judgment—such as I gave it. You might have to wait a year before seeing anyone do it in two again. I doubt if the pro often does it in two. Now directly we came to this hole to-day I made up my mind that there was going to be no mistake. The great secret of any shot at golf is ease, elegance and the ability to relax. The majority of men, you will find, think it important that their address should be good."

"How perfectly silly. This is a democratic country. What does it matter where a man lives?"

"You don't absolutely get me. I refer to the waggle and the stance before you make the stroke. Most players seem to fix in their minds the appearance of the angles which are presented by the position of the arms, legs and club shaft, and it is largely the desire to retain these angles which results in their moving their heads and stiffening their muscles so that there is no freedom in the swing. There is only one point which vitally affects the stroke, and the only reason why that should be kept constant is that you are enabled to see your ball clearly. That is the pivotal point marked at the base of the neck, and a line drawn from this point to the ball should be at right angles to the line of flight."

Elmer paused for a moment for air, and as he paused Miss Forrester spoke.

"This is all gibberish to me!" she said.

"Gibberish!" gasped Elmer. "I am quoting verbatim from one of the best authorities on golf."

Miss Forrester swung her tennis racket irritably.

"Golf," she said, "bores me pallid. I think it is the silliest game ever invented!"

The trouble about telling a story is that words are so feeble a means of depicting the supreme moments of life. That is where the artist has the advantage over the historian. Were I an artist, I should show Elmer at this point falling over backward with his feet together and his eyes shut, with a curved dotted line marking the progress of his flight and a few stars above his head to indicate mora. collapse. There are no words that can describe the sheer, black horror that froze the blood in his veins as this frightful speech smote his ears.

He had never inquired into Miss Forrester's religious views before, but he had always assumed that they were sound. And now here she was polluting the golden summer air with the most hideous blasphemy It would be incorrect to say that Elmer's love was turned to hate. He did not hate Grace. The repulsion he felt was deeper than mere hate. What he felt was not altogether loathing and not wholly pity. It was a blend of the two.

There was a tense silence. The listening world stood still. Then, without a word, Elmer Todd turned on his heel and tottered away.

Peter was working moodily in the twelfth bunker when his friend arrived. He looked up with a start. Then, seeing that the other was alone, he came forward hesitatingly.

"Am I to congratulate you?"

Elmer breathed a deep breath.

"You are!" he said. "On an escape!"

"She refused you?"

"She didn't get the chance! Old man, have you ever sent one right up the edge of that sand trap in front of the seventh and just not gone in?"

"Very rarely."

"I did once. It was my second shot, from a good lie with the light iron, and I followed well through and thought I had gone just too far, and when I walked up there was my ball on the edge of the trap, nicely teed up on a chunk of grass, so that I was able to lay it dead with my mashie-niblick, holing out in six. Well, what I mean to say is, I feel now as I felt then—as if some unseen power had withheld me in time from some frightful disaster."

"I know just how you feel," said Peter gravely.

"Peter, old man, that girl said golf bored her pallid. She said she thought it was the silliest game ever invented." He paused to mark the effect of his words. Peter merely smiled a faint, wan smile. "You don't seem revolted," said Elmer.

"I am revolted, but not surprised. You see, she said the same thing to me only a few minutes before."

"She did!"

"It amounted to the same thing. I had just been telling her how I did the lake hole to-day in two, one under par, and she said that in her opinion golf was a game for children with water on the brain who weren't athletic enough to play mumblepeg."

The two men shivered in sympathy.

"There must be insanity in the family," said Elmer at last.

"That," said Peter, "is the charitable explanation."

"We were fortunate to find it out in time."

"We were!"

"We mustn't run a risk like that again."

"Never again!"

"I think we had better take up golf really seriously. It will keep us out of mischief."

"You're quite right. We ought to do our four rounds a day regularly."

"In spring, summer and autumn. And in winter it would be rash not to practice most of the day at one of those indoor schools."

"We ought to be safe that way."

"Peter, old man," said Elmer, "I've been meaning to speak to you about it for some time. I've got Sandy MacBean's new book, and I think you ought to read it."

"Elmer!"

"Peter!"

Silently the two men clasped hands. Elmer Todd and Peter Willard were themselves again.

And so—said the Oldest Member—we come back to our original starting point—to wit, that though there is nothing to be said definitely against love, your golfer should be extremely careful how he indulges in it. It may improve his game or it may not. But if he finds that there is any danger that it may not—if the object of his affections is not the kind of girl who will listen to him with cheerful sympathy through the long evenings while he tells her, illustrating stance and grip and swing with the kitchen poker, each detail of the day's round, then, I say unhesitatingly, he had better leave it alone. Love has had a lot of press-agenting from the oldest times; but there are higher, nobler things than love. A woman is only a woman, but a hefty drive is a slosh.

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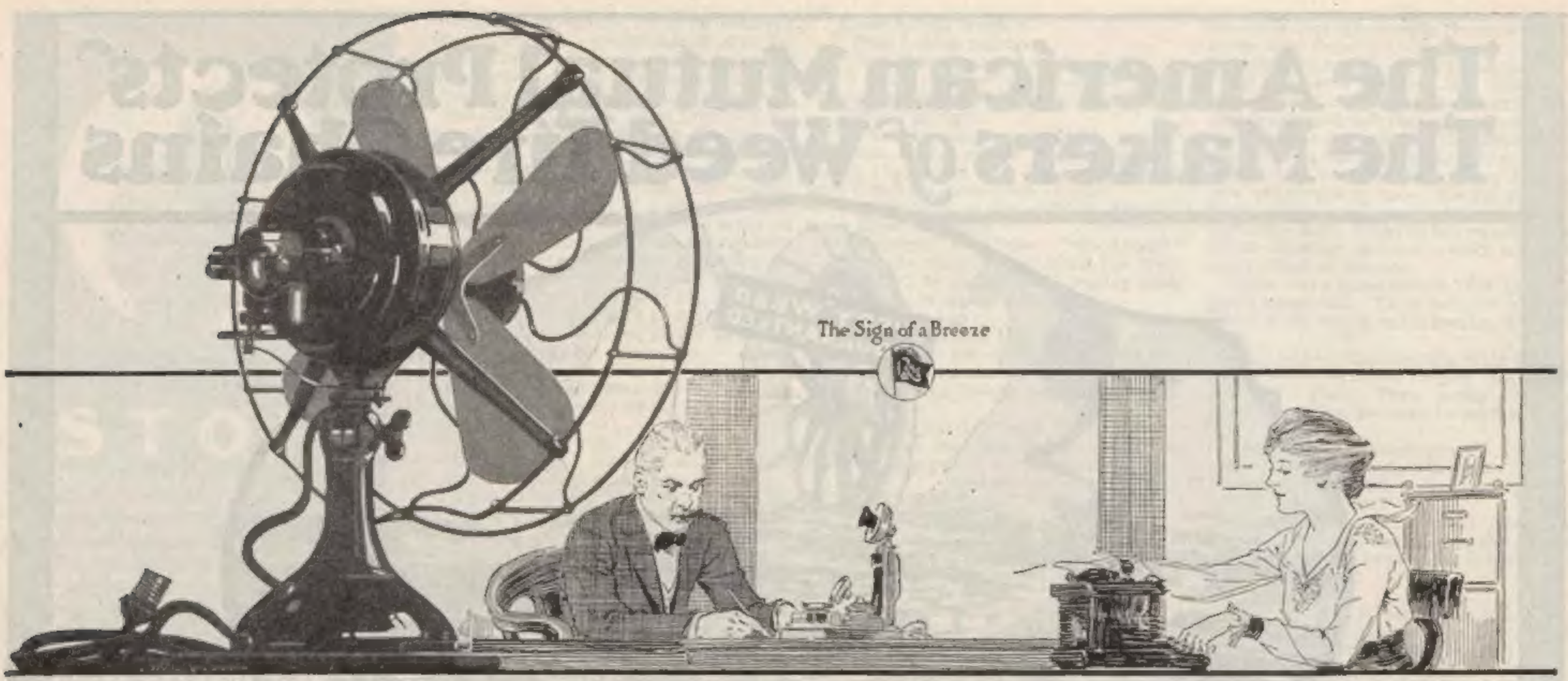

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